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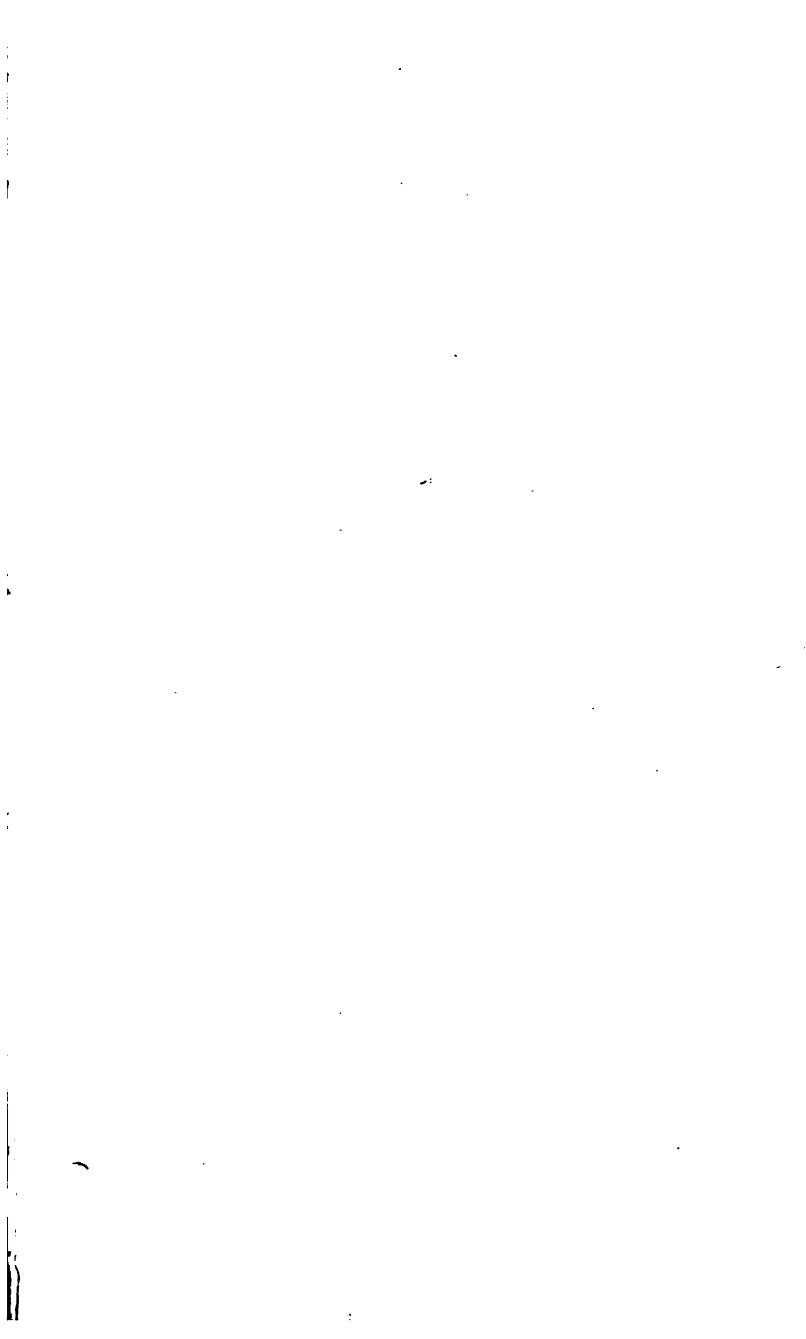
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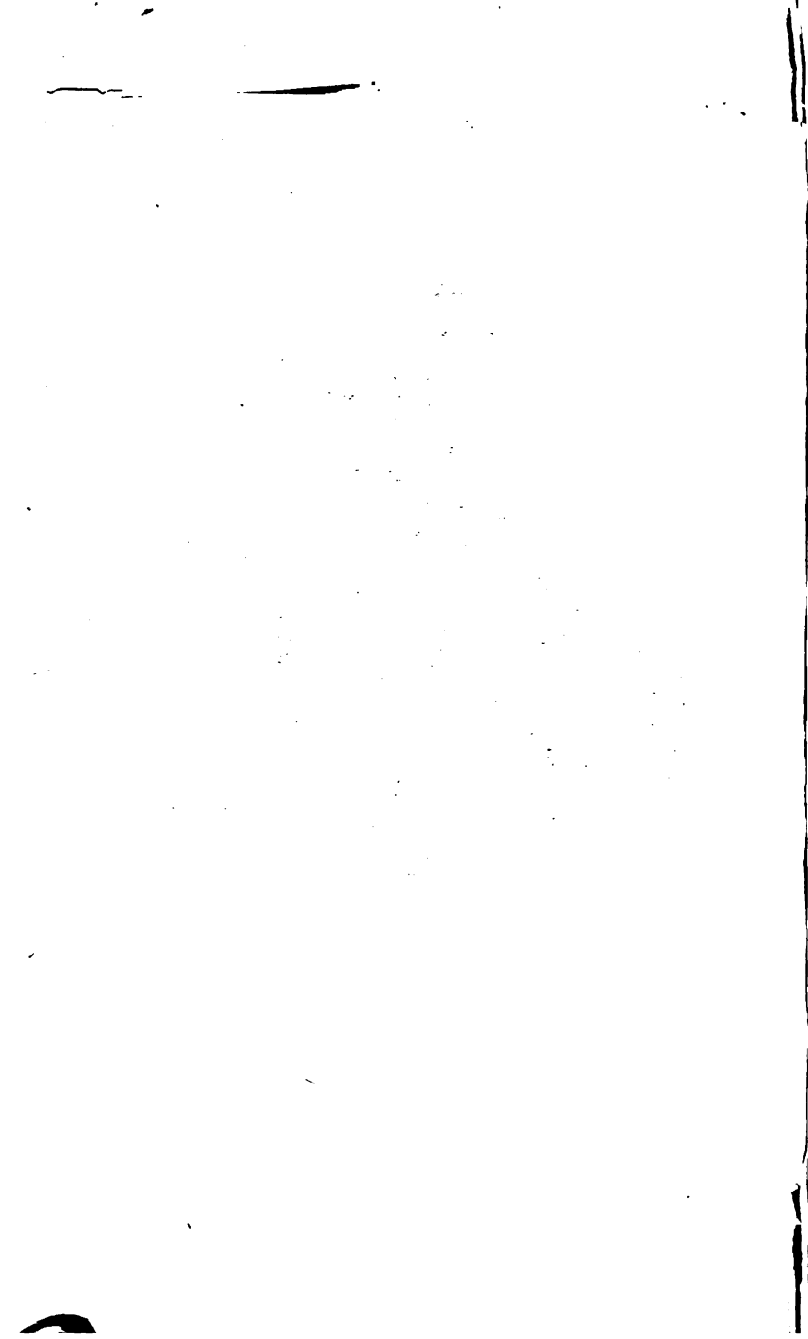
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THE
ITALIAN SKETCH BOOK.

BY
HENRY T. TUCKERMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS ON THE POETS," "ARTIST-LIFE," ETC.

Italia, oh, Italia ! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dewer of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame.
Yet, Italy ! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side ;
Mother of arts ! as once of arms ; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide.

Third Edition,

REVISED AND ENLARGED.



NEW-YORK :
J. C. RIKER, 129 FULTON-STREET.

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ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848,
By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.

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TO

E. FELIX FORESTI, LL. D.,

This Memorial

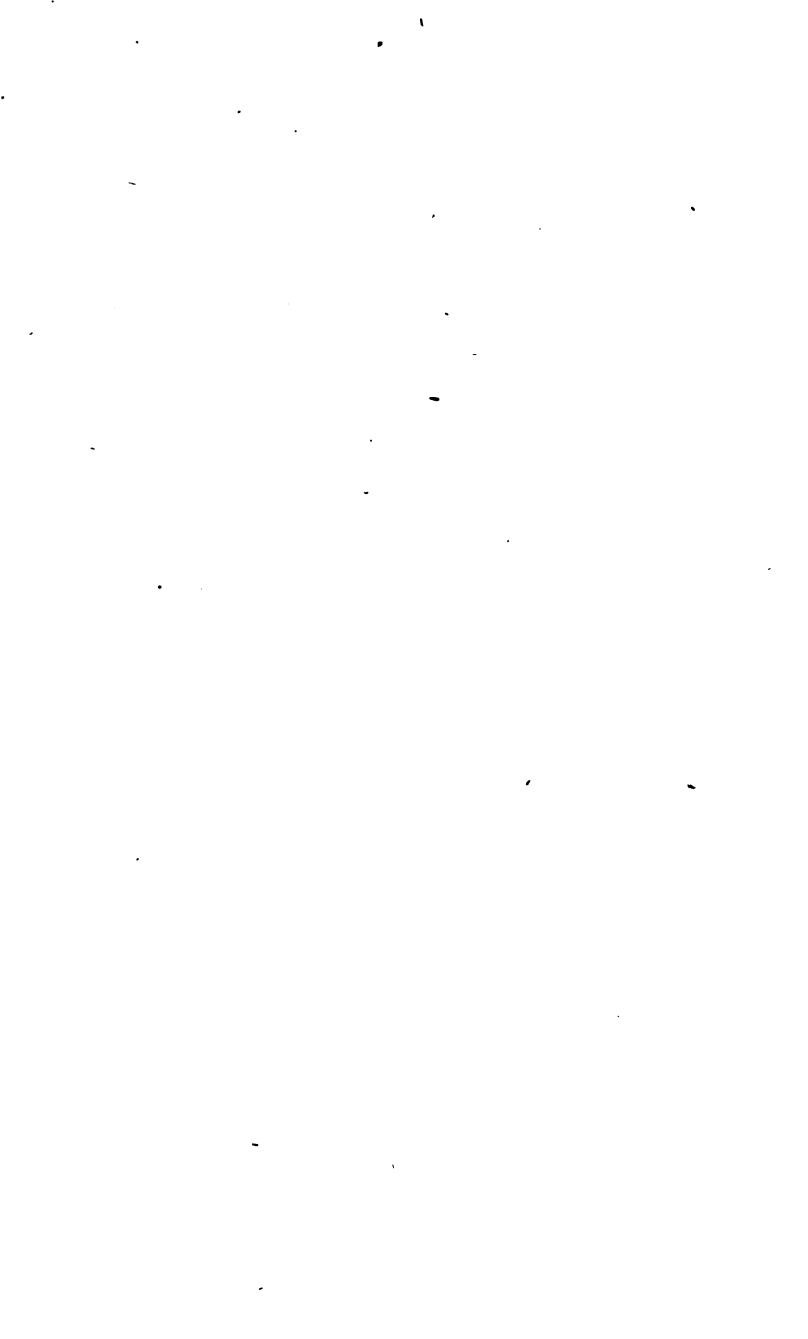
OF A VISIT TO HIS COUNTRY,

IN WHOSE CAUSE HE HAS NOBLY SUFFERED,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

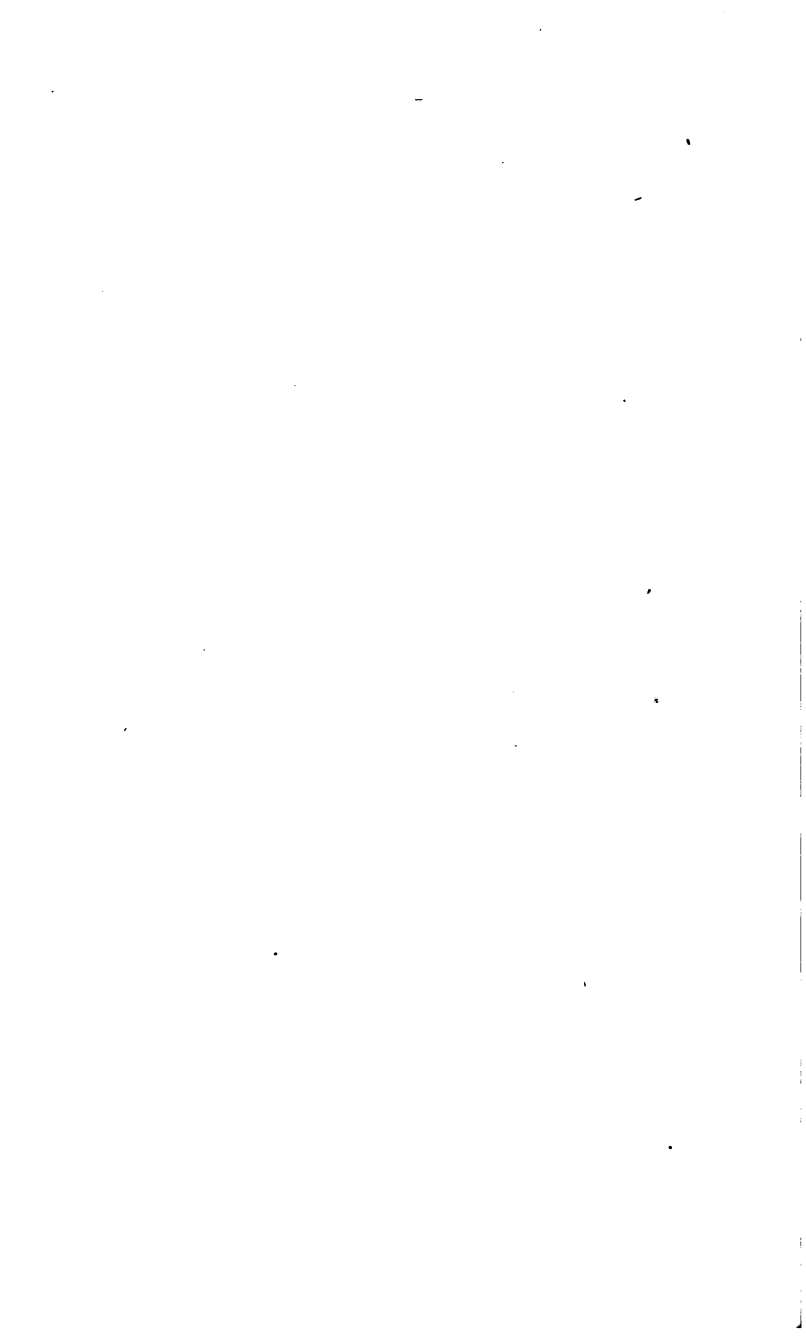
THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E .

THE eyes of the civilized world are now turned full of expectation and sympathy towards Italy. A fresh interest is manifested in her destiny, on account of the confidence which recent events have awakened in her resources. On the re-publication of a work so cordially received when it first appeared, the author has not felt at liberty to make any essential changes, although perfectly conscious of the traces it bears of a youthful pen. He has ventured, however, to add several new chapters, as well as a brief introduction glancing at the present social and political state of the country.

NEW-YORK, April, 1848.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE enthusiasm awakened by the general amnesty granted on the accession of Pius IX, and his subsequent liberal policy, begins, as might have been reasonably anticipated, to re-act; and already the actual good, which his measures have effected, is called in question. Heretofore, the barriers raised by despotism to human progress in Italy, have been, in a great measure, effectual: now, whatever motives have actuated the Italian princes and whatever may be their ultimate designs, the spirit of the age has penetrated the heart of Italy; and it is, too late for mere arbitrary power to oppose her political and social regeneration, although it may indefinitely postpone it. We are therefore justified in indulging sanguine though not extravagant hopes, and there are "signs of the times" which are full of promise for that region of the world.

One of the most promising of the recent Italian reforms, is the establishment of a civic guard in the Tuscan and Roman dominions. It is a narrow view of this measure which regards it merely as defensive in case of invasion, although such is the ostensible reason for its adoption. A moral influence obtains not less important. There is no part of the machinery of despotism so galling to the individual heart and offensive to national honor, as the presence of a foreign soldiery. Even the stranger recoils at the sight of these representatives of illegitimate authority—standing with gleaming bayonets at the wings of the theatres, with covered heads in the church, overbearing in manner at the *caff  *, and parading the mart with the step of insolent conquerors. The mere fact that an armed force has been organized among the citizens of a place, inspires all with self-respect. Although no exigency may occur to elicit their

skill and courage, the drills, parades, musters, nay the very badge of the corps—by keeping alive the sense of responsibility to country—tends greatly to elevate the patriotic instinct. It is from considerations like these, that we are disposed to regard the enthusiasm manifested by and for the *Guardia Civica* as one of the most hopeful auguries. In Florence, Rome, and the surrounding towns, the people throng to enrol themselves in the national guard; and every facility is offered for their adequate training. The Pope and Grand Duke of Tuscany, by recognizing this institution, virtually identified themselves with the people and their individual safety with that of their subjects. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," is an axiom which centuries of bitter experience should have graven on the Italian heart; and the hourly sight of their countrymen equipped for national service, is better fitted to bring this great truth home to their familiar convictions and to impress the lesson of self-dependence and personal responsibility, than all the republican treatises that were ever penned. The sad feeling of detachment from political interest and duty, so long the bane of the people, will then gradually yield to a consciousness of the privileges and mission of the citizen.

Another efficient blessing now enjoyed, is the more extended freedom of the press. Information is disseminated; a just direction given to the vague enthusiasm of the people; and the best minds of the country are heartily engaged in the great work of popular enlightenment. It is true, that this advantage is confined principally to two states; but journalism is the most penetrating of agencies. It can scarcely fail in time, to assert its power throughout the Peninsula; and meantime its gradual operation is to mould into principles the ardent opinions of the reformers; to illustrate the exigencies of the present by the triumphs of the past, and to keep alive and glowing that spirit of nationality which distinguishes a people from a race, and men from slaves.

The positive good which these reforms will eventually develope, may be anticipated by observing their immediate effect upon the people. They have already given birth and expression to the greatest social engine of the age—public opinion; and this displays itself by an enthusiastic recurrence to the noblest passages of Italian history, by eloquent and able journals, liberal orations, free discussion, and

constant local and municipal improvements. At the little town of Cavinana, in Tuscany—nestled among the Apennines, a festival was given last autumn in memory of Feruccio, on the very spot where tradition says that three centuries ago, he perished for his country. His name thus becomes a watchword to the regenerators of Italy. At Prato, the police register containing the names of expatriated citizens, was publicly burned by the inhabitants. At Elba, not a female could be induced to attend the ball lately given by the officers of a French man-of-war, lying in the harbor, in consequence of Guizot's opposition to Italian progress. The very names of the streets in some towns have been summarily changed; the people would no longer have a Via de Gesuiti—reminding them of that astute order devoted to spiritual tyranny; nor a quarter entitled Ghetto, which suggested the degradation of the Jews. But one of the most remarkable indications of the new and liberal views prevailing, may be recognized in the talent, spirit, and wisdom manifested in the best journals. The number of admirable writers heretofore restrained by censorship, is daily augmenting. There are adequate guides enough for the uneducated, if they can only be heard. Political intelligence in some parts of Italy, is now authentic. Niccolini sends a banner to a Tuscan village; Gioberti writes counsels in the gazettes; the Pope invites the most learned and patriotic of his subjects to point out abuses and suggest reforms. We read of a priest addressing the people in the square of Sienna, to demonstrate from history, that in union alone consists the liberty of Italy. In Florence petitions circulate to award political rights to the Hebrews; they have there laid the foundation of a monument to Savonarola; and the death penalty has been abolished by the Grand Duke. Such are a few of the many facts which now constantly transpire in this beautiful land. Do they not magnetically point to a time when, to use the significant language of one of their new journals, the records of diplomacy shall no longer be the martyrology of the people?

It is true there is a dark side to the picture. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies continues to be the scene of inhuman atrocities; many of the inhabitants have been disarmed by a military proclamation; the least insinuation against the government has been repeatedly punished, within a few months, by instant death, with scarcely the form of trial, and that in the case of highly respected citizens. But the "Journal of

the Two Sicilies" is now known to be a tool of government; and the infamous outrages there perpetrated upon human rights, are made known to the world through the free presses of Rome and Tuscany. The Sicilians, too, have manifested an indomitable courage, as the details of the late revolution in Palermo evince. Calabria maintains a savage resistance; the price which the king has set on the heads of political fugitives, has not yet caused a single betrayal. It is impossible for the south to arrest the tide of reform. The light must gradually penetrate the darkest recesses; and the privileges granted by the ruler of one province will necessarily be demanded by the adjacent people. The liberal princes have entered into a custom-house league; the popular advantages of which will be too obvious not to excite the clamors of the states who do not enjoy them. It cannot, indeed, be denied that even in the more favored regions of the country, the cause of popular rights is often in imminent danger. Pontremoli and Fivizzano—the mountain-keys, as it were, to northern Tuscany, have been ceded to the Duke of Modena, according to the stipulation in the treaty of Vienna, notwithstanding the indignant protests of the people. The retrograde party yield but slowly to the pressure of national advancement. Professing moderation, they intrigue with some department of state; and concealing their hostility to freedom under the pretence of zeal for religion, sometimes operate injuriously upon the benign policy of the Vatican. A race so imaginative and excitable as the Italians, have naturally been lured into extravagance by the stirring events of the hour; and the enemies of progress are at no loss for materials with which to ridicule their demonstrations. But such discouragements are temporary and incidental. It is undeniable that a large part of Italy is now electrified by a popular sentiment. Literature has become manly and earnest; society is more intelligent; the people have educational facilities, and understand better than ever before their true position, rights, and duties. As to a political union of the states, it is not essential, and might prove undesirable. There is such a diversity of climate, manners, dialect, and character among the Italians, according as they dwell by the sea, or amid the hills, on Lombard plains, or along the Mediterranean shore, that it is not to be expected they should all fuse readily into a national unit. But the fraternity of the states is conceded to be indispensable; and this, not only the patriotic sympathies are ever

promoting, but the increased means of communication by railroad and steam renders every day more permanent.

Heretofore the great barrier to all political reform has existed in the obstinate adherence of Rome to her system of intolerance and brute force. Catholicism, as a political institution, is inimical to human progress and freedom, and has presented the chief barrier to the emancipation of modern Italy. Perhaps the most striking historical evidence that may be adduced in support of this position, is a comparison between England and Spain since the Reformation. At one period rivals on the sea and in national prosperity; and now, the one a decrepit and the other a world-embracing power. Among the many contingencies which the imaginative Italians have suggested, no one ever dreamed of a liberal Pope. And yet such an event has actually occurred. It seems to us that the agency of Providence was never more signally manifested. From the darkest cloud of the Italian heavens breaks forth the light; from the fountain of corruption gush the healing waters; from the very temple of civic despotism is heard the cry of freedom. Thus far, a singular firmness and wisdom has marked the proceedings of Pius IX. The privileges he has granted the Romans, have been accorded, more or less, in Tuscany. If ever there was a just occasion for the intervention of foreign powers—for a new crusade, and for a protest from the civilized world—it now exists in Europe. The vilest and most iniquitous despotism of our age is that of Austria. Her system of espionage in the Italian provinces, her cold-blooded massacres and imprisonment of political offenders, her armed myrmidons insulting by their presence the fairest scenes of Southern Europe, have been too long silently endured. Now is the time for a holy war against this gross outrage upon human rights. Let the Italians unite as one people; let the other European powers pledge themselves to non-interference, and the Austrians may be driven from the land they have so long crushed by taxation, censorship, banishment, and death. The most degraded region in that land is its southern extremity. There is a proverb that the mud sticks to the heel of the boot, alluding to the shape of the Italian States. It is surprising that the nations look upon this state of things with such ignoble apathy. For the first time, for centuries, has a Jew been allowed to live or pray within the precincts of the eternal city. Thousands of citizens have assembled and quietly demanded certain

rights of their princes, which, in many instances, have been granted. Every thing seems rife for a peaceful revolution, and yet how lukewarm the sympathy, and how discouraging the comments of the world ! We are not surprised at the enthusiasm which prevails in Italy for Pius IX. His name is pronounced with benedictions. His effigy is stamped upon the robe of beauty and the signet of genius. Inscribed beneath it is the beautiful sentiment of Petrarch—*Piu pensoso d'altrui che di lui stesso*. Let the Jesuit influence be completely superseded, and the Austrian troops expelled, and the way will be open for Italian freedom and enlightenment. To this end the press, especially of England and this country, should utter itself explicitly and with zeal. The decline of Italy, said Napoleon, dates from the moment when the priests wished to govern. It is altogether in his civil relations that Pius IX deserves to be ranked among the honored reformers of our day. He has loosened the bonds of servitude as much as prudence justifies. Undoubtedly there is a great work before him, and it must be gradually performed. Yet, if he escape the machinations of Jesuitism, his way is clear. He possesses the unbounded confidence of the people. He represents their cause before the world, and if through him it is not destined completely to triumph, it will assuredly receive a noble impetus.

ITALIAN SKETCH BOOK.

FLORENCE REVISITED.

"Florence, beneath the sun
Of cities, fairest one."—SHELLEY.

WE had been riding all night along the Arno, whose turbid waters were shrunk to half their usual dimensions, by the intense heat of midsummer. Dawn was gradually unveiling the heavens, and spreading a soft, silvery light, over the landscape, as we drew near the termination of our journey. The vines, by the roadside, stirred cheerfully in the morning breeze, and as one after another of their broad leaves was uplifted, the mossy boughs of the mulberry trees upon which they are festooned, were momentarily revealed, brightened by the grateful dew. The full grain beneath them, bowed by its own weight, glistened with the same moisture, condensed in crystals upon its bended tops; and to vary the rich carpet so lavishly spread over the earth, a patch of lupens or artichokes occasionally appeared, from amid which rose the low, grey olive, or thin poplar of Tuscany. Sometimes a few dwarfed pines indicated the site of ancient woods, long since extirpated by the genius of Agriculture, or some remnant of an ancient wall marked the old feudal boundaries of the landholders. A still more interesting memorial of those times exists farther back, in the shape

of a picturesque tower, celebrated on account of its having been taken by a curious stratagem. Lights were appended to the horns of a flock of goats, which, in the night, appeared like an army, and frightened away the besieged. Early as was the hour, a large group of poor women, spinning flax, were awaiting at the gate of a villa, the customary alms of its proprietor; and often a bend in the river brought us in view of several men dragging a heavily laden barge through its narrow channel. As the day broke, we came in sight of Florence. The mighty dome of its cathedral—that noble monument of the genius of Brunelleschi, and the graceful tower by its side, rose from the mass of dense buildings, like a warrior of the middle ages, and a fair devotee of some more peaceful epoch, standing in the centre, to guard and hallow the city. Far around the walls spread the hills, with a fertile beauty and protecting grace, and through the midst wound the Arno, gleaming in the morning sun. It is a curious feeling—that with which we revisit an Italian city, familiar and endeared to our memory. There are none of those striking local changes, which startle the absentee on his return to the New World. The outward scene is the same; but what revolutions may not his own feelings have undergone, since he last beheld it! How may experience have subdued enthusiasm, and suffering chastened hope! Will the solemn beauty of the church wherein he was wont to lose himself in holy musing, beguile him, as of old, to meditative joy? Will the picture before which he so often stood, rapt in admiration, awaken his heart as before? Will the calm beauty of the favorite statue once more soothe his impatient soul? Will the rich and moving strain for which he has so long thirsted, ever thrill as when it first fell upon his ear? And “the old familiar faces”—have a few years passed them by untouched? In such a reverie I went forth to revive the associations of Florence. The dreamy

atmosphere of a warm and cloudy day accorded with the pensive delight with which I retraced scenes unexpectedly revisited. Many botanical specimens were added to the unrivalled wax collection at the museum, and several new tables, bright with chalcedony, amethyst and pearl, were visible at the *Pietra dura* manufactory. The old priest, whose serene temper seemed a charm against the encroachments of age, had lost something of his rotundity of visage, and his hair was blanched to a more snowy whiteness. A shade of care was evident upon the brow of the man of pleasure, and his reckless air and contracted establishment most strikingly indicated the reduced state of his resources. The flower-girl moved with less sprightliness, and the dazzling beauty of the belle was subdued to the calm grace of womanhood. The artist whom I left toiling in obscurity, had received the reward of his self-devotion; fame and fortune had crowned his labors. The beggar at the corner looked as unchanged as a picture, but his moan of supplication had sunk a key lower. The waiter at the *caff  * maintained his accustomed swagger, and promotion had cooled the earnest promptitude which distinguished his noviciate. Three new chain bridges span Arno; being painted white, and supported by massive pillars of granite, surmounted by marble sphinxes, their appearance is very pleasing. The one below the Ponte Vecchio serves as a fine foreground object in the landscape formed by the adjacent hills; and the other embellishes the vista through which we gaze down the river to the far-off mountains and woods of the Cascine. Utilitarianism is rapidly penetrating even into Tuscany. Demidoff's elegant villa is transformed into a silk manufactory; and a railroad is projected between Florence and Leghorn. With the same stolid dignity rose the massive walls of the Pitti and Strozzi palaces, wearing as undaunted an aspect as when the standards of the ancient factions floated from the

iron rings still riveted to their walls. The lofty firs and oaks of the public walk waved in undiminished luxuriance ; and the pheasants flitted as lightly over the lawn. The curious tower of the Palazzo Vecchio was relieved with the same vivid outline in the twilight ; and the crowd pressed as confusedly through the narrow limits of the Via Calziole. The throng promenaded as gaily as ever along the river side, on the evening of a festival—the stately peasant-girl, with her finely-wrought hat—the strutting footman—the dark-robed priest—the cheerful stranger, and the loitering artist. The street-musicians gather little audiences as formerly ; and the evening bells invade the air with their wonted chime.

The most interesting of Greenough's recent productions, is an ideal female head—Heloise, illustrative of Pope's well-known lines :—

“ Dear, fatal name ! rest ever unrevealed
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed ;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise
Where, joined with God's, his loved idea lies.”

Another American sculptor has recently taken up his residence in Florence, whose labors seem destined to reflect great honor upon his country. Hiram Powers is one of those artists whose vocation is ordained by native endowments. Amid the vicissitudes of his early life, the faculty, so strong within him, found but occasional and limited development : yet was it never wholly dormant. Powers derives his principles of art directly from the only legitimate source—Nature. His recent busts are instinct with life and reality. They combine the utmost fidelity in detail with the best general effect. They abound in expression and truth. His success in this department, has given occasion to so many engagements for busts, that time has scarcely been afforded him for any enterprise of a purely ideal character. He is now about

to embody a fine conception from Gesner's Death of Abel. He intends making a statue of Eve at the moment when, after her expulsion from Paradise, the sight of a dead bird first revealed to her the nature of death. "It is I! It is I! Unhappy that I am, who have brought misery and grief on every creature! For my sin, these pretty, harmless animals are punished." Her tears redoubled. "What an event! How stiff and cold it is! It has neither voice nor motion; its joints no longer bend; its limbs refuse their office. Speak Adam, is this death?"

Florence may appear, at a casual view, comparatively deficient in local associations; yet few cities are more impressed by the facts of their history. It was during the middle ages that it rose to power, and that violent era has left its memorials behind. The architecture is more remarkable for strength and elegance, and its beauty is that of simplicity and dignity. Of this, the Pitti and Strozzi palaces are striking examples. In whatever direction one wanders, memorials of departed ages meet the view, less numerous and imposing than at Rome, but still sufficiently so to awaken the sweet though melancholy charm of antiquity. Every day, in walking to the Cascine, the stranger passes the house where Amerigo Vespuccio was born; and as he glances at the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, he remembers that it was founded by the father of Dante's Beatrice. The sight of Galileo's tower, near the Roman gate, recalls that scene of deep, moral and dramatic interest, when the philosopher, having, on his knees, renounced his theory of the earth's motion, before the tribunal of Rome, suddenly sprung to his feet and exclaimed, "*E pur si muove!*"—'and yet it moves.' The villa of Boccaccio, in the environs, awakens the awful associations of the plague as well as the beauty of the Decameron; and a stroll around the walls, by bringing in view the old fortifications, will revive some of the scenes of the

celebrated siege of eleven months, in 1530. The heroism exhibited by the Florentines at this period of privation and suffering, renders it one of the brightest pages of their annals. Many a maiden cast herself from the balcony to escape the brutal soldiery; and one woman who had been forcibly carried away by an officer, stole from the camp at night, collected all his spoils, and mounting his horse, rode back to Florence, with a new dowry for her husband. Let the stranger who would excite the local associations of the Tuscan capital, stroll into the Piazza Grand Duca on a spring morning. Yonder is a crowd of applicants at the grated windows of the post-office; here a line of venders, vociferating the price of their paltry wares; and there a score of porters at work about the custom-house. In the centre is an eloquent quack, mounted upon an open barouche, and surrounded by vials, plasters and surgical instruments, waving a long string of certificates, and loudly expounding the virtues of his specifics to a group of gaping peasants. At the portal of yonder palace, an English equipage is standing, while its master is negotiating with Fenzi, the banker, within. People are passing and re-passing through the spacious area, or chatting in small groups. In the midst is the bronze equestrian statue of Cosmo, and near it, the fountain exhibiting a colossal figure of Neptune. This remarkable public square is not less striking as a witness of the past than from its present interest. The irregular design of the Palazzo Vecchio is attributed to the public animosities of the period of its erection; and the open space which now constitutes the Piazza was formed by the destruction of the houses of the Uberti family, and others of the same faction, that the palace of the Priors might not stand on what was deemed accursed ground. Another scene associated with one of the most tragic events in the history of Florence, is the Duomo—that huge pile so richly encrusted with black and white marble, which

was commenced towards the close of the twelfth century. As one, in any degree susceptible to the influence of superstition, wanders, at twilight, through the vast and dusky precincts of this cathedral, vague and startling fancies will often throng upon his mind. As he slowly paces the marble floor towards the main altar, perhaps some mendicant glides from a dark recess, with a low moan of entreaty, or an aged female form, bowed at one of the shrines, is dimly descried in the gloom. The only light streams through the lofty and richly-painted windows. The few busts of the illustrious of by-gone days, are scarcely discernible; the letters on the sepulchral tablets are blurred in the twilight, and the dust-covered banners, trophies of valor displayed in the Holy Land, hang in shadowy folds. At that pensive hour, in the solitude of so extensive a building, surrounded by the symbols of Death and Religion, how vividly rises to the imagination the sanguinary deed perpetrated before that altar! The conspiracy of the Pazzi forms the subject of one of Alfieri's tragedies; and a very spirited illustration of one of the scenes was recently exhibited in Florence, the production of a promising young artist. It represents the wife of Francesco kneeling at his feet and endeavoring to prevent his leaving the house at the appointed signal. At the head of the plot was Sixtus IV, whose principal agent, Salviati, concerted with the Pazzi to execute their purposes at a dinner given by Lorenzo de Medici, at Fiesole; but in consequence of his brother's absence, the scene of action was transferred to the church. On the 26th of April, 1478, the day appointed, it appears the service commenced without the presence of Guliano de Medici. Francesco Pazzi and Bandini went in search of him. They not only accompanied him in the most friendly manner to the cathedral, but in order to ascertain if he wore concealed weapons, threw their arms caressingly about him as they walked, and took their places by his side, before the altar. When the bell rung—the sig-

nal agreed upon, and the priest raised the consecrated wafer, as the people bent their heads before it, Bandini plunged a dagger into the breast of Giuliano. Francesco Pazzi then rushed upon him and stabbed him in many places, with such fury that he wounded himself in the struggle. Lorenzo defended himself successfully against the priest who was to have taken his life, and received but a slight wound. His friends rallied around him, and they retreated to the sacristy, where one of the young men, thinking the weapon which had injured Lorenzo might have been poisoned, sucked the wound. The conspirators having so completely failed, were soon identified, and the leaders executed, while Lorenzo's escape was hailed with acclamations by the people. On a calm, summer night, as one walks up the deserted and spacious area of the Via Larga, he may watch the moonbeams as they play upon the beautiful cornice of the Palazzo Ricardi, and recall, as a contrast to the peaceful scene, another bloody deed in the chronicles of the house of Medici. It was to this princely dwelling that the nephew of Alessandro, first Duke of Florence, commonly called Lorenzino, ambitious of power, lured his profligate uncle, and having invited him to repose, and placed his sword with the belt twisted firmly round the hilt, upon the bolster, stole out and brought a *bravo* to dispatch him. The assassination, however, proved difficult, and the treacherous relative was obliged, personally, to join in the butchery. He dipped his finger in the blood of his kinsman, and wrote upon the wall of the room, the line from Virgil—

“Vincit Amor Patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.”

Although the presumptive heir of Alessandro, he fled, and after ten years of exile, fell, himself, beneath an assassin's dagger at Venice.

Among the numerous hills of the Apennine range surrounding Florence, Fiesole is conspicuous from its pictur-

esque appearance. It is surmounted by a row of cypresses, and upon its summit stands an ancient convent. From the green and shady esplanade before this building, is obtainable one of the best views of the city and its environs ; and the traveller who possesses any taste for scenery will not regret his three miles walk from the Porta Pinta, or the somewhat precipitous ascent which brings him to so commanding an observatory. Upon this mountain stood a celebrated Etruscan fortress. It was one of Catiline's strong-holds ; and the traces of its walls are still discernible. From this spot the founders of Florence descended to the borders of the Arno, and there established their dwellings. Originally, the whole city occupied the right bank of the river, and boasted but one bridge outside the walls, which is still called Ponte Vecchio. It is believed that the abundance of lilies and other flowers (*fióri*) which flourished there, gave its name to the metropolis of Tuscany, although Cellini declares it to have been derived from Florentius, a celebrated general. It is remarkable that the first use the people made of arms, was to turn them against the spot of their origin.

The republic was well established about the close of the twelfth century. The population were early devoted to manufactures, particularly of cloth. The first magistrates were denominated consuls ; afterwards, the office of mayor was instituted, and it was decreed that the incumbent should be a foreigner, that no ties of relationship might interfere with the impartial discharge of his duties. Another condition was attached to the situation which would scarcely be deemed expedient in our own times—that the mayor should never give nor accept dinners. Subsequently, the title was changed to that of *gonfaliere*, or standard-bearer, whose functions, at different times, were variously modified. Besides the consuls, there were priors of the arts and trades, senators—ten *buonuomini*, etc. The Florentines first learned the

art of war in numerous conflicts with feudal lords, who made incursions from neighboring castles located amid the fastnesses of the mountains, and strongly fortified. A civil feud, however, which gave birth to an infinite series of long and bloody animosities, soon succeeded these paltry and irregular enterprises. This fatal discord was excited by female beauty, which seems to have been one of the most prolific occasions of ancient dissensions, as influential, in those troubled times, in nerving the warrior, as it has been, in every age, in calling forth the richest strains of the bard. The youthful head of the wealthy and powerful family of Buondelmonte had promised to marry a daughter of the house of Amidei, equally renowned and powerful. The charms of another lady, one of the Donati, also one of the first rank, beguiled the accomplished cavalier from his first love ; and, unmindful of former vows, he married the object of his new attachment. The family of the deserted bride considered their dignity compromised by this act, and on Easter Sunday, while Buondelmonte, dressed in white, and mounted upon a white horse, was riding from the other side of the Arno, towards the house of the Amidei, passing over the old bridge, they made an attack near the statue of Mars, and killed him. This murder threw the whole city into confusion, and the people, almost immediately, were divided into two parties. The citizens barricaded the roads, and fought in the streets and squares, and from the houses and turrets. Soon after this event, ensued the political warfare between the Guelphs and Ghibelines, the former attaching themselves to the Buondelmonte, and the latter, to the Uberti—the most powerful family of the party, which became its head, instead of the Amidei. The people constantly vacillating between interest and enmity, alternately fought and made truces, till a quarrel with Pisa, for a time, diverted their arms. This rival colony undertook to stop the goods from Florence, as

they came down the river. They were not, however, so good fighters on land as at sea, and were finally defeated by the Florentines at Castel del Bosco. This war of inroads, however, lasted six years, and was, at length, adjusted by a cardinal. The old, intestine controversy was soon renewed with increased ardor, and when the Ghibelines remained masters of the city, for want of any better way of wreaking vengeance upon the Guelphs, they razed their dwellings, demolished numerous towers, and even made a barbarous attempt to destroy the temple of St. John, now called the Baptistery, because their opponents had once held meetings there. A beautiful tower stood at the commencement of the street of the Adimari, and this they endeavored to make fall upon the temple by placing rafters against the opposite part, cutting away the other side, and then setting fire to the props. Happily, however, the tower fell in another direction. For a series of years, the arms of the Florentines were constantly exercised, with various success, in wars against the Pisans, Lucchese, Arentines, etc., but, ever and anon, this original and fierce civil feud usurped all their energies. Its history is one of the remarkable evidences of the spirit of that age, and hereafter, as the sounds of warfare and violence die away into the past, before the mild influences of Christianity, it will be reverted to by the philosopher as a fertile source of illustration. Its consequences and incidental results are numerous and interesting. The Ghibelines were generally triumphant in Florence. In 1261, when Count Guido Novella was elected mayor, in order to introduce his people more easily from Casentino, into the city and palace, he opened a new gate in the nearest walls, and the avenue leading thence, is still called the street of the Ghibelines. In the annals of these celebrated factions, we find now one, and now another invoking foreign aid. Sometimes a respite occurs of so long a continuance, as to induce

a belief that the demon of discord is at length laid asleep, and anon it breaks forth with tenfold fury. At one moment, the Pope's interposition procures peace, and the next, some incident, trifling in itself, suddenly revives the flame of party rage. After a solemn reconciliation had apparently settled the dissension at Florence, it was again renewed in Pistoia, a few miles off. A certain Ser Cancelliere of that city was the father of a very numerous family, the progeny of two wives, both of whom belonged to noble houses. Between the descendants of these rival mothers, a strong jealousy existed; and under the name of Black and White chancellors (*Bianci and Neri*), more than a hundred individuals were included in the quarrel, among whom, not less than eighteen were chevaliers or knights of the golden spur. Some young men of both parties, having quarrelled over their wine, one of the Neri received a blow from Charles Walfred, of the opposite faction. In the evening, the aggrieved individual waylaid the brother of his insulter, and having beaten him, so mutilated one of his hands, that only the forefinger remained. This aggression roused an universal spirit of resentment on the part of the Bianci. The opposite party vainly attempted to make peace; and the inflicter of the injury, on repairing to Walfred's house, to apologize, was seized and taken into the stables, when one of his hands was cut off by way of retaliation, and he was sent back to his partisans. This act rendered all further attempts at treaty vain. Thenceforth, street-broils, of the fiercest character, were of constant occurrence. Some of the most guilty repaired to Florence, and there fomented the old feud, the Bianci inciting the Ghibelines, and the Neri the Guelphs. In 1301, Charles of Valois, invited by Boniface VIII into Italy, secretly concerted with him the ruin of the Bianci party. The Neri were then dominant. In consequence of the violence committed under Corso Donati,

the Pope had sent one of his cardinals to Florence to bring about peace, but the efforts of the prelate were vain. On Christmas day, the son of Corso Donati, being on horseback in the square of Santa Croce, and seeing Nicholas of the Cerchia family pass by, ran after him out of one of the gates. A contest ensued, in which both were killed, and, in consequence, civil war once more kindled. At length, on the second of April, the remainder of the Bianci party, among whom were Dante and Petrucco of Parengo, the father of Petrarch, were banished. The Neri threw fireworks upon the houses and shops of their discomfited opponents, near the Mercato Nuovo, which, taking fire, produced extensive destruction, and reduced many to poverty. In 1310, the new German Emperor, Henry VII, prepared to descend into Italy. Many cities invited him. In Tuscany, Pisa and Arezzo alone desired his arrival. The following year, Dante, in behalf of the Ghibeline party, wrote him, earnestly, to come down upon Florence. This letter sealed the poet's fate; and four years after, his exile was again confirmed. Received openly at Pisa, and crowned at Rome, Henry approached and besieged Florence, but after a wearisome delay before the walls, and several fruitless skirmishes, he fell sick, and on the last night of October, 1313, abandoned the attempt to the glory of the city. He soon after died at St. Salvi, and these eras of violence and war were soon succeeded by a brilliant period of literature and art.

The mausoleum of the Medici, against the extravagant splendor of which Byron utters so earnest a satire, is now far advanced towards completion. It is an octagon, lined with the richest marble and most precious stones. As the curious visitor inspects the gorgeous monument, how various and conflicting are the associations inspired by the thought of the renowned family it celebrates! Their redeeming characteristics were taste and liberality. They promoted

the progress of humanity by rewarding the exertions of genius, rather than by a generous philanthropy. The mass were as much cajoled and subjected, as under more warlike princes; but the gifted received encouragement, and were urged to high endeavor. The annals of the house of Medici abound in scenes, at one moment exciting warm admiration, and the next unbounded disgust. One instant we kindle at the refined and enthusiastic taste of Lorenzo, and the next are revolted at some act of petty tyranny. Now we see genius unfold with brilliant success beneath the fostering rays of patronage; and the next, injustice, conspiracy, or revenge, degrades the chronicle. The patriotic Cosmo, ardently listening to the doctrines of Plato; Lorenzo, the Magnificent, chatting with a young sculptor in his garden; the dissipated and cunning Giovanni, the imbecile Piero, the perfidious Lorenzino, and the cruel Catharine, pass before us in startling contrast. Yet as we behold the works to which the redeemers of the name have given rise, and trace the splendid results of wealth dedicated to the cause of taste, we feel their mission on the earth was one, the intellectual fruits of which are inestimable and progressive. The origin of the Medici family has been romantically referred to Averardo de Medici, a commander under Charlemagne. The first authentic mention of this celebrated race seems, however, to indicate Filippo as one of the earliest founders. Toward the middle of the thirteenth century, the Guelphs having obtained the chief authority in Florence, Filippo, oppressed by the Ghibelines, fled from Fiorano, in the valley of Mugello, to the Tuscan capital, which, thenceforth, became his country. In 1348, we read of Francesco de Medici, as the head of the magistracy, although prevented by the plague from exercising his functions. Filippo left two sons, Bicci and Giovanni. To the latter succeeded Cosmo, and with his name began the renown of the house. The world

was but just emerging from barbarism when this prince commenced his sway. Although exiled by a faction, his absence was deeply regretted, and his return triumphantly hailed. Cosmo invited numerous Greek refugees to settle on the banks of the Arno. Through them, a new interest was awakened in ancient literature; classical studies revived, and manuscripts were eagerly sought. While the council of Florence were employed in barren theological disputes, Cosmo was listening to Gemisthus Pletho, and planning a Platonic academy. Among the illustrious Greeks whom he befriended, was Agyropylus. "My son," said he, leaning over the cradle of one of his children, "if you were born to be happy, you will have Agyropylus for your preceptor." Cosmo was succeeded by Piero, who had previously married the wealthy Contessina Bardi. His authority was near being overturned by a conspiracy, headed by the Pitti family, who, in the end, were obliged to flee, leaving their superb palace unfinished. Piero left two sons, Lorenzo and Giuliano. The brilliant career of the former has been made familiar by the elaborate and, perhaps, flattered portrait of Roscoe. That this magnificent prince was a man of more than ordinary abilities, is sufficiently proved by the address exhibited on his youthful embassy to Ferdinand of Naples, as well as by the numerous specimens extant of his poetical talents. But no small portion of his renown is to be ascribed simply to his immense wealth and exalted station. He was a man of elegant taste, rather than of extraordinary genius; and merits applause for his liberal patronage of literature and the arts, more than for any example he has bequeathed of intellectual or moral power. He renewed and prolonged the impulse his father had given to the cause of civilization. The visitor is continually reminded of the obligations of Florence to Lorenzo. He established a school of sculpture, greatly enriched the Laurentian library, improved architecture, promoted the

study of philosophy, and revived the art of the lapidary. His life was passed in the midst of men distinguished for genius and acquirements, whom his magnificent taste had gathered around him. His time was occupied in supervising local improvements, cheering native genius, collecting rare manuscripts and medals, cultivating philosophy, studying politics, making love, discussing poetry with Politiano, and writing sonnets. He demonstrated that a prince could find ample employment, and attain true glory, without recourse to conquest. He proved that there were more enduring monuments than those which rise from the battle-field. His name is associated with works of art and literary productions, as indissolubly as those of their authors; and although he only lived to the age of forty-four, he expired tranquilly in the midst of his friends. His death was deemed a national misfortune, and seems to have been the precursor of innumerable woes to Italy. Giovanni, son of Lorenzo, was an archbishop at ten, and a cardinal at fourteen—the youngest person ever raised to that rank. A letter still extant, addressed by his father to him at Rome, evinces how much at heart he held his advancement. After the death of Piero, Giovanni became the head of the family; and all his wishes centred in the hope of reviving its influence, which had again suffered a serious interruption. This feeling he prudently concealed for some time. After the battle of Ravenna, three young men, resolute friends of the Medici, went to the Gonfaliere, and, with their daggers at his throat, forced Soderini to resign. The Medici being thus restored, Giovanni was made Pope, under the title of Leo X. His pontificate is celebrated as a period when letters and the arts flourished to an unparalleled degree. Previous circumstances, however, had prepared the way for the many brilliant results of that remarkable epoch. The sale of indulgences, and other church abuses, were then carried to the highest point;

and the protests against ecclesiastical tyranny commenced, which ushered in the Reformation. Cosmo, Francesco and Ferdinand, maintained something of the liberal and tasteful spirit of their ancestors. But under Ferdinand II, who, in 1621, came to the government, at the age of eleven, the aspect of affairs changed. Extravagant expenditures drained the state of its resources, and when Cosmo III died, after a reign of fifty-three years, Tuscany was reduced to a most deplorable state, oppressed with a heavy national debt, and exhausted by taxes. Fortunately for the country, John Gaston was the last of his family, once so glorious, but now so sadly degenerated. He died after an indifferent rule, and in accordance with the terms of peace with Vienna (1735) left his duchy to the house of Lorraine. Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, and Grand Duke of Tuscany, made a contract with John Gaston's sister—the last of the name of Medici, by which he acquired the various allodial possessions collected by her ancestors. Under the twenty-six years of the sway of his son Leopold, Tuscany recovered from a decline that had lasted more than a century. He encouraged commerce, agriculture and manufactures, established penitentiaries, abolished the inquisition, and proclaimed a new criminal code. His financial administration was admirable, and his own manner of life extremely simple. The traveler in Italy still recognizes the happy influences of his regenerating rule. Nor has the effect of his noble example been contravened by his successor. An air of contentment and a feeling of safety continue to distinguish Tuscany, and render it the favorite sojourn of the stranger. Even the comparative severity of the climate in winter, aggravated by the *tramontana* which sweeps so coldly from the mountains, seldom drives the foreign sojourners to more genial localities. It is not, perhaps, without reason, that the distinguish-

ed literary rank which Florence holds in Italian history, has been ascribed to its inferior climate.

There is something almost oppressive to the senses, and confusing to the mind, in the immense collections of paintings in Italy. The stranger, especially if his time is limited, and his eagerness for knowledge and true impressions a delicate and discriminating, as well as an earnest passion, will not unfrequently regret the number and variety of interesting objects which at once demand his attention. A scene of natural grandeur or beauty seldom distracts the eye with the variety of its features. The mountain range which girdles the prospect, the grove which waves above the cliff, the river flowing through the vale, the flowers on its banks, and the rich cloud-land above, are harmonized to the view, reposing beneath the same light, and stirred by a common air. But each work of art has a distinctive character. It is a memorial of an individual mind. It demands undivided attention. Hence, the first visit to a museum of art is almost invariably unsatisfactory. We instinctively wish that the array were not so imposing. Many a sweet countenance, whose expression haunts us like a dream, we vainly endeavor to recall; many a group we would fain transfer to our own apartment, that there we might leisurely survey its excellencies, and grow familiar with its spirit. There are few public galleries which are less objectionable, on this account, than that of Florence. When we have paused in the vestibule long enough to recover breath after ascending the long flight of stairs, and inspect the specimens of statuary there arranged, the first paintings which meet our gaze, on entering, are of an early date. The stiff execution brings to mind the Chinese style, and indicates a primitive epoch in the history of art. The arabesques on the ceiling, the portraits immediately beneath it, and the range of ancient busts below, fill, without dazzling the eye. As we pass on, the interest in-

creases at every step. There is a gradual growth of attraction. Curiosity is soon absorbed in a deeper sentiment. Alternately we stand smiling before some graphic product of the Dutch pencil, rapt in a speculative reverie over an obscure painting, or seated, at last quite absorbed in admiration within the hallowed precincts of the Tribune. The perfect freedom of entrance and observation, unannoyed by the jargon of a *cicerone*, doubtless adds to the pleasure of a visit to the Florence collections. And the heart is not less gratified than the eye, when we behold one of the sunburnt *contadini* improving a spare hour on market-days, to loiter in the gallery, or turn from a miracle of art to the happy countenance of some foreign painter, as he stands before his easel, intent upon copying a favorite original. The most unique feature in the collections of which this city boasts, however, is doubtless the gallery of portraits of celebrated painters, chiefly by themselves. How interesting to turn from the immortal products of the pencil, to the lineaments of the artist! Raphael's sweet countenance, eloquent with the refined beauty which distinguishes his works, and subdued by something of the melancholy associated with his early death; Perugino, his master; Leonardo da Vinci, who first developed the principles of that progress in art, which was perfected during the fifteenth century, who so earnestly and successfully devoted his life to the advancement of his favorite pursuit, and died in the arms of his royal patron; Salvator Rosa, the poet, musician and painter, recognized by his half savage aspect, who so delighted in scenes of gloomy grandeur, and studied nature with such enthusiasm amid the wilds of the Apennines;—all, in short, of that glorious phalanx, whose best monuments are their works.

The bronze statue of Perseus, under the allogii of the gallery, reminds the passer of one of the most remarkable characters to which Florence has given birth. Born on the night of

All Saints' day, Cellini assures us he was rapturously welcomed to the world by his father, who, as if anticipating his future celebrity, instantly greeted him as Benvenuto. Like Salvator Rosa, music, at first, disputed the empire of his mind with the other arts, and his remarkable performance on the flute, was the primary occasion of attracting towards him attention and patronage. Indeed, the artist's father most pertinaciously fixed all his hopes for young Cellini's advancement, upon his proficiency in this accomplishment. Benvenuto's ambition, however, was of a far more various and earnest nature than the success of a mere musician could gratify. To please his parent, however, he long continued to devote much time to practising upon his favorite instrument, although the employment was frequently an occasion of ennui and disgust. At length, having been apprenticed to a goldsmith, the skill he displayed in the finer departments of the trade, indicated, in a striking manner, the true bent of his genius. Henceforth, we find Benvenuto constantly employed in various places, and everywhere with distinguished success. It strikes us, at the present day, with no little surprise, to perceive the enthusiasm excited by labors of such a nature as employed the mind of Cellini; but the exquisite grace and rare invention he displayed, were as significant of talent to the admirers of art, in the fifteenth century, as the gifted limner exhibited on his canvas, or the statuary in his marble. His abilities were in constant requisition, and seemed to have excited equal admiration whether bestowed upon a button for the Pope, a chalice for a Cardinal, or a salt-cellar for King Francis.—At one time we find him engraver to the mint at Rome, and at another, exercising all his ingenuity in setting a precious jewel, executing an original medal, or designing the most beautiful figures in *alto rilievo*, upon a golden vase, for some Italian prince. For a considerable period, he was without an

equal in his profession. Towards the last of his life, however, his energies seem to have been concentrated upon sculpture, of which the Perseus is the most celebrated specimen. The account he gives of the difficulties surmounted in casting this statue, and the unworthy treatment he received from the Grand Duke, in regard to his recompense, is among the most painful examples of the trials of artists. Cellini's life was one of the most singular vicissitude. Frequently changing his abode, working under the patronage of various princes, of a bold and active temper, his memoirs present a picture in which the quiet pursuits of an artist are grotesquely mingled with the experiences of an adventurer. One day, banished from his native city for having been engaged in a bloody quarrel, another, high in the confidence of kings and popes; now pining in the dungeon of St. Angelo, which he once so gallantly defended, and now rich and honored in the service of a magnificent court. If we were to place the slightest faith in his own testimony, Benvenuto proved himself equal to any exigency, and fairly overcame his various enemies by his prompt courage or quick invention. He is certainly the prince of boasters. The coolness with which he speaks of dispatching his foes, is startling to one familiar only with these peaceful times; and the ingenuity with which he baffles those who are not to be reached by the sword, is most remarkable. A striking instance occurred while he was in the employ of the King of France. Madame D'Estampes, who seems to have been extremely disaffected towards Benvenuto, induced the king to inspect some of his more recent works at an hour the most unfavorable for their display. Cellini, anticipating the effect, affixed a torch to the arm of a statue of Jupiter; and while his female enemy and the monarch were regarding his studies, in the dusky light, he suddenly ignited the torch, and wheeled the Jupiter into the centre of the room. The effect was most vivid, as

the light was placed at exactly the right angle to show the figure to the best advantage. Francis received a new and powerful impression of the genius of Cellini, and Madame's design was completely counteracted. The versatility of talent in the character of Benvenuto was not more surprising than his boundless self-confidence. How much are we indebted to this quality for the fruits of genius! Gifts of mind, unaccompanied by a vivid sense of their existence, are of little benefit to the world. Consciousness of power, firm and unwavering, is the best guarantee for its appropriate exertion. How much of the cool decision of great men is attributable to confidence in their destiny! When Napoleon was urged to leave a dangerous position, during an engagement when the shot were flying thickly around him, and calmly replied, "the ball is not yet moulded which is destined for me," who does not recognize one secret cause of his intrepidity? No combination of circumstances seemed adequate to shake Cellini's faith in himself. He spoke as certainly of the issue of an experiment in his art, as if it had been repeatedly proved. Again and again he reinstated himself in the favor from which the machinations of his rivals had removed him, by the clear earnestness of his bearing. Whether discussing the merits of a work of art, defending himself before a tribunal, engaged hand to hand with a foe, or casting a statue which had cost him years of toil, he seemed to act upon the sentiment of the poet—

"Courage gone? all's gone—
Better never have been born."

It cannot but provoke a smile in contrast with the theories of later moralists, after having followed Benvenuto through an unequalled category of brawls, duels, amours and intrigues, to find him consoling himself in prison by communing with angelic visions, and cheering his heart with the

conviction that he is an especial favorite of Heaven. Benvenuto closed his adventurous life where he commenced it; and was buried with many honors, in the church of the Annunziata, at Florence. His native city is adorned with the chief ornament of his genius; and the exquisite specimens of his skill as a jeweller and engraver, are scattered over the cabinets of virtuosi throught Italy.

The opera-house of Florence, called the Pergola, is remarkable for its chaste interior. Romani's poetry has recently given a new interest to this favorite amusement. It seems almost to have revived the dulcet numbers of Metastasio, and, wedded to the touching strains of Bellini, leaves no occasion to regret the earlier eras of the musical drama. A permanent dramatic company, in the different cities of Italy, as a school of language, is a great desideratum; and the number of trashy translations from the French degrade the national taste. Sometimes the excellent company of Turin, including the inimitable Vestri, a Tuscan by birth, visit Florence in the autumn, and furnish an agreeable pastime at the Cocomero, while during Carnival, Stenterello dispenses his jokes and rhymes at the 'Borg' Ogni Santi. In Florence, also, is enjoyed the opportunity, at certain seasons, of witnessing Alfieri's tragedies. The stranger, too, cannot but gratefully recur to the comedies of Goldoni. They furnish him with an admirable introduction to the language; and when he is once more at home, and would fain renew the associations of every-day life in far distant Italy, he has only to peruse one of these colloquial plays, and be transported, at once, to a *locanda* or a *caff  *. Goldoni's history is intimately associated with his comedies. Successively a student of medicine, diplomacy and law, a maker of almanacs, and a comic writer, his personal adventures abound in the humorous. He solaced himself, when unfortunate, by observing the passing scene. When jilted by a woman, or cheated by a

knave, he revenged himself by showing up their conduct as a warning, in his next play. He looked upon the panorama of human existence, not as a metaphysician, but as a painter, not to discover the ideal, but to display the actual. Yet he often aimed at bringing popular vices or follies into contempt, and frequently with no little success. At a time when cisesbeism and gambling prevailed in Venice, he portrayed their consequences so graphically, that, for a time, both practices were brought into disrepute; and when the *Spectator* began to be read, and it became fashionable for women to affect philosophy, he turned the laugh upon them with his *Filosofo Inglese*. His comedies have more humor than wit, but their chief attraction is their truth to nature. Although much attached to Venice, his native city, which he declares was never revisited without discovering new beauties, Goldoni seems to have highly enjoyed his long residence at the French court. He boasts of having an excellent appetite after every fresh mortification; and when care or sickness made him wakeful, he was accustomed to translate from the Venetian into the Tuscan dialect, and then into the French, by way of a soporific. Overshadowed as his buoyant spirit was at last, by illness and reverses, his happy temperament made his life pleasant. He had the satisfaction of feeling that, through his efforts, comedy was reformed in Italy, and his country furnished with a stock of standard plays, of excellent tendency, sixteen of which were composed in one year—no ordinary achievement of industry.

The house of the Buonarotti family has recently undergone extensive repairs. But the rooms once occupied by Michael Angelo, remain unchanged, save that around one of them are arranged a series of paintings, illustrative of the artist's life. How Florence teems with the fame of this most gifted of her children! How rife are his sayings on the lips of her citizens! How eloquently do his works speak in the

city where his bones repose! As the Cathedral dome first greets the stranger's eye, or fades from his parting gaze, how naturally does it suggest the thought of St. Peter's and the artist's well known exclamation! In a twilight walk along the river-side, as we watch the evening star over San Spirito, we remember that a prior of that convent taught him anatomy. If we pass the church del Carmine, we are reminded that he there studied the early efforts of Massacio. In the gallery, we behold the Dancing Faun, whose head he so admirably restored, wonder at the stern face of Brutus, or ponder his own portrait. In the Piazza is his David, in the church of San Lorenzo, his Day and Night, and that perfect embodiment of Horatio's familiar phrase—"a countenance more in sorrow than in anger,"—the statue of the Duke of Urbino. Here he made his figure of snow; there he buried his sleeping Cupid, which was dug up for an antique. Near St. Mark's was the school of sculpture, where he first practiced. In Santa Croce is his tomb. The memory of Michael Angelo constitutes the happiest of the many interesting associations of Florence. Not less as a man than an artist, does his name lend dignity and beauty to the scene. We look upon the master-lines of his unfinished works, and realize the struggles of his soul towards perfection. Truly has one of his biographers remarked, "his genius was vast and wild, by turns extravagant and capricious, rarely to be implicitly followed, always to be studied with advantage." But we think not merely here of the sculptor, painter, architect, philosopher and poet; we dwell upon, and feel the whole character of him who so nobly proved his eminent claim to these various titles. As we tread the chambers where he passed so many nights of study, so many days of toil, as we behold the oratory where he prayed, or stand above his ashes, we think of his noble independence, which princes and prelates, in a venal age,

could not subdue, of his deep sympathy with the grand and beautiful in human nature, and of his true affection which dictated the sentiment—

“ Better plea
Love cannot find than that in loving thee,
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid
Who such divinity to thee imparts,
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.”

Art seemed not an exclusive end to Michael Angelo. For fame, he cherished no morbid appetite. He was conscious of loftier aims. His letters and sonnets breathe the noblest aspirations, and the most perfect love of truth. When refused admittance to the Pope's presence, he quitted Rome in disgust; yet watched as tenderly by the sick bed of a faithful servant, as at that of a son or a brother. As the architect of St. Peter's, he declined all emolument; and kissed the cold hand of Vittoria Colonna with tearful reverence. After eighty-eight years spent in giving a mighty impulse to the arts, in cultivating sculpture, painting, poetry and architecture, in observing “ the harmless comedy of life,” in proving the supremacy of genius over wealth, of moral power over rank, of character over the world, Michael Angelo died, saying, “ My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my possessions to my nearest kin.” He left a bequest of which he spoke not, for it was already decreed that his fame and example should shed perennial honor upon Florence, and forever bless the world.

THE VETTURINO.

A TALE OF THE ROAD-SIDE.

I THREW my book aside and sat down by the window. There was an old fountain in the centre of the square designed by John of Bologna. A picturesque heap of rocks half covered with moss formed a bed for old father Neptune, who reclined, like an ocean shepherd, poising his trident and covered with spray. The water gushed, with a cool murmur, from an aperture behind him, and after rising several feet, came tumbling down upon the rough stones, whence it fell into the wide, circular basin. Two or three women, with their stone pitchers balanced on its rim, stood gossiping in the sun. A ragged urchin, mounted on a broken stool, amused himself by plashing the water into the gray, demure face of a very meagre donkey, who received the ablutions with the patient gravity of his race, blinking his large dull eyes, and occasionally shaking off the drops by a slow oscillation of his cranium, such as animals of a nobler kind sometimes use to indicate that they could, if they chose, say something very wise and pertinent. An old man, with a head that Guido would have loved to paint, was crouched at a short distance, stirring a kettle of chesnuts, or feeding the blaze beneath it with charcoal ; and near him was a pile of cauliflowers, artichokes and fennel, the merits and cheapness of which, a pretty brunette announced, every now and then, in tones that were sweet enough to win an anchorite. She turned, from time to time, to give some tart rejoinder to a knot of swarthy men, arrayed in tattered brown cloaks rather shabbily embroider-

ed, and sugar-loaf hats, whose little carts loaded with fruit, wood or hay, were placed in a line, and surrounded by a motley set of loitering soldiers, friars and mendicants. Some of the former were regaling themselves with little black cigars, and others playing a vociferous game with their fingers.

These groups were suddenly disturbed by the arrival of an English travelling carriage, that whirled into the piazza and drew up at the inn door. The *imperiale* was occupied by a very blooming maid-servant, and a footman with a fiery red vest and an air of exceeding impertinence. On the back seat reposed the plump figure of a genuine *milord*. A velvet skull cap adorned his head, and a light mackintosh was buttoned round his portly body. He leaned in the corner against a large India-rubber pillow inflated so as to resemble a sack of meal. His eyes were steadfastly fixed upon an open volume, which he continued apparently to peruse, even after the steps were let down by the groom, and the obsequious landlord had bowed at least a dozen times, and uttered as many euphonious greetings. He evidently abandoned his position with reluctance, being very loth to exchange the comfortable little epitome of his country which had brought him from Calais. The arrival of this worthy had drawn several new personages about the fountain, and among them I noticed a tall, handsome fellow that was the beau-ideal of a brigand. His glossy breeches and untanned shoes, the gay jerkin and open collar, a silver medal with the holy virgin in *relievo* suspended from his neck, ribbon-knots at the knee, and long raven hair curling profusely round his temples—to say nothing of a jetty beard, fierce moustache, and a large keen black eye—brought Fra Diavolo vividly to mind. There was something, however, decidedly amiable in his smile, and his manner of saluting the brunette as he approached, was remarkably graceful. Upon a nearer view I discovered that

his habiliments were somewhat faded, and by no means in the best repair; but there was that easy, half-indolent, half-spirited look about him, so often witnessed in the lower orders of the south. While I was thus speculating upon the appearance of the new comer, he raised his glance to the window, doffed his hat, and entered the hotel. Presently I heard a tap at the door, and was a little startled to find the object of my curiosity before me. He closed the latch and advanced into the centre of the room, when the following dialogue ensued.

“Eccellenza, I am called Beppo, the *vetturino*. Do you want to go to Venice?”

“What do you ask to take me?”

“Twelve *scudi*, including bed and dinner, signore.”

“Ah, Beppo, you know eight is the regular price.”

“It depends, excellenza. Where there are two or three passengers, we take less. You will have the carriage to yourself; and then the inn where we pass the night, is very good.”

“Well, I will accept your terms, provided you will stop at two or three places on the road, without grumbling.”

“Certainly, excellenza; and I shall take you so safely and treat you so well, that I shall deserve a *buona mana*. If the signore will write the contract, I will sign it.”

I drew it up accordingly, as follows:—

“The undersigned hereby agrees to convey Signor —— to Venice, leaving here to-morrow at daybreak, stopping on the way as may be directed and providing a good dinner and bed. He is not to sell his passenger to any other conveyance, but the vehicle is to be at the service of the signor exclusively, until their arrival at the *dogana* of Venice, when the undersigned is to receive the sum of twelve *scudi*.”

Beppo listened attentively to the reading of this document, and having affixed his signature, handed me a dollar by way of

guarantee for his prompt appearance in the morning, and then with a respectful *au revoir*, bowed himself out of the room. It is thus that in an impoverished and enslaved country, the most trifling arrangements require forms and pledges.

I was in the act of buckling the last strap of my portmanteau, by the gray light of early dawn when the facetious host of the Golden Eagle called through the keyhole, that it was time to rise. I answered the summons by throwing open the door, and with the peculiar cordiality landlords use towards parting guests, he deposited a small waiter on the table garnished with a light breakfast, and peering from the crevice of a warm roll, appeared the bill. As I was partaking of the meal and inspecting the account at the same time, Beppo thrust his head in at the door, and satisfying himself that I was alone, drew near and uttered a "good morning," with his most insinuating smile.

"We have a beautiful day, excellenza."

"Yes, it looks promising; but I have no idea of starting for twenty minutes. It wants half an hour of the appointed time."

"O, no, signor mio; eat your breakfast at your leisure. There is no occasion to hurry. I took the liberty to come up now to ask a favor, a very great favor, excellenza."

"What is it?"

Beppo tossed back the long dark hair from his brown forehead, drew up his right foot until the toe only rested on the floor, folded his arms, and then in a tone modulated to the most plausible key of entreaty, began:

"Eccellenza, the master whom I serve has been very unfortunate. A month ago his wife died. Ah! would you could have known Donna Bettina, so amiable and pious. The priest who confessed her called her an angel, and her poor husband sold his best horse to buy masses for her soul. She left seven children. There have been few travellers

through here lately, and the rains have destroyed half our grain crops. A rascal who was in partnership with my master, took advantage of his grief, and ran off to Venice with half his property. It is necessary to send our advocate there to prosecute the affair, and if you will not allow him a seat in the carriage, my master must have all the expenses of a separate conveyance; and the poor man can ill afford it. Permit him to go with you. He is a gentleman and knows a great deal; you will enjoy his company."

My credulity had been too often abused to render faith in this tale easy, but there was something in the close of the appeal that had a show of reason. The society of an intelligent man was certainly desirable. I recalled, too, some suggestions which I had recently met with on the subject of modern charity: "Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half-penny. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not." Beppo had played his part admirably. It has been by lot to hear a goodly number of orations and sermons, for our country is, *par excellence*, the land of speechifying; but the elocution of Beppo was superior, in its way, to any rhetoric I ever listened to. There was an impressive brevity in his sentences. Each word came neatly articulated from his lips. His pauses were capitally timed, and every accent intonated as if by a written scale. The lower classes of Italy have, indeed, their *patois*, but those whose occupations bring them in frequent contact with the educated, are remarkably apt in catching the most approved colloquial terms. Their natural fluency, when thus refined, needs but a slight impulse to be-

come positive eloquence. It was worth being cheated, too, to see such fine acting. Beppo's invention, if such it was, had fairly earned him the boon; so I consented, and with a thousand thanks, he shouldered my baggage and we hastened to depart. A neat, lively young man stood by the carriage door. We exchanged salutations and took our places; when Beppo cracked his long whip, the landlord wished us a good journey, but one of the horses manifested a determination not to move. His feet seemed rooted to the pavement. In vain the vetturino remonstrated, coaxed and applied the lash. At length he dismounted, carefully examined the harness, and breathed into the ear of the obstinate animal a long harangue. We still remained stationary. His dark eye now glowed with some deep resolve. He had evidently made up his mind to adopt a final expedient: What this was to be I could not imagine, and watched his movements with curiosity. He gathered up the reins, took off his hat, and thrice made the sign of the cross; then leaping into his seat with a simple chirrup, we rattled briskly through the gates of the town, while the crowd shouted *un miracolo!* The vetturino, I soon discovered, had done my companion no more than justice. He was quite affable and well-informed. We had a delightful day's ride. As our conversation became more free and sustained, I saw Beppo glance apprehensively through the little window at his back. He soon discovered, by our significant looks, that we had compared notes, and that I was aware that the pretended advocate was as much a stranger in that region as myself. He was to pay somewhat less, and this feat of Jehu diplomacy had succeeded finely. The weather was delicious, and as we glided by vineyards and fine mulberry orchards, and saw the azure blossoms of the flax, and the tall bearded spikes of grain waving in the breeze, I could not find it in my heart to cherish anger towards poor Beppo, who was singing as cheerily as if he never had a lie

upon his conscience. It is one of the curses of despotism that it blasts truth, not in the political only, but in every minor relation of life. There is much simplicity of character among the Italians. It is often exhibited in the most attractive light; but the repeated invasions of the country have perverted the minds of the people. Their weakness leads them to resort to duplicity—a natural alternative for the feeble. The historian of the siege of Florence, at the conclusion of his melancholy chronicle, says that a most perceptible change of national character was the result of the vain sacrifices and constant persecution of the republic—"the men having become beyond measure suspicious and artful, and the women faithless and incredulous." A liberal mind will ever make due allowance for influences like these.

My fellow-traveller retired early, leaving me in possession of the vast and lonely hall where we had supped. Bep-po came in to bid me good night, and I improved the opportunity to read him a lecture on lying, although Opie's Illustrations were not at hand to consult. The poor fellow was humble enough; but urged with eloquent pertinacity the argument of necessity. "Ah! excellenza," said he, at last, "if you only knew how many deprivations I have endured, you would pity rather than condemn me." It was just the time for a story. I filled him a glass from a flask of our host's best wine. He twirled his luxuriant *moustache*, placed his hat on the floor, and leaned his left arm upon the table, leaving the other free to gesticulate. "Now, *figlio mio*," said I—"the truth!"

"*Santissima Vergine!* signor, do you think I would lie without a motive? Let the saints witness!"

"I was born on the estate of the Marquis Giampieri. You must have noticed it coming over the mountains, for there is a chapel at the roadside built hundreds of years ago, and strangers often go there to examine the front, which, it

is said, was invented by a famous architect. Have you ever seen the vintage? If so, you know it is a gay scene. The first year that I was old enough to drive home the wine-cart, was famous through the country. The grapes ripened early and had a wonderful flavor. One fine October morning, we were gathering them, when, all of a sudden, I saw the marquis coming towards us. He was much beloved by the peasantry, and he stood for an hour watching us at work, and asking us about our families. The prettiest *contadina* was Carlotta; such dimples as played round her mouth, such a voice, such pleasant ways—ah, you should have seen her. She was my *promessa sposa*; and as the marquis left us, he appointed the next evening for a *festa* in our honor. It is the custom in this country thus to publish the bans. We had a dance in the hall of the villa, and our lady gave Carlotta four silver knobs for her hair and some beautiful ear-rings. She danced like a syren. I saw our master devour her movements, and there was something very remarkable in his kindness. *Excellenza*, I was jealous. The next day I went to her father's cottage, and there was the marquis seated on the grass and looking at her as she spun. I felt my heart bleed as if pierced with a dagger, and passed on into the orchard. When I thought he had gone, I sought Carlotta. She was alone in the kitchen, weeping bitterly. I could not persuade her to reveal to me the cause of her tears; but I pleaded hard for an immediate marriage. My blood was on fire. I imagined the worst; and thought if the priest had once blessed us, I would take her away from that cursed place. In my passion, I knelt to her, urging my suit by every motive I could think of. All at once, the marquis again stood before us, with a frown on his brow. I am no coward, but from an infant I had revered this man. My eyes fell, I passed my hand along the clay floor and pretended to be looking for a needle. Carlotta rose and withdrew.

The next moment I was on my way to the vineyard. That very night we were all aroused by the church bell. Being awake, I heard it first, and ran out. There was a lane bordered by a chesnut grove, that led directly by the little white stone house, where *she* lived. With a kind of presentiment of evil I hurried thither, and almost stumbled across something in the road. It was a human body. I felt the warm blood trickling from the face. I was stupefied with dismay. Before I recovered myself, voices sounded at a distance, and in a short time two sportsmen, who had raised the alarm, came to the spot with torches, followed by a crowd of half-dressed people. What was my horror, when the lights drew near, to recognize in that prostrate form the marquis himself! He was quite dead. A deep wound appeared on the head, and a stiletto was buried in his heart. There was a cry of terror. Every one looked from the corpse to me. I was instantly suspected. In vain I solemnly declared my innocence, and explained how I came there. My wild looks, the stains on my hand, the fact of my acknowledged jealousy—these alone were thought sufficient. They did not perceive that he had been plundered; but hurried me to prison, and the last thing I saw, as we left the fatal spot, was Carlotta stretched on the turf, as pale and motionless as her dead master."

Beppo was silent for several moments. He sighed deeply, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and slowly drained his glass; then extending his brawny arm upon the table, he turned up the sleeve and pointed to a deep scar above the wrist. "That, excellenza, was worn by a fetter. Fortunately, our pastor, a man of influence with the bishop and through him with the pope, did not credit the accusation. He had known me from a child; and exerted himself in my behalf. I was condemned to death by the tribunals, but through his efforts, the sentence was commuted to the galleys

for life. For several months I had borne the disgraceful uniform and felt the lash of the guard. The horrible clank of those weary chains yet sounds in my dreams. One day as we were proceeding to work in the usual manner, the sentinel made us countermarch, and in wheeling, I caught the eye of a desperate looking convict fixed sadly upon me. From that time I narrowly observed him, curious to ascertain the reason of his apparent sympathy. At length we were employed upon the same part of an excavation. It was the noon of a day in August. The heat was intense. Two hours respite was ordered. I threw myself panting on the moist clay, and shut my eyes to veil them from the glaring sunshine. My companion leaned upon his elbow beside me, and every time I raised my fevered lids, I detected the same glance of pity which originally struck me. I began to doze, and he talked in a low voice, sometimes to himself and sometimes to a fellow-prisoner. At length I distinctly heard him murmur—‘I cannot bear the sight of that man, for he is here condemned for a murder of which I am guilty.’ I could not be mistaken. Every syllable was stamped upon my brain. I sprang to my feet and besought him to do me justice; but, assuming an air of surprise, he moodily cursed me as a foolish dreamer, and boldly denied having uttered a word on the subject. You know the galley-slaves are chained in couples. I did not breathe freely until I had induced our keeper to fetter us together. Every day, almost every hour for two years, did I reason, expostulate, plead, threaten and protest. Ah, *eccellenza*, the wretch had no peace until he confessed. He was a sturdy villain; but who can withstand such unceasing persuasion? I really believe he yielded, at last, from a kind of attachment he had conceived for me; for suddenly one evening, as our melancholy procession drew near the prison, he desired to see the captain of the guard, and revealed all. I was set at liberty; and hastened to the

scene of my former happiness. 'The good pastor received me kindly, but my old comrades looked distrustful. Carlotta's parents were dead, and she had entered a distant convent. This was all I could learn." Here Beppo raised the lamp above his head, and peered suspiciously about the room. Apparently satisfied with the inspection, he leaned towards me and resumed in a lower key: "The signor has heard of the affair of '31?"

"Certainly."

"I joined the insurgents, and was one of a band surprised by the Austrian troops, between here and Ancona. My companions escaped or were taken prisoners; I was left for dead on the field. For a month after my wounds began to heal, I was delirious. It was a beautiful evening—that on which my senses returned. I shall never forget it. The first thing that gave me a consciousness of life was the breeze playing over my face. They had moved my pallet near the open window of the hospital. Very gradually came back my recollection. I looked at my wasted limbs, and felt that many days must have elapsed since the skirmish. A sister of charity came to the bedside and handed me a cup of broth. Her countenance was veiled and she deigned no reply to my questions, but by signs enjoined silence. Day and night she anticipated my slightest want; and nursed me with a mother's carefulness. I grew strong rapidly, and a time was assigned for me to leave the hospital. I seized an opportunity to pour forth my gratitude to this pious attendant. I unfolded to her my sad story. She listened attentively, and I saw her breast heave convulsively beneath the dark robe. When I ceased, she gently took my hand and whispered—'*caro Beppo!*' That voice sent the blood whirling through my veins. She threw back the silken cowl. It was Carlotta! With what rapturous joy I beheld her! It was but momentary. She was absolutely resolved to abide by her vows. I

claimed her as my bride. She replied only by drawing a crucifix from her bosom and holding it before me with tearful eyes, and calmly saying—‘*questo é il mio sposo.*’ ”

The vetturino rose, choked with emotion. He walked to the window, returned to the table and trimmed the lamp ; and then became intent upon a coarse engraving of St. Lorenzo that hung over the fire-place. I did not interrupt his reflections. The landlord entered to usher me to repose. I looked inquiringly at Beppo. “*Excellenza,*” said he, “after that my life became prose. Its romance was finished. *Felicissima notte !*”

ROME.

“ Yet, this is Rome,
That sat upon her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world ! Yet these are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king ! ”

IN the light of a clear morning we stood upon the summit of the Capitol, and thoughtfully gazed forth upon the city with its mountain wall circling broadly in the distance. From so commanding a position, we were enabled to expand our idea of the site of ancient Rome, into a sensible conception of the relative localities and original aspect of her scattered and dimly defined remains.

Directly beneath us stood a massive form, whose sculptured and inscribed surface is uniformly tinged with the melancholy hue imparted by the earth which so recently encrusted it, and deepened by the lapse of ages. And yet, beneath that arch have earth's most splendid pageants passed ; eyes, bedewed with the rich tears of grateful exultation, have dwelt upon its now defaced splendor ; its broad foundations, resting heavily in their sunken bed, have trembled beneath the proud tread of the triumphing, and its concave rung with the inspiring shout of a Roman greeting. It was the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus.

Immediately beside it, in mournful companionship, rise three mutilated columns, all that exists of the noble tribute of gratitude raised by Augustus to the god of thunder, after returning unscathed from the rush of his awful shaft. A

slower but not less sure agency has not passed negligently by the monument, and the naked triumvirate, clustered, as if in the "fellowship of grief," but feebly represent the living sentiment which gave them birth. The same number of these erect and solitary relics, lifting their burdenless capitals in air, furnish the commencement of an outline which observation may continue and imagination embody, of the temple of Jupiter Stator. Cold chroniclers of thrilling times are they; senseless spectators of what would kindle even the unenthusiastic, which else we might almost envy. It seems as if something of pride yet lingered about these decayed remnants of a once glorious company. They bore the vaulted roof, which echoed the most eloquent outpourings of moral indignation; they stood around, silent and stern, when about them were the not less inflexible forms of the Roman soldiery, and the sudden gathering of her alarmed citizens; and within, the deliberate and imposing presence of the accuser, and the pale countenance and hurried glances of the accused;—for it was here that Cicero condemned Catiline. The temples of Concord and of Peace, the one boasting eight remaining columns, and the other three fragmentary arches, next attracted attention and suggested similar reminiscences.

But soon we were obliged to quit a scene so absorbing in its suggestive influences, to wander among the dense ranges of modern buildings, and descry, here and there, a few pillars or other remains of what once stood forth contributing their now isolated symmetry to the formation of a beautiful and perfect whole. The arches of Titus, Constantine and Janus respectively occupied and interested us, particularly the former, from the sacred vessels and symbols of the Jewish temple, exhibited in basso relievo, upon its interior surface. The niches of the last are dispossessed of the statues which once adorned them; the bronze fastenings

which connected the stones are gone, and broad gaps mark the violence with which they were extricated. In the vicinity, we attentively perused the little square arch erected by the jewellers of the Forum to Septimius and his wife, and passing on, observed the pillars and site of the temples of Vesta and Fortune transformed into churches.

When we found ourselves near the wonderful old aqueducts contiguous to the walls, we were long impressed with the peculiarities and amused with the antiquated features of these strange and extensive remains. From some elevated positions, we gained a view of the neighboring mountains, lifting their undulating forms beneath the vapory masses of the dim atmosphere, and reflecting in faint yet rich tints, the few rays of sunshine which struggled through the leaden clouds. We had seen no general view more congenial with the ruins or more exciting to the associations of Rome.

On another occasion we left the city by the Appian Way, and were mindful of the circumstance of St. Paul's having entered by the identical road. After a considerable walk, we reached the tomb of the Scipios, situated by the road-side, and the entrance not distinguishable from other similar gateways, except by the inscription. Entering this, we soon came to the vault, secured merely with loose wooden doors, and having no distinctive beauty. With a guide and tapers we explored the dark and chilly avenues of this tomb, pausing here and there to con the many inscriptions which exist upon the walls. Two of the sarcophagi are in the Vatican, but one or two yet remain. We soon hastened from this damp and melancholy sepulchre, whose earthy floor was worn by the feet of many curious pilgrims, like ourselves, and pondering upon the contrast between the men who once reposed there, their probable anticipations of their country and the present, we extended our walk, and penetrated far into the labyrinthine catacombs beneath the church of St. Sebastian.

At length we arrived at the noble square, with its sweeping colonnade and old obelisk, which are about St. Peter's. Having entered that edifice, and immediately passing through a side-door, we commenced ascending an inclined plane which winds round, is bricked, and continues for a long distance until it brings us out upon the roof. This wide space, with its several cupolas, has been aptly compared to a small village. We soon entered the first and second interior gallery of the dome, and thence looked down from an immense height upon the variegated marble floor, or immediately around upon the coarse mosaic figures. Still ascending, we reached the lantern, and obtained a most comprehensive view, embracing the city, the *campagna*, the distant snow-covered mountains, with a glimpse of the Mediterranean; and having stood in the copper ball which surmounts the whole building, we descended.*

At one visit to St. Peter's the several scenes presented most effectually aided me in realizing the vastness of the building. Two of the chapels were filled with children receiving Sabbath instruction, whose singing resounded pleasingly through the expanse. In one corner, some lads, seemingly designed for the priesthood, were loudly engaged in a dialogue, the purport of which was an exposition of the church ceremonies; these were eagerly listened to by a surrounding crowd. Around the circular and illuminated railing, which is about the descent to the tomb of the great apostle, kneeled many female figures, and another knot were clustered beneath his bronze image, and fervently kissing the

* The necessity of attempting a description of this truly indescribable building, is most happily superseded by the unrivalled paintings of Panini, recently purchased by the Boston Athenæum. Let any one intently gaze upon the delineation of the interior of St. Peter's, and imagine the space which lies unrevealed in perspective, and he will obtain a more definite idea than any words can convey.

worn foot ; while, scattered upon the far-spreading pavement, and bending at the numerous shrines, were many devotees apparently absorbed in prayer. The confession-boxes, too, were unusually occupied, and the whole area thickly studded with the figures of those whom curiosity or devotion had brought thither. And yet these numerous and variously occupied human beings seemed, in no degree, to lessen the apparent space enclosed by those immense walls and that exalted dome, but rather to increase the impressiveness of the whole. I ever gratefully remarked the peculiar mildness and genial warmth of the atmosphere. It is even pretended by some of the inhabitants, that this phenomenon may be ascribed to the heat which the dense walls acquire during summer—a heat so great and so well retained as to continue partially latent, and be evolved during the few weeks when comparative coolness prevails. Many circumstances, however, contribute to the production of so pleasing an effect, particularly the admirable exposure of the building to the full influence of the sun, which beams through one or another of its many windows, during nearly the whole day, while the arrangement of the entrances almost precludes the admission of the external air.

But it was my special delight to visit St. Peter's, not critically to examine, but to yield myself freely to its sublimity and beauty. Sometimes I would rest in front of the monument to the last of the Stuarts, to sympathize in the mournful expression of its basso-relievo angels of death, extinguishing, as if in sadness, the torch of life ; or pause in admiration of the lions of Canova surmounting the tomb of Pope Clement XIII. As the setting sun shone gorgeously through the glory, over the main altar, and lingered upon the gilded cornices of the wall, it was mysteriously exciting to gaze on one of the splendid mosaic copies of the most eminent originals ; for instance, that of Thomas satisfying

his doubts. The perfect serenity of our Saviour's countenance, the determined inspection of the incredulous apostle, and, above all, the sad, yet mild and affectionate expression of John, riveted my gaze and touched my sensibilities. I could almost believe that I saw a tremulous play of the muscles, or living softness of the features, as they were thus revealed in the twilight.

It was deeply interesting to roam through the quiet and rich precincts of this magnificent edifice, with an elevating sense of its excellence as a place of religious enjoyment. There is a freedom, a nobleness, a grandeur about St. Peter's, allied to intellect and sentiment in their higher manifestations. Within no structure, perhaps, does the human form dwindle to greater apparent insignificance; but in few spots does man yield more spontaneously or legitimately to a sense of his capacity for excellence. The idea that the building, which is filling and delighting his spirit, was planned by the intellect and reared by the labor of his species, and the thought of that Being to whose praises it is devoted—is suggested by the view and its enjoyment.

Indeed, familiarity with the splendid temples of worship for which Italy is remarkable, rather augments than diminishes the spontaneous admiration which a first inspection of them excites; or rather, the primary emotions of pleasure melt into a calm sentiment of satisfaction, far more favorable to a discriminating view and just impression. The still but most efficient teachings of those three happy influences, painting, sculpture and architecture, seem here combined for the most felicitous ends. I could not but often think of it as one of those consoling and redeeming things, which modify all the evil in the world, that these were places dedicated to Catholicism, but open to all and at all times;—places for reflection, devotion and thought, where one can wander contemplatively—the painted windows imparting a

mellow light in which the pictured and sculptured forms seemed living things, and the notes of the chanters falling in reverberated echoes upon the ear—and worship after his own heart, or muse holily till the fire burns.

It was on a day marked by that deep azure, that seemingly penetrable density of the sky, so often celebrated by poets as the most enchanting natural feature of southern Italy, that we were early on our way to the Esquiline Hill. Upon its summit stands, in comparative solitude, the church of St. Pietro in Vinculi, built to contain the chains of the great apostle whose name it bears. The effect ever derivable from simplicity is signally exemplified upon entering this chaste building; for its interior architecture opens at once upon the vision, and, in its simple grandeur, imparts a far more delightful impression, than is often obtained from more extensive and gorgeous constructions. The form of the Basilica is here admirably preserved, the arched roof being supported by two rows of beautiful columns, and the whole space unbroken by any intermediate arches. These columns, as well as the pavement of the sacristy, were originally obtained from the baths of Titus; the former are remarkably impregnated with sulphate of lime, so as to emit a sulphurous odor when slightly rubbed. Behind the altar is a richly wrought marble chair, probably a consular seat, obtained from the same ruins. The idea that Cicero might once have occupied it occurred to us, and increased the interest with which we viewed so pleasing and authentic a Roman relic. Most of the pictures and frescos are illustrative of St. Peter's imprisonment and angelic enfranchisement; and within two brazen and embossed doors are preserved the sacred fetters, which are exposed to view only once a year.

But the grand attraction which had drawn us to this church was a renowned work of art—the statue of Moses by

Michael Angelo. This colossal figure at once evinces the workmanship of a peculiar genius, the design differing wholly from what is familiar in statuary. There is a muscular power, a grandeur of outline, which sufficiently indicate the author. Indignation and awful energy are distinctly discernible in the heavy frown and stern expression of God's chosen messenger to a guilty and erring people.

The Capuchin convent—an example of another class of churches—imparts a very tolerable idea of the dreariness and sternness of a genuine monastic retreat. The lay brother who conducted us looked wonderfully thriving, and was withal surprisingly affable for an old denizen of the damp and gloomy apartments which he so complacently displayed. The church, though by no means magnificent, contains two frescos of great interest:—one representing the archangel Michael triumphing over Satan, whose dark brawny form seems completely subdued beneath the light foot of his beautiful conqueror; the other, a rough representation of St. Peter walking on the waves—one of the most ancient examples of this species of painting. Indeed this convent is many centuries old, and the very hue and primitive material of the Capuchin garb comport admirably with the antique appearance of the whole building and its contents. But the greatest peculiarity is the cemetery beneath. A number of arches extend some distance, against the walls of which are piled an immense number of the bones of the deceased Capuchins. In spaces left about midway, are stretched skeletons, clad in the habit of the order, and others stand in various parts of the awful repository, while the ground, composed of “holy earth,” transported at great expense from Jerusalem, is marked as the last resting-place of the later dead. The very lamps which hang from the walls, are composed of bones; and the same material, distributed most fantastically, furnishes meet accompanying ornaments.

Perhaps this kind of burial, if such it may be called, is one of the rarest in practice by moderns. The effect by torch-light, when an interment takes place, must be impressive in the extreme; though with the broad light of day shining through the windows, the scene seemed more hideous than morally striking; nor can one easily feel that the intended honor is conferred upon the unbroken skeletons, by permitting them to stand holding a card, upon which is inscribed the name and age of the deceased, like guardians of the mournful piles around them, in which are merged the remains of their less distinguished brethren.

We crossed the Tiber in a broad barge; and during the few moments which intervened ere our walk recommenced, we were naturally led to contrast the turbid waters and the dim earth around us, with the same scene, in its transcendent aspect, as existing in the familiar picture of our fancy. The one was the plain appearance of neglected and perhaps degenerate nature; the other, impressions derived from nature's glowing commentator, the poet. Passing by a retired path through the fields, we soon came in view of a circular fortress, (the Castle of St. Angelo,) now chiefly used as a prison, but originally the tomb of Hadrian. And certainly, when its solid proportions were decked with the numerous statuary ornaments which once adorned them, it must have formed a glorious final resting-place for a Roman. There is a striking and melancholy inconsistency observable in this, as in many instances, in the modern appropriation of ancient monuments. So much more honorable is it to the general or at least to the better sentiment of mankind, to leave unmarred the few remnants of a nation's greatness, when not one of her children exists. There is surely a kind of a sacrilege in disturbing works consecrated to the dead, for purposes of selfish pride or narrow utility. The beauty, the interest, the blessed inspiration which so often hallow these ruins, are

thus invaded, while no commensurate advantage is obtained. Have not as many smiles of ridicule or sneers of reproach, as pious feelings, been awakened, by the view of the apostles' figures surmounting the triumphal pillars of Aurelius and Trajan? And who can behold, without regret, the mausoleum of the mighty dead transformed into a tomb for the most wretched of the living?

We ascended a long flight of steps, entered a square and corridor, and were soon in the Museum of the Vatican. It were vain to endeavor to describe what an impression of the richness of art is inspired by the first general inspection of this vast collection of her redeemed trophies; and far more, to paint the vivid and elevating conception of her power which dawns, brightens, and finally glows in the bosom, as face after face of thrilling interest, figure after figure of embodied nature, and gem after gem of exquisite material or workmanship attracts the admiring eye; all unanimated by one spiritual principle, and yet so legitimately the offspring of the highest, and so perfectly significant, as to awaken wonder, enkindle delight, and finally win love. We devoted a season to the inspection and admiration of the time-worn frescos, which exist upon the walls of the Camere of Raphael. Constantine's victory is, indeed, a splendid battle-piece. But of all the figures, none struck me as grander than the group representing the miraculous defeat of the ravager of the temple, struck down by a cavalier, and two angels, at the prayer of the priest. Most of the countenances here depicted are separate and noble studies. All the frescos were partially designed and executed by Raphael. They present a worthy but melancholy monument to his genius, impaired as they are by age, and marred by his untimely death. Yet artists of the present day are continually studying these dim, though most admirable remains, and find in their contemplation the happiest aids and incitements. Notwithstanding this

speaking testimony to departed excellence, as well as that which beamed in the admiring looks of the gazers around, there was something of sadness in the very air of rooms that bore the name, and shone with the embodied talent of the beloved and early dead, which forced itself irresistibly upon the mind, and tinged with mournfulness the gratified thoughts.

But it is when we stand for the first time in the presence of that being, if aught destitute of sensation deserve the name—it is when the eye first rests, and the heart first fastens with instinctive eagerness upon the Apollo Belvidere, that we feel the triumph of human art. And there springs up a rich sentiment of satisfaction, not only that the poetical in native feeling, the pure in taste, and the exalted in thought, are conscious of unwonted gratification, but because we rejoice in the spiritual nobility of our common nature ; we glory in the thought that the senseless marble radiates the beautiful and deep expressiveness of intellectual life at the call of human genius, and we are soothed by the testimony thus afforded to the immortality of what we most love in ourselves and kind ; for we feel that such followers of nature are allied to its Author, and may humbly, but legitimately, aspire to yet higher teachings than are evolved from the physical universe.

I entered, on a fine clear day, the large enclosed tract called the Gardens of Sallust, being the site of that beautiful historian's villa and grounds. There are a few ill-defined ruins here situated, supposed to be those of a temple dedicated to Venus Erycina, and of the mansion, or its adjuncts. The general aspect presented during my wanderings through this extensive enclosure, was more in accordance with the idea previously formed of the country than any before obtained. The fertility of the grounds, green with varied shrubbery, and occasionally beautified with field-flowers,

and thickly planted with vegetables, among which groups of laborers were actively engaged, afforded remarkable evidence of the actual mildness of the climate; while occasional glimpses of an old aqueduct, or wall, gave to the scene the surpassing charm of antiquity. Constant blasts of cold wind, in which the dry reeds rattled sullenly, and the snow-capped Apennines in the distance, were, however, sufficiently indicative of the season. The free air and commanding situation of this domain are well adapted to foster that concise and clear energy, which so highly distinguishes Sallust. If this was the favorite retreat to which he retired to compose his history, it is not surprising that he found in the situation and his employment greater satisfaction than could be gleaned from the enslaving luxury of the city, which lies so attractively at the foot of his paternal mount. It was a pleasant thought, that this very spot is that which beguiled his early ambition from the hazardous efforts of a political arena, to the quiet and dignified employment of an elegant historian. And in contemplating the result of this author's wise choice, and comparing his with the lives of many of his equally gifted countrymen, a new proof is afforded of the surpassing excellence of well-directed literary labor. More peaceful and elevated passes the existence, and more certain and purely succeeds the renown of the useful and excellent writer, than that of the most successful aspirant for immediate popularity. There is, too, a beautiful completeness in the works and fame of Sallust, such as seldom marks the memory or the labors of modern writers. Confining himself to one sphere, and intent upon comparatively few subjects, he shone pre-eminently in the one, and threw over the other a light and vigor of delineation, which render his works not only universally interesting, as just and vivid chronicles, but as most attractive illustrations of the capacities of his native language.

I proceeded at a similar season forth from the city, by the spacious and beautiful entrance of the Piazza del Popolo, towards the Ponte Molle. When we reached this celebrated bridge, the beauty of the adjacent country and distant scenery, as well as the associations of the spot, detained me in long and delightful contemplation. On the one side rises Monte Mario, crowned with a verdant line of lofty cypresses, and on the other, far away, stand the hoary Apennine hills, while beneath runs the swift and turbid Tiber. The picturesque, arched, and heavy bridge on which I stood, still retaining portions of its ancient material, and the pervading Sabbath stillness, gave vividness and scope to the grand scene of action, which memory and imagination conjured up and arrayed upon its massive surface, and along the broken banks of the river. But, happily, in viewing the scene of Constantine's victory and miraculous vision, we are not left to unaided fancy in an attempt to renew the view preserved in history. We have but to recall the almost living delineation of Raphael, to arrive at a strong conception of what could otherwise be but vaguely and variously fancied. It is on such occasions that we learn to recognize one, among our many obligations, to genius and art. Gazing, after the lapse of centuries, upon the renowned battle-ground where tyranny received a signal overthrow, from a Christian warrior eminent for victory, and finding nought but the altered aspect of nature and a few decayed relics of art, we can yet rehearse the history and the song, and ponder the picture, till they realize the time-buried events of antiquity.

It was one of those days when a pensive stillness pervades nature—the sky overclouded, yet threatening no rain, the sun peering dimly forth, and a quiet, almost sad in its lifelessness, brooding over the sullen fields and declining foliage—a day, in short, the melancholy language of which brings something of pleasure to the man of anxious temperament,

and to whose meditative influences even the practised worldling not unwillingly yields himself—a day, on which the student instinctively turns from his book to ponder; the active denizen of the busy or gay world is unwontedly and unwittingly thoughtful; and many a day-dreamer or philosophical sportsman, like old Walton, wanders longer through the fields, and indulges in deeper imaginings and more protracted reveries. Such a season was peculiarly adapted to the purpose for which I had assigned it—a visit to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The very thought of it brings to mind Childe Harold's characteristic description:—

“ There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;—
What was this tower of strength? Within its cave
What treasures lie so locked, so hid?—A woman's grave.

This celebrated ruin, one of the most satisfactory, as regards its authenticity and preservation, among all the Roman antiquities, is situated about a league from the centre of the city, upon the Via Appia. Its circular form and remarkably dense walls, composed on the exterior of marble, now partially decomposed, proclaim its pristine magnificence. The obscurity which veils the history and character of her whose ashes it once contained, renders it, to one at all given to vague imaginings, more eloquent than if it were the concomitant of a most interesting and elaborate chronicle. The inscription possesses the same sublime simplicity, which is one of the noblest indications of ancient Roman greatness, discoverable in her monumental remains. As if, in announcing the tomb to be that of Cecilia, wife of Crassus, and

daughter of Metellus, enough was expressed to convey every adequate impression to the beholder, of whatever age or country ! The near kinswoman of two Roman citizens ;—this one fact was deemed a distinct indication to posterity of the actual nobility of the entombed, while one glance at the splendid sepulchre would convey ample testimony to her worth and loss. But even we of later times, who can smile at, while we admire such perfect confidence in the simple greatness of citizenship and individual character, and who can gaze with the coldness of curiosity upon such a relic, even we can scarcely fancy any record capable of exciting such awakening sentiment. It comports, in its brevity, with the great lesson it teaches—the rapid flight and levelling influence of time ; and designating a double ruin, it affords a degree of knowledge which, if extended, would but carry out and define where vagueness is desirable. For free scope is thus given to a species of conjecture, which it is mournfully pleasing to indulge. Standing by the massive remains of such a mausoleum, of which we can only affirm that it was reared to the memory of a Roman wife and daughter—what trait of energetic beauty, of affectionate devotion, of moral courage, which enters into the *beau-ideal* of the female character, may we not confidently ascribe to this ? What a life of secluded, yet elevated virtue, what a death of solemn dignity might not have been hers ! How large a part might she have taken in refining, ay, and nerving the spirit of husband and child and brother—in producing that obsolete and wonderful being, a Roman citizen ! And if aught of such fancies is correct, how like her earthly destiny to that of innumerable of her sex, who live in the exercise of thoughts and sentiments which, if developed through more conspicuous channels, would be productive of deathless renown ; but whose self-sacrificing ministrations, though immeasurably influential, are as unseen as those of a guardian angel, while

the memory of their authors is only embalmed in heaven, or darkly transmitted, like that of Cecilia Metella, by the simple record of their names and kindred, upon the monument which conscientious affection has reared.

Of all impressions from antiquity, derived from the ruins of Rome, none is more vivid and lasting than that inspired by the Coliseum, when viewed under circumstances best calculated for effect. Such are the quiet and mystery, the shadowy aspect and mild illumination of moonlight. Availing myself of a season like this, it was with something of awe that I approached to partake of a pleasure in its very nature melancholy, yet in the highest degree attractive to the imagination, and calculated to awaken many of the deepest sentiments, especially those by which the fellow-feeling of our race is nurtured and sustained. And as the scene, in all its actual beauty, environed by associations more impressive than its past magnificence, and reposing in a light more tender than gleamed from the eager eyes which once shone out from its now dim arches, broke upon my sight, I seemed to have come forth to hold communion—not with the material form, but with the very spirit of antiquity. There, its massive walls circling broadly, pre-eminent in lingering pride, stands the Coliseum. As the monarch of ruins, its dark outline seems defined with most commanding prominence, while surrounding objects are lost or blended in shade. Its many arched recesses are rendered still more obscure by the veil of shadow, or partially revealed in the congenial light. Through some of them the silent stars may be seen at their far-off vigils in the heavens, and again a fragment, which the hand of time has spared, abruptly bars the view. Over some, the long grass, that sad frieze which antiquity ever attaches to the architecture of man, hangs motionless, and, as a lattice, divides the falling moonbeams, or waves gently in the night breeze. But it is when standing

beneath one of those arches, and vainly scanning the length of the half-illuminated corridor, or looking down upon the grass-grown area, marked by a single path, that a sense of the events and times of which this ruin is a monument, and its suggestions the epitaph, gradually gains upon the attention, like the home thoughts which a strain of familiar music has aroused. The gorgeous spectacle of Rome's congregated wisdom and beauty thronging the vast galleries, now lost or crumbling through age, the glitter of wealth, the pomp of power, the eagerness of curiosity, and the enthusiasm of varied passions, which once rendered this a scene of unequalled pageantry—all come, at the call of memory, to contrast themselves with the same scene now, clad in the solemnity of solitude and decay.

But yet another retrospection, inducing deeper emotions, occupies the mind, and throws over the scene a higher interest. What an amount of human suffering have these dark walls witnessed! Could they but speak, what a tale of horror would be unfolded! How often has man, in all his savage or his cultivated dignity, been abandoned in this wide area to the beasts of the forest—more solitary when surrounded by his unpitying kind, than when alone with the lordly brute, in his desert domain! How much of human blood has this damp earth drunk, and how often upon its clammy surface has the human form been stretched in agony or death! Nor was this the theatre of effort and woe only to the physical nature. Who can estimate the pangs of yearning affection which have wrung the departing spirit, the feeling of utter desolation with which the barbarian has laid down his unsupported head, and died in the midst of his enemies? Who can distinctly imagine the concentration of every sentiment in that of the love of existence, which has nerved the arm of the combatant, and the stern despair with which he has at length relinquished his dearly sold life? Far less might

one hope to realize the deep energy with which the martyr to his faith has here given proof of its power. There is something holy in a spot which has witnessed the voluntary sacrifice of existence to the cause of Christianity. Of beautiful and sublime, as well as terrible spectacles, has this been the scene. Where has youth seemed so pure in its loveliness, or manhood so noble in its might, or age so venerable in its majesty, as here? If, in this ruined amphitheatre, humanity has been most debased, by the despoiling hand of cruelty, where has she exhibited more of the sublimest of her energies—the spirit of self-sacrifice? Often as this air has wafted the sighs and groans of suffering and remorse, has it not likewise borne upward the prayer of faith, and the thanksgiving of joyful confidence? Though glances of ferocity and revenge, have been turned, in impotent malignity, through this broad opening to the smiling sky above, how often have eyes beaming with forgiving love, or fixed in religious fervor, looked into its blue depths, from the awful death of the Coliseum!

And yet, while the abandonment and decay of Flavian's amphitheatre plainly indicate the departure of those ideas and customs in accordance with which it was reared, the question forcibly suggests itself to the observer of its remains, Has the principle, which sustained so long an institution like this, utterly and forever departed? Have we nothing in *our* experience, resembling what seems to have originated in a deeper sentiment than caprice, and from its long continuance and popularity, has an apparent foundation in our nature? The reply to such self-interrogations is affirmative. What student of humanity, or observer of man, does not recognize the same principle operating eternally? Those who hold the system of Christianity, in its purity, hold the whole philosophy of the principle. Individual man has arrayed against him the varied force of circumstances without and passion

within. Of the insidiousness, the power of these opponents, who is ignorant? And there are, too, spectators—too often as heartless, curious, and cold lookers on, as those which thronged the galleries of the Coliseum.

Next to the Coliseum, as an architectural remain, is the Pantheon. Its magnificent dome, antiquated and immense pillars, and old pavement, combine to realize the high anticipations with which it is visited. The proximity of this grand building to the scenes of ordinary life, exposed to the sounds and influences ever present in populous cities, and especially marred by the emblems of the popular faith, and surrounded by the filth of a market place, are circumstances which strike one most disagreeably, and break in most inharmoniously upon his cherished associations.

The ruins called the "Baths of Caracalla" are massive and broken walls, indicative of former magnificence only from their number. Rank weeds have quite overgrown the space which they enclose. All the decorations and luxurious arrangements are gone; the former are either destroyed, converted into ornaments for modern churches, or preserved in the public museums. As one walks amid these deserted remains, a sense of solitude and mournfulness powerfully affects him, even beneath the cheerful light of noon-day. The extensive site of these baths realizes, in a measure, our ideas of the state of elegant luxury to which the Romans had attained. The Baptistry of St. Constantine, a small octagonal building, contains several pillars of red porphyry, and two brazen gates, taken from these baths.

The summit of the Palatine Hill is, however, occupied with ruins still more remarkable, even considered as architectural vestiges. So complete is the deformity and decay which time and violence have worked upon that luxurious abode of royalty, the palace of the Cæsars, that no observation, however critical, can discover any evidence of former

splendor, except what is discoverable in the extent and solidity of the broken and straggling walls. These stand in heavy groups, or isolated and towering fragments, while about them the gay forms of vegetable life flourish with a fertility that seems to mock the barrenness of the ruins which their green and clustering beauty but imperfectly conceals. As I wandered there, the mildness of the air was wonderful for the season, and the bright sun-light, verdant earth, and beautiful surrounding prospect, took from the view the sadness usually observable, in scenes the prominent features of which are antiquated. Yet, though the sterner shades of the picture were thus mellowed, its solemn lesson was as forcibly imparted.

“ Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base !
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow !
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling place.”

In the statue gallery of the Museum of the Capitol, comparatively little is found to excite admiration in the mind of one familiar with the treasures of the Vatican. The Dying Gladiator differed essentially from the notion I had previously entertained respecting it. The chief, the particular merit of this celebrated statue seems to consist in its admirable expression of *physical* suffering. The position, in view of the wound, is so perfectly true to nature, (as described and illustrated by Dr. Bell,*) that one cannot but study it with growing satisfaction. But he must, I think, be very imaginatively disposed, to discover that look of mental anguish, and dying sentiment, which might be naturally anticipated.

In the Borghese Palace I paid frequent and studious attention to the most interesting work it contains—Raphael's

* Vide Bell's Philosophy of Expression.

Deposition from the Cross. The picture hall of the Palazzo Colonna must, when illuminated, present one of the finest scenes of the kind in Rome. After inspecting there the landscape by Claude, and several works by the old masters, I became much interested in examining a beautiful cabinet, the frontal exterior of which is very ingeniously carved in ivory. The middle panel represents, in exquisite basso-relievo, the master-piece painting of M. Angelo, and affords a much better idea of the design of that work than a distant view of the defaced original can give. At the old dreary palace of the Barbarini, I paused long before two famous original paintings—Raphael's Fornarina, and Guido's portrait of Beatrice Cenci. The one from the perfection displayed in its execution, and the other from the melancholy history of its subject,* are highly attractive.

The churches of St. John Lateran† and St. Maria Maggiore are next to St. Peter's in extent and richness. Among the numerous temples of worship delightful to frequent, is the Chiesa St. Maria degli Angeli, a noble building in the form of the Greek Cross, and rendered imposing by a grand dome and extensive pavement. It contains a famous meridian and two fine frescos—St. Peter performing a cure, and the Baptism of our Saviour. The celebrated Sybils of Raphael are in the Church of St. Maria della Pace, and the Christ of M. Angelo in that of St. Maria sopra Minerva. There is,

* "I am cut off from the only world I know,
From life, and light, and love, in youth's sweet prime.
You do well telling me to trust in God.
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold."

Beatrice in Prison—Shelley's Tragedy of the Cenci.

† In the vicinity are the Scala Sacra or Holy Stairs, said to be the stairs of Pilate's Judgment Seat, which our Saviour ascended. They are continually mounted by innumerable devotees upon their knees.

too, a small church near the Forum, said to be the identical prison where St. Peter and St. Paul were confined. When visiting this building, we descended a considerable flight of steps, and came to a gloomy dungeon, the traditional cell of the great apostles. The very stone, fenced strongly with iron, to which they were chained, is designated. While endeavoring to feel that this very vault had indeed been the scene of suffering and prayer to the revered martyrs, a severe task was imposed upon our credulity. A small excavation in the wall above the stair-case, guarded like the relic below, we were informed was occasioned by a blow which the guard gave St. Peter as he descended, causing his head to strike and miraculously shatter the stone. In a neighboring church, called Ara Coeli, we admired an exquisite marble altar, said to have been erected by Augustus.

A bright Sabbath morning found me seated in the little chapel of a monastery, the dark and riveted walls of which denoted its antiquity. A few individuals occupied the wicker chairs around; and between the lattice work of the partition, several nuns might be seen, quietly engaged in their devotions. I had come thither to witness the ceremony by which two females entered upon their novitiate. When the chapels on either side of the lattice were well nigh filled, and a priest, robed for the occasion, had placed himself near the grate, an elderly preacher approached, and seating himself, addressed impassionately the kneeling females. His discourse, couched in the symphonic accents of the Italian, and delivered with singular energy, was not without impressiveness. He painted in glowing colors the temptations to which humanity is exposed upon the arena of the world, the moral safety and satisfaction of religious seclusion, the beauty and acceptableness in the sight of Heaven of the consecration of the young and the warm-

hearted—even such as they who knelt silently by—to the cause of Christ and the Church. The priest and his assistants then chanted from the ritual for some time, the silvery voices of the nuns blending melodiously with the choruses. At length the clear yet hesitating voices of the novitiate might be heard as they read their vows. Their interesting appearance, and the associations of the moment, were not inoperative upon those of us to whom the scene was new; there was a kind of sad and thrilling poetry in their very tones.

The first Sunday in Advent is one of those days when services are attended by the Pope in the Sistine Chapel. I willingly embraced the opportunity to obtain a view of his Holiness. The comparatively small room, one of the halls of the Vatican, was surrounded at an early hour by a large concourse of strangers. We passed through the whole band of Swiss guards, drawn up in the colonnade. These, although somewhat picturesque in their appearance, always reminded me of the soldiers of the opera house or the stage, as the ruff they wear, and something in their *tout ensemble*, seems more scenic than actual—more designed for effect than use. Upon entering, I looked intently upon a work of art of which I had heard much—said to be, in fact, the most meritorious and wonderful of paintings—the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, covering the entire back wall of the chapel. With all my gazing, however, I could but descry numerous and apparently most muscular figures, in various positions, the centre one in the attitude of command. Subsequent inquiry and reading, in some degree, explain the disappointment caused by a first view of this renowned production. Its chief merit consists in the bold yet natural development of the forms, and the mathematical precision of the execution. It is, in a word, a grand study for the artist, and would more immediately affect the merely curious, had not time defaced,

and did not a bad position obscure its merits. The living pageant, however, soon attracted attention. Many cardinals, bishops and other dignitaries, with their purple robes and ermine decorations, occupied the innermost division. But the Pope entering, riveted the attention of most of the audience. Nothing remarkable in his physiognomy strikes the beholder, except an unusually prominent nose. There was much apparent seriousness and devotion evinced by this personage, and indeed by the whole assembly. The chanting was solemn, though not remarkable; and to one devotionally disposed, the whole service was by no means void of grateful influence.

At the studio of Thorwaldsen, there is much to interest and gratify the visitor, whether the intrinsic and individual merit, or the remarkable number of his works be considered. The sunny face of the shepherd boy, as he sits contemplatively with his dog beside him, is truly inimitable; as are the Three Graces, and Mercury in the act of taking advantage of the sleep into which his music has lulled Argus. Of all unclassical specimens of sculpture, the figure of Lord Byron in a surtout and heavy shoes, with a pencil in hand, with which he presses his lip meditatively, here seen, is the most singular. The birth-place of this distinguished artist is not certainly known. His earliest recollection of himself is that of being on board a ship, in the capacity of cabin-boy. His origin is, however, undoubtedly northern, and most probably Icelandic. After surmounting many difficulties, and attaining some rank in his art, he visited Iceland. To this island, it is said; he purposes bequeathing the greater part of his collections and property. Some of his greatest works have been executed for the northern nations; and colossal statues of our Saviour and the twelve apostles are now in progress for a church in Russia.

There is a work at present, only dead-colored, upon the

easel of Overbeck, which, if completed in the same noble manner that marks its conception, will indeed prove glorious. It is called the Christian Parnassus, representing the fine arts in the persons of the great artists; and the groups ascending, at length terminate in the figures of the Saviour and Madonna. The likenesses, even in this early sketch, are beautiful, and easily recognized; and the gracefulness and vigor of delineation with which ninety-two forms are pictured on a comparatively small canvas, indicates the genius of the artist. I also remarked a very expressive and almost finished painting by the same hand—our Saviour at prayer in the Garden. The impassioned, yet calm spirit of earnest devotion, radiated from the rapt countenance of the kneeling form, is finely contrasted with the angry and expectant glances of the distant crowd, pressing on through the still obscurity, to seize upon their victim.

When the literary pilgrim or susceptible observer has become familiar with the aspect and suggestion of Rome's antiquities and treasures of art, he has yet another spot of hallowed earth to tread, another locality to visit, as a shrine whose associations will wreath his spirit as with incense, till it is penetrated with sentiments of sympathy, sadness and love. There may be here excited less of the sublime in association, induced by the distance of the retrospect with which the stricken and lone memorials of extinct national greatness are pondered; but there is room for more home-felt emotion, and occasion for less grand and critical, but more touching comment, than the antiquity of art and the ruins of grandeur can present. This spot is indeed neglected by the antiquarian, and has been often passed by, with the greatest indifference, by the merely fashionable visitor; but who of us that loves the poetry of his native tongue, and rare specimens of human character, will not fondly and feelingly linger in the sequestered English burying-ground, at the

graves of Shelley and Keats? He will there read the same lesson which more imposing monuments had imparted, with deeper emphasis perhaps, but not in tones of more melting penetration. The romantic imagination, remarkable mental independence, and extreme sensitiveness of the former of these poets, combined, as they were, with high native and acquired powers, and associated with a fate so deeply melancholy, give a truly poetical coloring to our recollections of him. Short and unappreciated was the life of poor Keats, and his death a martyrdom. The little left for friendship to record of him, was the beautiful brilliancy of young genius, its primitive hopefulness, the susceptibility which gave effect to hireling opposition, and the gloomy flickering and extinction of that vitality which alone connected an unsophisticated genius to an unsympathizing and uncongenial world. And what is this but a common story in the chronicles of humanity? Through the perspective and magnifying light of time, it may possess more prominently mournful features, but wherever contemplated, it is essentially the same—the conquest of gross power, grosser taste, and indiscriminate will, over the casket of a gem, the conventional form of an existence, the temporary habitation of a soul. Thus has it been of old, and this is alike the history of an ancient martyr and the victim of a modern sacrifice. The intelligent sentiment which impelled and sustained, may essentially differ, but the course—the consummation—is the same. The chief distinction between the suffering and final self-devotion of the unyielding in faith, whose life was laid down in an ancient amphitheatre, and that of Keats, is that the one perished, according to the customs of the age, by the hand of violence, and in the other, the dormant fires of disease were renewed, and the lingering progress of decay speeded fatally onward. “Here lies one whose name was writ in water:”—an epitaph dictated, like this, at the very gates of death, yet be-

speaks the poet ; and, like every poetical sentiment, is replete with latent truth. That name was indeed written in water, but the pencillings of a progressive and discerning spirit could have deepened the inscription upon an adamantine surface of crystal. But what these have failed to do, pity and congeniality are ever doing ; and in innumerable hearts, the memory of Keats is cherished with a love surpassing even what the efforts of his maturer genius could have inspired.*

Among the odd traits observable in the Roman population, is their aversion to two luxuries especially esteemed in more northern countries, and though somewhat matters of taste, yet not altogether unallied to a higher sentiment ; these are flowers and fire. The latter, during winter, is as truly physically requisite as in colder climates ; but less surprise should be excited by this antipathy, among a people whose idea of comfort is so widely different from our own, and to whom this cheerful influence brings with it none of the domestic associations which endear it to the denizens of bleaker localities, and the possessors of a better founded enthusiasm. The former distaste is more remarkable, when we consider the proverbial predilections of the Italians for the beautiful ; and yet it is to a surprising extent true, that most are indifferent, and many decidedly averse to flowers ; whereas, in Florence, we were ever beset with flower-girls ; and the Neapolitan peasants are seldom seen without a nosegay. I have heard this peculiarity of the Romans ascribed to their very delicate sense of smell, which renders even a mild perfume quite overpowering ; but it is difficult to admit a rea-

* Hazlitt has justly observed that Keats's "ostensible crime was, that he had been praised in the Examiner newspaper: a greater and more unpardonable offence probably was, that he was a true poet, and had all the errors and beauties of a youthful genius to answer for. Mr. Gifford was as insensible to the one as he was inexorable to the other."

son which is so inconsistent with their habitual toleration of far less genial odors, particularly the unwholesome exhalations from the buried aqueducts and infected *campagna*.

Although the period of my sojourn was considered, in some respects, an uncommon season, yet the excellence of the climate of Rome, according to my best information and experience, has been sadly exaggerated. During the winter, a southerly wind, with the usual accompaniment of rain or humidity, or a dry piercing northerly blast, generally prevails. The bright summer-like days, when the deep azure of the sky, and the balmy softness of the breezes, recall our cherished imaginings of Rome, are too unfrequent, at least to please the invalid. Yet one of these beautiful interludes in the capricious shiftings of the weather is, if freely enjoyed, unspeakably renovating. A promenade upon the Pincian Hill or in the Villa Borghese, or an excursion to Tivoli, at such a time, inclines one to forgive and forget all the past waywardness of the elements. In summer, that awful vapory infection—the *malaria*, and the extreme heat, are alike deleterious. It is very confidently asserted, by individuals who judge from experience, that a vast change has occurred in the climate of Rome within the last thirty years; and that even within a less period, a marked difference, as regards constancy and mildness, is observable.

At the palace of the prince Borghese, several young English and American artists were lately engaged in copying the renowned productions of the old masters. Portray to yourself, kind reader, two large halls, the walls of which are lined with paintings, and intercommunicating by a side-door, now thrown open for the benefit of the parties. In the first of these apartments are erected three easels, before which, in the attitude of painters, stand—first a Virginian, intent upon the exquisite Magdalen of Correggio—opposite, the native of a country town of Great Britain, transferring,

as nearly as possible, the Prodigal Son of the great Venetian—while, within a few feet of the former, a Londoner is travelling for the inspiration of Titian, by contemplating his “Sacred and Profane Loves.” The artists may thus be said to occupy, relatively, the three points of an isosceles triangle. Gaze now, through the above-mentioned passage, and behold, at the extremity of the second and lesser hall, the figure of a Baltimorean—fancying, perchance, the surprise of the natives when they should see *his* copy of the inimitable Cupid beside him.

These worthy followers of the rainbow art were wont to amuse themselves, and beguile the time, with conversations upon the merits and manners of their respective countries; and occasionally, by a very natural process, such amicable debates would assume not a little of the earnest spirit of controversy. Then would the brush fall less frequently upon the canvas, the eye linger less devotedly upon the great originals around, and, ever and anon, the disputants would step a pace or two from the object of their labors, raise aloft their pencils, as if, like the stylus of the ancients, they subserved equally the purposes of art and of warfare, or wave their mottled palettes as shields against the arrows of argument. A full history of these discussions—hallowed by the scene of the combat, diversified by the characters of the combatants, and dignified by the nature of the points contested—would doubtless be a valuable accession to our literature. The great topics of national policy, domestic manners, republicanism, aristocracy, slavery; and corn laws, as unfolded in the elegant and discerning disputations of the absentees in a Roman palace, would prove something new, vivid, and seasonable. But to me falls the humbler task of narrating one scene of the drama, as illustrative of the wisdom and safety of silence.

On a day when the war of words had run unusually

high, there was a momentary, and, as it were, a spontaneous quietude. After the manner of their predecessors in the same city, years by-gone, the gladiators rested upon their arms. There was an interlude of silence. They gradually reassumed the appropriate occupations of the hour; and a few unusually fine touches were bestowed upon the slowly-progressing copies, when the aspiring portrayer of the beautiful parable thus opened a new cannonade:

“Well, smooth over, as you may, the blot of slavery, and deny or palliate, as you best can, the charge of non-refinement, the world will never admit the existence of true civilization in a country where so barbaric a practice as *gouging* prevails.”

At the commencement of this speech, the pencil of the Virginian had stopped transfixed within an inch of the pensive countenance on his canvas; and with nerves braced in expectancy, he awaited the issue. And when the orator, like a second Brutus, paused for a reply, his adversary was mute—perhaps from indignation, probably in the absorption consequent upon preparing to refute and chastise. The Londoner wheeled round, and, with a nod of congratulation to his brother-islander, and a provoking and triumphant smile upon the Virginian, begged to be informed “of the origin and nature of the *American* custom of *gouging*!” When, lo! there were heard quick steps along the polished floors, and as the eyes of the artists followed their direction, the form of the Baltimorean emerged from the adjoining hall. His painter’s stick, palette, and brush, were grasped convulsively in his left hand, as with energetic strides he reached the centre of the arena, and gazed meaningly upon the disputants.

“You would know, sir,” he exclaimed, eyeing fiercely the hero of the British capital, “what is *gouging*? Go, sir, to Basil Hall—your literary countryman; when ascending

the Mississippi, *he* was put on shore by the captain of a steamboat for ungentlemanly deportment—and on the banks of that river, sir, *he was gouged!*” As the last emphatic words exploded, a gentleman, who had been viewing the paintings, abruptly left the room. The Londoner looked wonders—his compatriot tittered—the Cupid-limner wiped his brow.

“Who was that?” inquired the Virginian.

“That, sir, was Captain Hall!”

The supremacy of the pope and his cardinals, denominated the sacred college, being all but absolute, the risk incurred by such a sway renders the government extremely tenacious and jealous, so that of all culprits of whom the law takes cognizance, none are at once more frequently or less deservedly its victims than political offenders. But the chief evil immediately resulting from this condition of things, consists in the concessions which the rulers make to the ruled, in order to maintain their authority. Many of these involve the total subversion of the very principles which government is mainly instituted to uphold. Capital crime, for example, is of all offences the least liable to retribution by the operation of law, in the Roman states. And such is the sanguinary temperament of most of the people, that any severe civil check upon it would inflame opposition, and hence render their political yoke more galling. Of the two evils, therefore, as might be anticipated, government chooses that which is morally greatest, and politically least. Consequently, the number of personal violences and murders is almost incredible. An incarceration of a few months, for this highest of crimes, is often the sole punishment; and even this is dispensed with, if the offender can effect a pecuniary compromise with the relations of the deceased. Within a short period, the fourth murder, under the most atrocious circumstances, alone sufficed to bring a noted culprit to the gallows.

Gregory, it is believed, in executing plans for the advancement of his own views, is gradually undermining one of the strong-holds of his power. The re-erection of St. Paul's church, in the environs of Rome, in a costly style, the creation of five new cardinals—both measures in every respect unnecessary, are among the extravagant plans with which he is charged. The means of carrying on these is obtained from extensive loans, for the payment of which his most valuable revenues are pledged, and year after year these are sacrificed to his inability to meet the annual demand. I have heard it confidently estimated that, adopting the past as a criterion, in the space of thirteen years the resources of the government will be absorbed; and if the ability of the governed to support taxation, at that juncture, is not better than at present, there is no conceivable means of furnishing an adequate supply to sustain the papal credit. But it is highly probable that another and more rapid agency than the slow depreciation of the treasury, will, ere then, have permanently altered the political condition, not only of Rome, but of all Italy.

The degeneracy of modern Rome is a subject ever forced upon the thoughtful resident, whenever his mind is free to revert to the local and moral circumstances by which he is surrounded. And to one who is in anywise familiar with her past history, or susceptible to her present influences, it becomes an almost absorbing theme. Vainly, at times, do the glories of the Vatican allure him; their delightful enchantments fade before a more impressive reality. He cannot rejoice unreservedly in the splendors of human art, when humanity is a wreck around him; he cannot indulge in stirring retrospection over the sculptured figure of an old Roman, while it serves but to render more prominent the moral deformity of his descendant. And if a gleam of native enthusiasm excite him, caught from scenes which the supre-

macy of character has hallowed, or a sentiment of rich gratification steals over him from the midst of material beauty, the idea which he most loves to connect with these—the idea of his race—brings with it an overpowering sadness. Throughout all that art or antiquity here unfolds, he feels as if wandering in a beautiful garden, once blest with a presence which shall know it no more. He feels, in his inmost soul, that it was this non-existent object of his love, which lent a hitherto unknown interest to the marble and canvas, to mount and river; and while ever and anon their silent beauty affords a sad pleasure, they oftener serve but to remind him of the grave which has closed over the beloved of his memory.

Yet he gradually derives consolation, which sometimes brightens into happiness, in attaching himself to such mementos; and when they recall most strongly what has been, the thought of what yet may be brings home an exquisite and almost forgotten delight. While melancholy ever imparts its sad hue to the moral observer of Rome's relics and ruins, something of hope, of instinctive anticipation, bears out the mental gratification which ever flows from them.

LOVE IN A LAZZARET.

"The cell
Haunted by love, the earliest oracle."

BYRON.

THE surface of the sea assumed the crystalline quietude of a summer calm. The dangling sails flapped wearily ; the sun slept with a fierce and dead heat upon the scorching deck ; and even the thin line of smoke which rose from Stromboli, appeared fixed, like a light cloud, in the breezeless sky. I sought relief from the monotonous stillness and offensive glare, by noting my fellow-passengers, who seemed to have caught the quiescent mood of surrounding nature, and resigned themselves to listlessness and silence. Delano was lolling upon a light settee, supporting his head upon his hand, and with half-closed eyes, thinking, I well knew, of the friends we had left, a few hours before, in Sicily. Of all Yankees I ever saw, my companion most rarely combined the desirable peculiarities of that unique race with the super-added graces of less inflexible natures. For native intelligence and ready perception, for unflinching principle and manly sentiment, his equal is seldom encountered ; but the idea of thrift, the eager sense of self-interest, and the iron bond of local prejudice, which too often disfigure the unalloyed New England character, had been tempered to their just proportion, in his disposition, by the influence of travel and society. On the opposite side of the deck, sat a young lady, regarding with a half-painful, half-devoted expression,

a youth who was leaning against the companion-way, ever and anon glancing at the small yellow slippers that encased his feet, while he complacently arranged his luxuriant mustaches. These two were affianced; and by a brief observation of their mutual bearing, I soon inferred the history of the connection, and subsequent knowledge confirmed my conjecture.

The Prince of ——— had paid his addresses to the eldest daughter of the Duke de Falco, with a view of replenishing his scanty purse; and by dint of some accomplishments and much plausibility, had succeeded not only in obtaining the promise of her hand, but in winning the priceless, but, alas! unrecompensed boon of her affection. Often, in the course of our voyage, when I marked her sudden gaze of disappointment, as she sought in vain for a responsive glance from her betrothed, I could not but realize one fruitful source of that corruption of manners which characterizes the island of their birth. And not unfrequently, as I saw the parental pride and tenderness with which the old man caressed his children, have I wondered that he could ever bring himself to sacrifice their best happiness to ambitious designs. Yet the history of every European family abounds in such dark episodes. The daughters of the South open their eyes upon the fairest portion of the universe, and during the unsophisticated years of early youth, their affections, precociously developed by a genial climate and ardent temperament, become interested in the first being who appeals to their sympathies, or captivates their imagination. The claims of these feelings, the first and deepest of which they are conscious, if at all opposed to previous projects of personal aggrandizement, are scorned by their natural guardians. And yet when the warmest and richest attributes of their natures are thus unceremoniously sacrificed to some scheme of heartless policy, it is deemed wonderful that in the artificial society thus formed, principle

and fidelity do not abide! What is so sacred in the estimation of youth, as a spontaneous sentiment? And when this is treated with cold sacrilege, what hallowed ground of the heart remains, on which Virtue can rear her indestructible temple? The elder children, however, are generally the victims of this conventional system, and when its main object is accomplished, the others are often left to the exercise of their natural freedom. With this consoling reflection, I turned to the second sister, who was reading near by, under the shadow of a light umbrella, which a young Frenchman held over her head. Never were two countenances more in contrast, than those of the donna Paolina, and Monsieur Jacques. There were certain indications in the play of her mouth and expression of her eye, that, youthful as she was, the morning of her life had been familiar with some of those deep trials of feeling, the effect of which never wholly vanishes from the face of woman. His physiognomy evinced both intelligence and amiability, and yet one might study it forever, and not feel that it was animated by a soul. Upon a mattress beneath the awning, her shoulders propped up by pillows, and her form covered with a silk cloak, reposed the youngest, and by far the most lovely of the sisters. Angelica had seen but sixteen summers, notwithstanding the maturity of expression and manner so perceptible above the childlike demeanor of girlhood. Her dark hair lay half-unloosed around one of the sweetest brows, and relieved the rich bloom of her complexion, as she dozed, unconscious of the admiring gaze of a Neapolitan officer, who stood at her feet. I had scarcely time to notice the exquisite contour of her features, when she started at an observation of her sister, and the smile and voice with which she replied, redoubled the silent enchantment of her beauty. At a distance from us all, as if to complete the variety of the party, stood an Englishman, whose folded arms and averted gaze sufficiently

indicated that, for the time at least, he had enveloped himself in the forbidding mantle of his nation's reserve.

At sunset, a fresh breeze sprang up, and the spirits of our little party rose beneath its invigorating breath. I have often had occasion to observe the admirable facility with which travellers in some parts of Europe assimilate. It always struck me as delightfully human. One may traverse the whole extent of the United States, and all the while feel himself a stranger. If a fellow-traveller engage him in conversation, it is probably merely for the purpose of extracting information, satisfying curiosity, or ascertaining his opinions on politics or religion, objects so intrinsically selfish, that the idea of them is sufficient to repel any thing like the cordial and frank interchange of feeling. This is perhaps one reason why our people have such a passion for rapid journeys. One of the chief pleasures of a pilgrimage is unknown to them; and it is not wonderful that men should wish to fly through that worst of solitudes, the desert of a crowd. In the old world, however, and especially in its southern regions, it is deemed but natural that those who are thrown together within the precincts of the same vessel or carriage, should maintain that kindly intercourse which so greatly enhances the pleasures and lessens the inconvenience of travel. In the present instance, a score of people were collected on board the same craft, and destined to pass several days in company, strangers to each other, yet alike endowed with common susceptibilities and wants; what truer philosophy than to meet freely on the arena of our common humanity? Fortunately, we had all been long enough abroad, to be prepared to adopt this course; and accordingly, it was interesting to remark, how soon we were at ease, and on the friendly footing of old acquaintances. There was a general emulation to be disinterested. One vied with the other in offices of courtesy, and even the incorrigible demon of the *mal sur mer* was

speedily exorcised by the magic wand of sympathy. I was impressed, as I had often been before, by the fact that the claims of a foreigner seemed to be graduated, in the estimation of the natives, by the distance of his country. Delano and myself, when known to be Americans, soon became the special recipients of kindness ; and the ten days at sea passed away like a few hours. We walked the deck, when it was sufficiently calm, with our fair companions, in friendly converse ; and leaned over the side, at sunset, to study the gorgeous cloud-pictures of the western sky. We traced together the beautiful scenery of the isles in the Bay of Naples, and the night air echoed with the chorus of our songs. And when blessed by the moonlight, which renders transcendent the beauty of these regions, our vigils were interrupted only by the rising sun. Even when the motion of the vessel interfered with our promenade, forming a snug circle under the lee, we beguiled many an evening with those gamesome trifles, so accordant with the Italian humor and vivacity. Two of these sports, I remember, were prolific occasions of mirth. The president appoints to each of the party a *procuratore*, or advocate, and then proposes certain queries or remarks to the different individuals. It is a law of the game, that no one shall reply, except through his advocate. But as the conversation becomes animated, it is more and more difficult to observe the rule ; many are taken off their guard by the ingenuity of the president, and commit themselves by a gratuitous reply, or neglect of their clients, and are accordingly obliged to pay a forfeiture. Another is called dressing the bride. The president assigns to all some profession or trade, and after a preliminary harangue, which affords abundant opportunity for the display of wit, calls upon his hearers to make a contribution to the bridal vestments, appropriate to their several occupations. As these are any thing but adapted to furnish such materials, the gifts are in-

congruous in the extreme ; and the grotesque combination of apparel, thus united upon a single person, is irresistibly ludicrous. The point of the game is, to keep from laughing, which, from the ridiculous images and odd associations presented to the fancy, at the summing up of the bridal adornments, is next to impossible. The consequence is a series of penances, which, by the ready invention of the leader, who is generally selected for his quick parts, in their turn augment the fun to which this curious game gives birth.

On arriving at our destination, we were condemned to perform a quarantine of fourteen days, according to the absurd practice but too prevalent in Mediterranean ports. Seldom, however, are such annunciations so complacently received by voyagers wearied with the confinement of ship-board, and eager for the freedom and variety of the shore. In spite of the exclamations of disappointment which were uttered, it was easy to trace a certain contentment on many of the countenances of the group, the very reverse of that expression with which the unwilling prisoner surrenders himself to the pains of durance. The truth was, that for several days the intercourse of some of the younger of our party had been verging upon something more interesting than mere acquaintance. Angelica had fairly charmed more than one of the youthful spirits on board ; and there was an evident unwillingness on their part to resign the contest, just as it had reached a significant point of interest. Being fond of acting the spectator, I had discovered a fund of quiet amusement in observing the little drama which was enacting, and nothing diverted me more than the apparently perfect unconsciousness of the actors that their by-play could be noted, and its motives discerned. My sympathies were naturally most warmly enlisted in behalf of poor Delano, notwithstanding that, after exhibiting the most incontestable

symptoms of love, he had the assurance to affect anger toward me, because I detected meaning in his assiduous attention to the little syren.

The place of our confinement consisted of a paved square, or rather oblong, surrounded with stone buildings. Within the narrow limits of this court were continually moving to and fro the occupants of the adjacent rooms, stepping about with the utmost caution, now and then starting at the approach of some fellow-prisoner, and crying *largo!* as the fear of contact suggested an indefinite prolongation of their imprisonment. Occasionally old acquaintances would chance to meet, and in the joy of mutual recognition, forget their situation, hasten toward each other with extended hands, and perhaps be prevented from embracing only by the descending staff of the watchful guard. It was diverting to watch these manœuvres, through our grated windows; and every evening we failed not to be amused at the in-gathering, when the chief sentinel, armed with a long bamboo, made the circuit of the yards, and having collected us, often with no little difficulty, like so many stray sheep, ushered us with as much gravity as our sarcasms would permit, to our several quarters, and locked us up for the night. The variety of nations and individuals thus congregated within such narrow bounds, was another cause of diversion. Opposite our rooms, a celebrated *prima donna* sat all day at her embroidery, singing, *sotto voce*, the most familiar opera airs. Over the fence of the adjoining court, for hours in the afternoon, leaned a Spanish cavalier, one of the adherents of Don Carlos, whom misfortunes had driven into exile. A silent figure, in a Greek dress, lounged at the door beneath us, and at the extremity of the court, a Turk sat all the morning, in grave contemplation. With this personage we soon opened a parley in Italian, and I was fond of eliciting his ideas and marking his habits. He certainly deserved to be ranked among

nature's philosophers. After breakfast, he regularly locked the door upon his wives, and took his station upon the stone seat, where, hour after hour, he would maintain so motionless a position, as to wear the semblance of an image in Eastern costume. His face was finely formed, and its serious aspect and dark mustaches were relieved by a quiet meekness of manner. He appeared to consider himself the passive creature of a higher power, and deemed it the part of true wisdom to fulfil the requisite functions of nature, and, for the rest, take things as they come, nor attempt to stem the tide of fate, except by imperturbable gravity, and perpetual smoking. He assured me that he considered this a beautiful world, but the Franks (as he called all Europeans) made a vile place of it, by their wicked customs and silly bustle. According to his theory, the way to enjoy life, was to go through its appointed offices with tranquil dignity, make no exertion that could possibly be avoided, and repose quiescent upon the decrees of destiny. And yet Mustapha was not without his moral creed; and I have seldom known one revert to such requisitions with more sincere reverence, or follow their dictates with resolution so apparently invincible. "There is but one difference," said he, "in our religion; the Supreme Being whom you designate as *Deo*, I call *Allah*. We take unto ourselves four wives, and we do so to make sure of the blessing for which you pray—not to be led into temptation." Of all vices, he appeared to regard intemperance with the greatest disgust, and was evidently much pained to see the ladies of our party promenading the court unveiled. "Are your wives beautiful?" I inquired. "In my view," he replied, "they are lovely, and that is sufficient." I asked him if they resembled any of the ladies who frequented the walk. "It would be a sin," he answered, "for me to gaze at them, and never having done so, I cannot judge." In answer to my request that he would afford me an opportunity of form-

ing my own opinion, by allowing me a sight of his wives, "Signor," he said, with much solemnity, "when a Frank has once looked upon one of our women, she is no longer fit to be the wife of a Turk." And he appears to have acted strictly upon this principle, for when the *custode* abruptly entered his room, as they were all seated at breakfast, Mustapha suddenly caught up the coverlid from the bed, and threw it over their heads.

There is a law in physics, called the attraction of cohesion, by which the separate particles composing a body are kept together, till a more powerful agency draws them into greater masses. Upon somewhat such a principle, I suppose it was, that the parties convened in the Lazzaret, darting from one another in zig-zag lines, like insects on the surface of a pool, were brought into more intimate companionship, from being denied association with those around, except at a respectable distance, and under the strictest surveillance. Our company, at least, were soon established on the intimate terms of a family, and the indifferent observer could scarcely have augured from appearances, that we were but a knot of strangers, brought together by the vicissitudes of travelling. And now the spirit of gallantry began to exert itself anew; in the Neapolitan with passionate extravagance, in the Frenchman with studied courtesies, and in the Yankee with quiet earnestness. At dinner, the first day, the latter took care to keep in the back-ground, till most of the party had selected their seats, and then, seemingly by the merest accident, glided among the ladies, and secured a post between the two younger sisters. This successful manœuvre so offended the Englishman, that he retired from the field in high dudgeon, and never paid any farther attention to the fair Italians than what civility required. The remaining aspirants only carried on the contest more warmly. I was obliged almost momentarily to turn aside to conceal an irresisti-

ble smile at their labored politeness towards each other, and the show of indifference towards the object of their *devoirs*, which each in turn assumed, when slightly discomfited. Nor could I wonder at the eagerness of the pursuit, as I beheld that lovely creature seated at her book, or work, in a simple but tasteful dress of white, and watched the play of a countenance in which extreme youth and modesty were blent in strangely sweet contrast with the repose of innocence, the vividness of talent, and beauty so rare and heart-touching. I could not, too, but wonder at the manner in which she received the attention of her admirers—a manner so amiable as to disarm jealousy, and so impartial as to baffle the acutest on-looker who strove to divine her real sentiments. There is a power of manner and expression peculiar to women, more potent and variable than any attribute vouchsafed to man; and were it not so often despoiled of its charm by affectation, we should more frequently feel its wonderful capacity. In the daughters of southern climes, at that age when “existence is all a feeling, not yet shaped into a thought,” it is often manifested in singular perfection, and never have I seen it more so than in Angelica. It was a lesson in the art of love, worthy of Ovidius himself, to mark the course of the rival three. Such ingenious tricks to secure her arm for the evening walk; such eager watching to obtain the vacant seat at her side; such countless expedients to arouse her mirth, amuse her with anecdote, or interest her in conversation; and such inexpressible triumph, when her eye beamed pleasantly upon the successful competitor! The Neapolitan cast burning glances of passion, whenever he could meet her gaze, quoted Petrarch, and soothed his hopeless moments by dark looks, intended to alarm his brother gallants, and awaken her pity. The Frenchman, on the contrary, was all smiles, constantly studying his toilet and attitude, and laboring, by the most graceful artifices, to captivate the fancy of

his lady-love. The Yankee evinced his admiration by an unassuming but unvarying devotion. If Angelica dropped her fan, he was ever the one to restore it; was the evening chill, he always thought of her shawl; and often his dinner grew cold upon his neglected plate, while he was attending to her wants. One day her album was circulated. Don Carlo, the Neapolitan, wrote a page of glowing protestations, asserting his inextinguishable love. Monsieur Jacques, in the neatest chirography, declared that the recent voyage had been the happiest in his life, and his present confinement more delightful than mountain liberty, in the company of so perfect a nymph. Delano simply declared, that the sweet virtues of Angelica sanctified her beauty to his memory and heart.

There are some excellent creatures in this world, whose lives seem to conduce to every body's happiness but their own. Such an one was the donna Paolina. Affable and engaging, and with a clear and cultivated mind, she lacked the personal loveliness of her sister, and yet rejoiced in it as if it were her own. No one could remain long in the society of the two, without perceiving that the confidence between them was perfect, and founded on that mutual adaptation which we but occasionally behold, even in the characters of those allied by the ties of a common parentage. To this kind-hearted girl I discovered that the lovers had separately applied for counsel and support in the prosecution of their suits. Don Carlo begged her to warn her sister against the advances of the Frenchman, as he knew him to be a thorough hypocrite; and Monsieur Jacques returned the compliment, by assuring her that the Neapolitan was by no means sufficiently refined and accomplished to be the companion of so delicate a creature as Angelica. Young Jonathan, with a more manly policy, so won the esteem of Paolina, by dwelling upon the excellencies of her sister, that she became his

unwavering advocate. I confess that as the appointed period of durance drew to a close, I began to feel anxious as to the result of all this dallying with the tender passion. I saw that Monsieur was essentially selfish in his suit, and that vanity was its basis. It was evident that the Neapolitan was stimulated by one of those ardent and sudden partialities, which are as capricious as the flashes of a volcano, and often as temporary. In truth, there was not enough of the spirit of sacrifice, or vital attachment, in their love, to warrant the happiness of the gentle being whose outward charms alone had captivated their senses. Delano, I knew, was sincere, and my fears were, that his future peace was involved in the result. At length the last evening of our quarantine had arrived. Mons. Jacques had played over, as usual, all her favorite airs on his guitar, and Carlo had just fervently recited a glowing passage from some Italian poet, descriptive of a lover's despair, when sunset, playing through the bars of our window, reminded us that the cool hour of the day was at hand, when it was our custom to walk in the outer court. As we went forth, there was that eloquently sad silence, with which even the most thoughtless engage in an habitual employment for the last time. No one anticipated me in securing the companionship of the sweet child of nature, whose beauty and gentleness had brightened to us all, so many days of pilgrimage and confinement; and I determined to improve it, by ascertaining, if possible, the probable success of my poor friend. I spoke of the many pleasant hours we had passed together, of that social sympathy which had cheered and consoled, and asked her if even those narrow walls would not be left with regret. "Consider," said I, "you will no more be charmed with the exquisite elegance of Monsieur Jacques"—she looked up to see if I really thought her capable of being interested by such conventional graces—"or be enlivened," I continued,

“by the enthusiastic converse of Don Carlo”—she smiled—
“or know,” I added, with a more serious and searching
glance, “the affectionate and gifted society of Delano;”—a
tear filled her eye, but the smile assumed a brighter mean-
ing. I looked up, and he was before us, gazing from one to
the other, with an expression of joyful inquiry, which flashed
the happiest conviction on my mind. The passionate
Neapolitan had flattered, and the genteel Frenchman had
amused, but the faithful Yankee had won the heart of An-
gelica De Falco.

SAN MARINO.

"With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm."

WALLENSTEIN.

THE ancient Via Emilia is still designated by an excellent road which crosses Romagna in the direction of the Adriatic. It traverses an extensive tract of fertile land, chiefly laid out in vineyards. As we passed through this rich and level country, the occasional appearance of a team drawn by a pair of beautiful gray oxen, and loaded with a reeking butt of new wine, proclaimed that it was the season of vintage. But autumn was not less pleasingly indicated, by the clusters of purple grapes, suspended from cane-poles at almost every cottage-window, and by the yellow and crimson leaves of the vine, that waved gorgeously in the sun as far as the eye could reach, like garlands with which departing summer had decorated the fields in commemoration of the rich harvest she had yielded. The single companion who shared with me the open carriage so well adapted for such a jaunt, was a large landed proprietor in the neighboring district, and, being quite familiar with every nook and feature of the surrounding country, he endeavored to amuse me by pointing out all objects of interest with which we came in view. Here was a little chapel under whose walls a notorious thief concealed an immense treasure, and when the term of his imprisonment had expired, returned and disinterred it. There was the Devil's bridge, so called because

it is said to have been built in a single night. This veteran beggar, distinguished from the mendicant group of the village by the erect air of his emaciated figure, was a soldier under Napoleon, and had now roamed back to his native town, to live on the casual alms of the passing traveller; while that stout and well-clad man who succeeded, with the loss of a thumb, in arresting a formidable bandit, is living snugly on a pension. The shallow stream over which we are now passing is believed to be the Rubicon. Yon gay *contadina* with large silver ear-rings, whose laugh we hear from the chaise behind, is a bride on her way from church; and that white and flower-decked crib which a peasant is carrying into his cottage, is the bier of a child. It was only at long intervals that the agreeable though monotonous scenery was varied to the view, and within the precincts of the towns scarcely a single pleasing object could the eye detect, to counteract the too obvious evidences of human misery. In all the Papal villages, indeed, the same scene is presented. At every gate the traveller is dunned for his passport by an Austrian guard, whose mustaches and cold northern visage are as out of place in so sunny a region, as would be an orange-grove amid the sands of Cape Cod; or annoyed by the wretched inheritor of one of the noblest of ancient titles—a Roman soldier, clad in a loose, brown, shaggy coat, who, after keeping him an hour to spell out credentials which have been read a score of times since he entered the territory, has the effrontery to ask for a few biocchi to drink his health at the nearest wine-shop. When, at length, one is allowed to enter and hurry through the dark, muddy streets, no sign of enterprise meets the gaze, but a barber's basin dangling from some doorway, a crowd collected around a dealer in vegetables, or, if it be a *festa*, a company of strolling circus-riders, decked out in tawdry finery, cantering round to collect an audience for the evening. No activity is manifested, except by the *vetturini* who run

after the carriage, vociferating for employment, and the paupers who collect in a dense crowd to impede its progress. In the midst of such tokens of degradation, planted in the centre of the square, rises a statue of some pope or archbishop in bronze or marble, with tall mitre and outstretched arm; and, as if to demonstrate the imbecility of the weakest and most oppressive of Italian governments, around the very pedestal are grouped more improvidents than would fill a hospital, and idle, reckless characters enough to corrupt an entire community. There is something peculiarly provoking in the appearance of these ugly, graceless statues, which are so ostentatiously stuck up in every town throughout the Pontifical states—the emblem of a ruinous and draining system, which has reduced these naturally fertile localities to their present wretchedness, towering, as it were, above the misery it has occasioned. The inclined head, and arm extended as if in the act of blessing, is a benignant, humble posture, in ridiculous contrast to the surly soldiery and countless mendicants, who seem to constitute the legitimate subjects of Papal favor. Rimini is one of the most ancient of these appendages to the Roman states, and boasts of a few antiquities, with which the traveller can beguile an hour, while some of the excellent fish from the adjacent bay, are preparing for his supper. Upon the principal piazza, a large palace, which presents nothing without but a broad front of mutilated brickwork, and within is newly fitted up in modern style, is pointed out as the former dwelling of Francesca di Rimini, whose singularly melancholy story constitutes the most beautiful episode of Dante's *Inferno*, has been dramatized by Silvio Pellico, and forms the subject of one of Leigh Hunt's most graphic poems. If the visitor endeavors to recall to his mind the knightly splendor which, at that epoch, the scene before him presented, and a strain of martial music swell upon the air as if to aid his fancy, the illusion is quickly dispelled,

when, instead of a company of gallant courtiers, an Austrian regiment in plain uniform winds in view, marching from the parade ground to their quarters. On a fine October morning, I resolved to escape awhile from scenes thus darkened by despotism, and make an excursion to a spot still hallowed by the presence of freedom. The approach to San Marino is through a pleasant and fertile country, and a small bridge indicates the line which divides the republican territory from Rimini. After crossing this boundary, the road becomes more hilly, and the aspect of the surrounding fields more variegated, displaying numerous small oaks and elms, clumps of olive trees, and patches of yellow cane. In many spots, well-clad and hardy-looking women were breaking the glebe in the newly-ploughed land, to prepare it for the reception of grain or vines. Nothing can be more picturesque than the site of the town. It is built upon the summit of a hill which presents an almost perpendicular cliff to the approaching traveller, the rocky face of which is relieved by a grove of chesnuts, whose autumn-tinted leaves waved in umbrageous masses among the gray stones. As we drew near, it struck me as a most appropriate eyry for the "mountain nymph, sweet liberty." The very air seemed instinct with freedom, and every step along the winding road to bring us to a region of more elevated and bracing influences. As we thus approach, let us trace the history of a spot which, amid the countless vicissitudes that involved in ruin every other community in Italy, preserved, through so many centuries, the name and privileges of a republic.

This remarkable mountain, upon which the town of San Marino is built, was anciently called Titano, perhaps in reference to certain gigantic bones found buried there, but more probably in allusion to its isolated position, as if thrown on the plain by one of the fabulous giants of antiquity. It retained this primitive appellation until the ninth century. On

one side, it presents a beautiful line of hills rising in picturesque gradation, and on the other, a dissevered cliff surmounted by an abrupt wall of rock. The soil is argillaceous and abounds in sulphur, petrified shells, and valuable mineral springs, some of which enjoy considerable celebrity for their sanative qualities among the inhabitants of the surrounding districts. This spot, thus favored by nature, might have remained unknown to fame, had not a certain Dalmatian by the name of Marino, a lapidary, come to Rimini, and having occasion to visit Titano, where he discovered abundant materials for his art, found it no less adapted to afford a retreat from persecution and a fit retirement for a tranquil, free, and religious life. Favored by the archbishop of Rimini, he established himself on the mountain, and was resorted to on account of his benevolence and piety, till the number of the faithful who became attached to the place, induced the formation of a settlement and the erection of a church. Marino was believed to work miracles, and soon became renowned. By the eleventh century, agreeable to the universal system of defensive structures forming throughout Italy, the republic was in a measure fortified by the rearing of a castle. The zeal of the people in effecting this object is no small evidence of their attachment to freedom, which is not less signally indicated by the remarkable and at that period unique inscription placed upon their church—*DIVO. MARINO. PATRONO. ET LIBERTATIS AUCTORI.* During the succeeding age, in consequence of the increasing population, the inhabitants of Il Castello, as the summit was called, divided, a portion descending to the first table-land, now called Il Borgo. About this time, rose into power some of those mighty families who so long and fiercely tyrannized over Italy. From its very infancy, the republic was surrounded by these despotic rivals, especially the Feltreschi, Malatesti, and Faggiuoli, and, although frequently involved in the most

trying dilemmas, preserved its love of liberty and its actual independence. In the twelfth century, when the warfare between the adherents of the Emperor and the Pope, convulsed the Italian states, although San Marino was in a much happier condition to enjoy the benefits for which some contended in the struggle, it was long before the demon of faction invaded the peaceful precincts of the republic. The archbishop Ugolino gave the spirit of party, birth. He was a violent Ghibeline. His ardor in the cause attached many to him, and when the people subsequently purchased of the neighboring barons, land to accommodate their increasing population, he succeeded, by means of priestly influence, in becoming a distinct party in the contract, evidently with a view to obtain some feudal authority and join temporal to spiritual power. The same attempt was made, on a similar occasion, by his successor. The inhabitants were well identified with the Ghibeline party, and when it was overthrown in Romagna, afforded a secure asylum to its members and most illustrious leader in that region. Toward the close of the century, while Hildebrand reigned, Teodorico, the bishop, proceeded to levy certain church tributes upon all the provinces, including San Marino. Upon the republicans asserting their independence, an examination of their claims to the distinction resulted in his withdrawing the demand, and acknowledging by a public decree, the entire liberty of the republic. This is one of the earliest recorded testimonies to the original liberty of San Marino, and is the more remarkable from having occurred at a period when the authority of the church was so profoundly revered, and her officers so unwearied and importunate in their exactions. A like attempt to impose taxes was made soon after by the neighboring *podestas*, and upon a similar refusal being returned by the republic, the subject was referred to a solemn trial, according to the practice of the times. At this examination,

it appears that not only were the facts of their history questioned, but the leading men catechised even upon the metaphysical basis of their rights, being asked "what is liberty?" and sundry other abstract problems; but their historian, with characteristic partiality perhaps, declares that the honest republicans were not in the least puzzled or confounded, but exhibited an extraordinary strength and clearness of purpose, as well as a singular unanimity of feeling, on this memorable occasion. The result, however, was a declaration against them, and a formal assertion of the right to tax on the part of the church and other authorities. Whether this right was ever enforced is very doubtful, but from the endeavor never being repeated, the inference is that the parties either from respect to the people or from motives of policy, were content with merely asserting their claims. The simple majesty of its political character seems to have proved remarkably efficacious, even at this early period, in securing for San Marino a degree of consideration wholly disproportionate to its diminutive size.

Early in the fourteenth century, the supreme magistrate's title of Consul was changed to that of Captain or Defender, and because of the abuse of the latter in Italy, the former was ultimately alone retained. At this period commenced a series of difficulties with Rimini, induced by clashing interests and rival jealousies. The annalist of the epoch is at great pains to show, that the connection between the various powerful families of the neighboring territory and the republic, was simply a mutual league implying no subjection. This assertion is confirmed by the singular fidelity manifested by the people towards friendly barons. The threat of excommunication failed to make them abandon a certain feudal lord, who fled to their citadel to escape the vengeance of Pope John. It is proved also, by several existing documents, that their relations with the Feltreschi

and other distinguished families who have been supposed to have exercised feudal authority over San Marino, were merely those of friendly alliance. Thus they appear to have been wholly exempt from temporal dominion; and as to spiritual, the assumption of cardinal Andrimini, in 1368, was withdrawn by solemn decree, and the bishop obliged to disclaim publicly any intention of seeking authority. Soon after, a more insidious enemy to the republic arose in one of its own citizens, Giacomo Pelizzaro, who plotted with the Podesta of Brescia and the archbishop of Montefeltre, to deliver San Marino into their hands. His plan was happily discovered before its execution. He confessed and suffered death as a traitor.

During the succeeding era of private and bloody feuds, San Marino, allied to Count Guido, was more fortunate than the rest of Italy in escaping the dangers of this and other alliances, by means of which, treachery or the exigencies of the times could have so easily procured the republic's ruin. A war with Sigismondi Pandolfo, Signore of Rimini, ended in his downfall and an increase of their territory, attested to them in 1463. Now, too, we find the alliance of the little state sought by the larger and superior principalities of Italy, a fact only to be accounted for by the reputation it enjoyed for the character of its institutions. In 1491, during one of those fitful intervals of peace which occasionally blessed that age of war and turbulence, among the meliorations of the civil code, we find statutes enforcing the immediate payment of public debts, the proclamation of criminal sentences, the obligations of the captains to procure as far as possible treaties of peace and good fellowship, and prohibiting the flogging of children under four years of age. At this time, some of the warriors from San Marino gained much renown in the battles of the age, and several men of distinguished talents arose, among whom were two of the

earliest commentators of Dante. The republic appears to have been singularly favored in her diplomatic agents. Her ambassadors were most wisely selected, and to the firmness and wisdom which marked their proceedings, is to be ascribed the almost miraculous escape of the state from embroilments with other powers, and accounts, in no small degree, for the remarkable esteem she gained in Italy. A most dangerous era for San Marino was the time of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, and for a limited space she placed herself under the protection of the Duca del Valentino. Continuing, however, to enjoy the amity of the illustrious house of Urbino, she maintained, to an almost incredible extent, the favor of the church, and afforded a refuge, often at great risk, to the many persecuted victims of all parties. The spirit of faction and the priestly pretensions which have ever been the bane of the Italian States, too soon, however, induced a fatal dereliction from the primitive patriotism and honest attachment to freedom. Another cause of this decline, may be found in the influence of some of those who sought an asylum within the limits of San Marino. Refugees from all parties, they naturally brought and disseminated much of the perverse and exciting spirit of the times, among the less sophisticated inhabitants. For these and other reasons, the commencement of the seventeenth century, found the people more exposed than they had been to the subjection which the agents of the Romish church so constantly and insidiously endeavored to effect. An intriguer, according to history, combining all the low cunning, ambition and ready talent necessary to promote this object, soon appeared. Alberoni being legate in Romagna, undertook to befriend certain men who were suffering under the just awards of the tribunal of San Marino. The republic, from a deep conviction of the bad results produced by allowing justice to be impeded by priestly intervention and *commenditixie*, which custom had

been grossly abused at that period, made rigid enactments against it; notwithstanding which, the haughty prelate insisted upon the privilege. The republicans vainly explained and remonstrated; yet boldly maintained their rights. Alberoni, by way of revenge, caused certain of their citizens to be imprisoned in Rimini, and by cutting off their communication with the surrounding country, endeavored to produce a famine. At the same time, his efforts were unremitted to seduce the most ill-disposed of the citizens, and he succeeded in securing the co-operation of many traitorous abettors. Misrepresenting them to the pope and sacred college, and abusing the authority vested in him by the pontiff, he artfully induced that ruler to exert a special commission in his favor, and under its shield endeavored to annex San Marino, as forfeited, to the papal territory. At length, every thing being prepared for the consummation of his vile project, on the twenty-fourth of October, 1739, attended by a band of his satellites, he passed through the Borgo, and was even cheered by some of the infatuated citizens. He entered the sacred temple dedicated to Liberty and their Saint, where he smoothed over with subtle words the nefariousness of his scheme; and Capitano Giangi thus acknowledged his concurrence: "*Nel dì primo di Ottobre giurai fedeltà al mio legittimo principe della Repubblica di San Marino; quel giuramento confermo e così giuro.*" Giuseppe Onofri repeated the same oath; but, Girolamo Gori using the words of the Saviour—"let this cup pass from me"—protested that he had not made one mark of shame upon the face of the protecting saint, but would ever exclaim "*Evviva San Marino, evviva la Libertà!*" These words, uttered with enthusiasm, were caught and repeated, until they resounded through the holy edifice, re-awakening the dormant patriotism of the people and striking fear into the heart of the usurper. The functions were abruptly closed and a scene of disorder ensued.

Before Alberoni left the church, he threatened the rebellious with death. The faithful remained to concert measures for the safety of their country. Perceiving that an immediate appeal to force would be useless, they determined to represent the case to the pope and calmly await the result, meantime using every means to reanimate the drooping spirit of their fellow-citizens. Notwithstanding the age and imbecility of Clement XII, he was just and benevolent, and upon being informed of the facts, indignantly declared that he had vested no authority in the legate to attempt obtaining any ascendancy over the people of San Marino, nor to interfere with their rights—but simply to exert a spiritual influence and protection. To contravene the base assumption of Alberoni, he despatched Monsignor Napolitano, afterwards cardinal, with power to re-establish the good fame of the papal court, and secure justice to the people. Between the usurpation of Alberoni and the restitution of the republic, there was, however, an interregnum of three months and a half. San Marino was restored on the fifth of February, the day of the sacred virgin Agatha. Shouts, prayers, tears of joy, and jubilee in every form, announced the happy event; and the day has since been observed as a festival. Alberoni's defence of his conduct gave rise to some curious literary discussion. The event redounded to the improvement of the people, operating as an effectual check upon the passion for intrigue, and to the honor of Clement, to whom a monument was erected by the grateful republicans.

When the modern conqueror of Europe drew near the confines of the small but honored state, he respected its liberties. Receiving most graciously the ambassadors from San Marino, in an elegant address, he alluded to the singular preservation of their freedom, and promised his protection; at the same time offering to enlarge their possessions, and tendering as an indication of his respect and good will, a

present of two field-pieces. Monge, the ambassador, made an eloquent reply, gratefully acknowledging the courtesy of Napoleon and applauding his forbearance. The people declined his offers and present; but in commemoration of the occasion, added the 12th of February, 1797, as another joyous anniversary, to the republic's calendar.

The original government was simply paternal. The laws sprang from necessity, were improved by experience, and modified from time to time, according to the circumstances and wants of the people. Two captains, one from the signors and one from the citizens at large, are elected every six months. No individual can be re-elected more than once in three years. Thus all deserving the honor, serve in turn. No prejudice exists with respect to age, very young men being frequently chosen when of great promise or proved worth. It is only indispensable that the captains should be natives of the republic. The legislative body consists of a council of seventy and another of twelve. A judicial magistrate is also elected triennially by the council. The state includes a circuit of twenty-five miles, and its present population is between six and seven thousand.

— Such is a brief sketch of the history of San Marino. Its long immunity from conquest and despotism, and the remarkable perpetuity of its institutions, are doubtless owing, in no small measure, to its insignificant size and almost impregnable position. Still the place cannot but possess a singular interest in the view of a pilgrim from the New World, especially when its present condition is contrasted with that of the rest of Italy, and more particularly of the surrounding territory. A few humble domiciles scattered along the lower ridge of the mountain, and separated by a narrow and rugged street, constitute "Il Borgo." Thence, ascending by a circuitous path, we soon arrived at a larger collection of houses, which form the capital of the republic. It differs

not essentially from similar Italian towns, except that the streets are narrower and more straggling. The new church just completed, is a pretty edifice built of *travertina*, excavated near by, after the design of Antonio Sara. The twelve apostles in stucco, placed in niches, ornament the interior, and near the altar is a handsome marble statue of Saint Marino, recently executed by a Roman Sculptor. He is represented holding a scroll, upon which the arms of the republic (three towers surmounted by as many pens, significant of the union of strength and wisdom) are sculptured in bronze, with the word *LIBERTAS*. This edifice continues, as in ancient times, to be the place of elections as well as of worship. There is a little theatre where *dilletanti* occasionally perform. I was at some pains to enter this miniature temple of Thespis, for the sake of standing in the only theatre in Italy exempt from censorship, and where, although the audience is small and the spot isolated, free expression is given to any sentiment or opinion which the people choose to utter or applaud. Crossing a grass-grown and solitary court near the walls, where four or five cisterns alone gave signs of the vicinity of man, we entered a small and time-worn building ornamented by an old tower and clock, and ascending a narrow flight of steps, were ushered into the council-room. A few wooden seats scattered over the brick floor, upon the back of which are rudely painted the arms of the republic, surround an ancient chair covered with crimson velvet, placed beneath a canopy of the same hue. A mutilated picture of the Holy Family by Guilio Romano, and a bust of their favorite ambassador, Antonio Honuphrio, are the only ornaments which the apartment boasts. I had lingered, but a day or two previous, in the magnificent halls of some of the Bolognese nobility, where the silken drapery, rich marbles and splendid works of art, weary the gaze. But this plain and unadorned chamber possessed an interest

which their profuse decorations failed to inspire. It bespoke narrower resources but a richer spirit. The presence of freedom seemed to hallow every sunbeam that played upon the undecked walls. Nor have mightier principalities disdained, in our day, to recognize the little republic. Among its archives are many communications from the several Italian governments, the late king of Spain, and the present king of France. Not long since, a prior being discovered manifesting a disposition to intrigue beyond his appropriate sphere, was bound, conducted to the confines and banished. The only organized force is the militia, who are bound to second the executive and judicial magistrates. The people, however, are distinguished for their probity and peaceful habits. Most of them are engaged in agriculture. The only peculiar trait observable among them, is an inflexible attachment to their peculiar institutions and an earnest spirit of freedom. But recently, an archbishop whose province of duty properly embraced two towns, one of which was San Marino, abandoned the latter in disgust, because he could not induce the people, on public occasions, to salute him before their own rulers. Every half-year, they go in a body to the church, and deposit their vote for captains in a silver vase. The result of the election is made known at evening, and they accompany the successful candidate home with torches. Before leaving the town, I ascended to the old castle. The walls command a most extensive and beautiful prospect, embracing the plains of Lombardy, a broad sweep of wild, undulating hills, the mountain of Ancona and the waters of the Adriatic. It was a delightful pastime to sit in the pleasant sunshine of autumn, and gazing from this little spot of free earth over such a landscape, let the imagination luxuriate amid the thrilling associations of the scene. We found but one occupant of the prison. The gate was opened by a pretty blue-eyed woman, the wife of the gaoler, who

follows the trade of a cobbler in the belfry of one of the three towers. There is one horrid dungeon where a traitor priest suffered a long imprisonment; but the number of available cells is only three—which speaks well for the general character of the people. When, on our return, we reached the little bridge which divides the republican territory from Rimini, a venerable woman was leaning upon the parapet, her gray hair fluttering in the wind, in earnest conversation with a hardy stripling who stood at a short distance from her. He was a political fugitive who had found safety within the bounds of San Marino, and she was his mother, just arrived from a town in the vicinity to visit him. The incident excited a pleasing train of reflections. San Marino has rendered no small service to the cause of liberty, by sheltering the many unfortunate victims of unsuccessful revolution. For such she has ever a welcome. The pope has been obliged to compromise with the republicans, by agreeing that refugees from his territory may travel unmolested for a certain period, with a passport from the authorities of San Marino. This arrangement has been eminently serviceable in protecting the persons and rights of the liberals, and excited much gratitude and respect towards the state. The setting sun gleamed upon the summit of the mountain, as I turned back to take a farewell glimpse of this little nestling-place of freedom. I remembered the contented and happy looks of the peasantry, and recalled the testimony they all so cordially bore to the superior privileges they enjoyed. I mused upon the remarkable preservation of that isolated spot amid the unhappy destinies of the land. I strove to impress the picturesque locality upon my memory; and pleased my heart with the thought that there was still one little green leaf in the withered crown of Italy.

THE CANTATRICE.

"Il cantar che nel' anima si sente."—PETRARCA.

THE odor of violets always reminds me of Bianca C——. Her love of the flower amounted to a passion. She almost invariably wore a bunch in her girdle, and a porcelain vase that stood on the little centre-table beside her chair was often filled with them. I have seen her, in winter, when the noon-day sun warmed the atmosphere, pour a drop or two of the perfume upon her fingers, and throwing open the window, wave her hand to and fro, and as the breeze wafted in the fragrance, you could easily fancy it was the first delicate breath of spring. The association is not incongruous. Although Bianca was a public character, her spirit was as meek and her affections touched to as pensive a sweetness as the violet. She was but an indifferent actress. You could never lose sight of the woman in the character. Her imitative power was very limited. It was impossible not to be conscious that she was feigning the queen, the lover, or the priestess; and, at the same time, such was the personal fascination that you felt, that "only herself could be her parallel." Her professional success was owing entirely to her voice. It was not of great compass, but liquid and true to a marvel. She warbled rather than sung. I never heard any thing so bird-like. Often have I instinctively ran my eye suddenly from her face to the lofty ceiling, as if the notes were rising visibly. They seemed to escape so perfect, and well upward like the air-bubbles through a gaseous spring;

"And then my youth fell on me like a wind
Descending on still waters."

I grew buoyant with the melody, and could, as it were, feel every mortal weight fall away from my heart. Not that the sensation was always joyous—Bianca's voice had a silvery pathos in its most lively overflowings—but whatever the sentiment of the music, her cadences were wonderfully aerial. They gave one the feelings of wings. I could apply to her Shelley's apostrophe to the sky-lark—

"Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a rapture so divine.

"What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?"

The excitement of such vocalizing lingered with me long after its audible vibrations died. I used to walk the streets for hours, on leaving the opera-house, to lull my nerves into weariness. Nothing vivifies consciousness like high and exquisite music, especially that of the human voice. The waves of emotion palpitate beneath it like a sea. While singing, Bianca gave you the impression of a prophetess, or a sybil won momentarily from her superhuman attributes by love. When crowned with the garlands of public admiration, she drew near the foot-lights, and standing with a Niobe-like inclination, extended her beautiful arms—

"As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
And carried to all spirits with the act
Its affluent inspiration;"

to the burst of applause, a silence ensued almost sublime in its pervading quietude; and then, moved by the grateful homage, and kindled by the vast expectancy of a thousand hearts, she would become quite oblivious of the prescribed music, and fearlessly utter strains of unpremeditated melody that thrilled the hushed multitude with delight and awe. The bewildered orchestra forgot their vocation and rose to listen. Fair heads leaned from the long range of boxes intently. Strangers, side by side, unconsciously grasped each other, by that instinct of sympathy which "makes the whole world kin." At the close, there always succeeded a feeling of vivid surprise, so great was the lapse from ideal heights to a sense of the immediate and the actual. It seemed as if upon that stream of harmony we might have attained some infinite good. For a moment, the heart vacillated with the pain of awaking from its exalted dream, and then turned its baffled enthusiasm into plaudits to the genius of the hour. But it were as hopeful an emprise to attempt to paint the lightning in its momentary effulgence, or impart in words an idea of the most innate grace of character, as strive to convey any adequate conception of triumphs so ethereal. When death chills the sculptor's heart, some tokens of his life survive in marble. The bold design, the lines of tasteful skill, the expression of saintly beauty, yet assure us how nobly he thought or how earnestly he felt. And thus it is with the limner and the bard. But the song expires on the lip. Its only trophies are in the auditor's memory. Its triumph endures alone in the heart it stirred and the imagination it fired. Yet how endearing are even these frail oblations, since they belong to that vast array of latent agencies which perhaps have more to do with our weal and wo than all the apparent engineering of life. Truly, music is the most spiritual of the fine arts. Apart from her vocalism, it is easier to describe Bianca. In her by-play, and, indeed, at all times, she gave you the idea

of a lady. There was nothing professional in her looks or attitudes. Her manner of standing and moving, the expression of the eye, every glance and gesture was perfectly refined. Without being sylph-like, her gait was winning. It was unique upon the stage. There is something exceedingly significant in a woman's step. It is marvellously indicative of character. There is a certain indescribable gait which I have but rarely witnessed,—neither the queenly tread of the Tuscan peasant, nor the graceful step of the fair Spaniard, nor the lightsome trip of the Grisette; it is a modest, gentle, candid movement, breathing alike of rectitude and dependence. It has something in it irresistibly appealing. Such a gliding about one makes home divine. Scott's perception of it is evinced in his picture of Dumbiedikes, for hours silently watching Jeannie Deans as she moved upon her household duties, through her father's cottage. There is no little integrity in natural language, and that of woman hath not a more meaning chapter than her gait. You could not watch Bianca as she paced the stage, (trod is too bold a term,) without feeling it would be a glorious privilege to walk beside her through the world. Another attraction belonged to her of which nature is not prodigal. Her shoulders were expressively beautiful. They rounded so full and deftly, that the head was thrown slightly forward, giving an air of the most sincere humility, which was the more affecting from its union with such noble gifts. I delighted to watch her slow progress up the stage when arrayed in a most becoming oriental costume. The full white drawers, brought tightly round the ankle, the snug embroidered jacket, the short tunic, and the turban of rich merino, finely displayed her symmetrical form and gave relief to every movement. It was grace personified;—not that of art, but the free, dignified, and yet meek grace of genuine womanhood.

The success of a vocalist, however scientific, is liable to

many interruptions. A slight illness or depression of spirits will often obstruct that delicate instrument, upon the clearness and facility of which the exercise of the art depends. Bianca was remarkably even and sustained. I could never detect any waywardness in her moods. She appeared happy, indeed, in the triumphant display of her rare powers, but there was in this feeling no elation or oppressive excitement—all seemed resolute and placid. She bore herself like one serene and patient, as if above the minor cares of her profession, and devoted to it from love and duty rather than ambition. I remarked this to one of the very few individuals who enjoyed her society, who repeated the observation to the *prima donna*. She was pleased at the recognition of character it implied, and soon after consented to gratify my earnest desire for an introduction. We became intimate; and as I gradually learned her rare worth and the circumstances of her life, my original enthusiasm was deepened and confirmed.

Her family were nobly allied, but unfortunate; and they regarded her vocal powers as a blessing destined to redeem them from poverty. On the very night of her *debut*, the Duke of ——— became her passionate admirer. At length he addressed her and was rejected. Her father's pride was enlisted, and his commands, united with her lover's importunity, at length induced her to yield. A year had not elapsed after the marriage, before her husband proved himself a brute. To add to her misfortunes, his estate was seized by a swarm of abused creditors. With the forbearance of a lofty soul, she forgot his unkindness and cheerfully returned to the stage. Yet he gambled away her earnings, and continued to abuse and neglect the benefactress not less than the wife. In vain her friends remonstrated and urged a separation. Her affection, if it had ever been cordial, was long since destroyed; but a moral heroism inspired her. She resolved still to suffer and to hope. At the close of a

season of extraordinary brilliancy, a benefit was arranged for her on a scale of liberal patronage worthy of the artist and the woman. It was a tempestuous night, but every nook of the splendid opera-house was crowded. An audience whose faces had grown familiar by their uninterrupted attendance, thronged to pay a heart-felt tribute and revel once more in the delicious strains of the *prima donna*. That very day, on her husband's applying for money which she had not to bestow, in a fit of disappointment and rage, he felled her to the earth. Hours passed away before she rallied sufficiently from the insult to prepare for the exertions of the night. But necessity at last nerved her to the task. How few of the delighted assembly who warmly greeted her appearance, dreamed of the base injury she had so recently suffered! How little were they aware that the dark ringlet that unwontedly rested upon her left temple, concealed a scar which she carried to her grave! Acute pain or wounded feeling will not seldom inspire genius to achieve wonders. Byron was roused to poetic effort by harsh criticism, and the annals of eloquence boast no more glowing pages than those dictated by the fervor of moral indignation. Bianca, on that night, astonished and transported the coldest hearts. There was an almost superhuman energy, a sublime depth, a tearful sweetness in her tones. They were like the swan's dying strains. Alas! that the flower must be crushed ere its sweetest odors are breathed! When the last quivering note had ascended, there was a pause, as if the repressed emotion so long accumulating gathered itself up for utterance; and then came the long, thrilling outbreak of grateful admiration. Crowned like a victim for sacrifice, exhausted by intense effort and self-control, Bianca remained in her dressing-room, with her face bowed upon the table, her frame trembling, her long hair dishevelled, and every vein fevered with the throbs of contending impulses, until the profound quiet around made

the beatings of her heart audible. She had looked the door, and was wholly unconscious of that absorbing reverie. In a few moments she was arrayed for her departure from the deserted scene of her glory. Not another being remained in the extensive and dusky theatre but the porter who had charge of the keys. He stood muffled up in his cloak holding a flambeau. The lights were all extinguished. The stillness of the desert reigned through the house. When Bianca appeared, the man lifted his cap respectfully, and planting the torch upon the stage at her feet, went out to announce her readiness to the coachman. Several minutes elapsed, and he returned only to declare that neither equipage nor servants were visible. The heartless tyrant for whom she had so patiently toiled, was too worldly-wise to neglect the appearance of kindness towards one so idolized, and accordingly her carriage was invariably in attendance. Its absence, at such a moment, could only be ascribed to him. It was a scene for a tragedy. There she stood in the silent gloom of that desolate temple, so recently alive to innumerable hearts entranced by her magical tones, utterly abandoned! The echoes of wild applause had but just died away. Dreams of love and beauty, kindled by her song, even at that moment haunted countless pillows. Her name lingered yet on many a lip tenderly eloquent in her praise. The idol of the multitude was more solitary than the meanest denizen of that populous city. It is difficult to imagine a more agonizing contrast than this between the triumphant artist and the injured woman. Awhile she was immovable, allowing the blasting truth to feed like a vulture on her heart. The poor spectator of her voiceless anguish looked upon her despairing features, rendered more impressive by the red glare of the torch-light, and scarcely breathed for reverence and pity. Many a kind word had she spoken to him, and often were his children's wants supplied by her bounty. She was ever thoughtful for

the humblest of her fellow-creatures, and the rude bosom of that unenlightened drudge swelled with a monarch's anger even at the faint surmise of her griefs. Her resolution was taken ; and, before the wonder-stricken attendant could remonstrate, she had rushed past him into the tempest. On through the driving rain she walked, and, like Lear, taxed not the elements with unkindness. To reach her residence (it had never been a home,) it was necessary to cross a fashionable street. A flash of light almost blinded her as she entered the thoroughfare. One of the large mansions was illuminated, and she heard, above the wailings of the storm, the gay music of the dance. A carriage stopped before the portico as she approached, and the blaze of a street-lamp revealed to her the livery of her own groom. She checked her rapid steps, and her husband, glittering in a rich ball-dress, with a woman of high birth but questionable fame leaning on his arm, hastily entered the palace. The last drop was added to her cup of bitterness. Endurance had reached its acme. She turned back, and in a few moments was beneath her father's roof. The wretch who called her his at the altar, had lost the only jewel of his being forever.

TURIN.

" Embosomed by the hills, whose forms around
Stand sentinel'd with grandeur."

ANON.

ONE of the circumstances which gives the traveller rather painful assurance of his approach to the northern confines of Italy, is that he finds himself once more ensconced within that most comfortless of all locomotives, except the *lettiga* of Sicily,—a Diligence. The straggling, untrimmed horses, and harlequin-looking postillions bobbing up and down most pitifully ; the constant cracking of the whip, and the lurching and shivering of the clumsy fabric, are but the exterior graces which the vehicle boasts. At night, the roof within is often hung with baskets of provisions, and countless hats and bonnets which dangle most disturbingly in the face of the sleeping passenger ; and when he has, at length, lost himself in a pleasant dream, and commenced an imaginary colloquy with some fair object left at the place of his last sojourn, a sudden jolt pitches him upon his neighbor, or an abrupt stoppage of the ponderous machine, rouses him to a sense of stiffened joints, yawning ostlers, and an execrating *conducteur*. It is, however, well that one leaving the dreamy atmosphere of the South, should be thus initiated into a more practical habit, and have the radiant mists of imagination dissipated from his brain. The Diligence is an excellent preparatory symbol of the more utilitarian regions and prosaic localities, towards which his pilgrimage tends. From the corner of one of these miniature arks—despite the grum-

bling of an old lady by my side, the nap of whose lap-dog I disturbed, and the angry chattering of a parrot, whose pendant cage was vibrating overhead—I succeeded, one afternoon, in withdrawing myself sufficiently, to look from the window over the surrounding fields. They presented a broad level plain, covered with fresh green grain, which a band of women, whose heads were enveloped in red cotton handkerchiefs, were assiduously reaping. The air was still, and the sky cloudy. A few trees, chiefly small poplars and mulberries, rose here and there along the road. And yet, meagre as was the natural scenery, it was a spot abounding in interest. Thirty-eight years before, it was the arena where contending armies battled for the possession of Italy, and men were mown down as the grain, then waving over their graves, fell beneath the sickles of the reapers. It was the plain of Marengo. Near yonder plantation of vines, Desaix took up his position. Across these fields the French line stretched imposingly away. And when the Austrians were so incautiously pursuing their success, it was in the midst of this now deserted level, that Napoleon met his brave ally, who rushing forward at his bidding, met, almost immediately, his death. It was hence, too, that the brave Melas, then more than eighty years of age, considering the day won, and overcome with fatigue, retired to Alexandria, only to hear in a few hours, of his army's defeat. After this celebrated battle, Turin became the metropolis of the French department of the Po, and fourteen years after was restored to Sardinia. It is not surprising that the young mind of Alfieri, was greatly impressed on entering this city. Its broad, clean streets radiating from a common centre; its airy arcades forming, like the *passages* of the French metropolis, most agreeable promenades, and its cheerful aspect may well captivate a stranger's eye. One scarcely realizes, at Turin, that he is within the precincts of an Italian city. There is a

modern look about the buildings, an elegance in the shops and *caffés*, and altogether an air of life and gayety, which brings Paris forcibly to mind. Indeed, the proximity of this capital to France, neutralizes, in no small degree, its Ausonian characteristics. The language is a mixture of French and Italian; and Goldoni found the taste here so strong for the French stage, that during his visit to Turin, he composed his comedy of Moliere, to avail himself of the attraction of that author's name. There are few finer public squares in Europe than the Piazza del Castello, and no more beautiful prospect of its kind than that from the church of La Superga, where the bones of the Sardinian kings repose. The small number of paupers, and the frequent instances of manly beauty among the military officers, are peculiarly striking. Sometimes, beneath the porches, a procession of nuns, poorly but neatly clad, is encountered, with garlands and tapers, headed by a fat priest chanting the burial service. The neighborhood of the Alps is disagreeably indicated by the number of women seen in the streets with *goîtres*. They come, for the most part, from the base of Mt. Cenis and Susa, where this disease is very common, and still attributed by the common people, to the chill the throat constantly receives from the extreme coldness of the water. We are reminded of old Gonzalo's query in the tempest:—"Who would believe that there were mountaineers dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them wallets of flesh?" Turin is the coldest city in Italy. The circumjacent mountains are scarcely ever entirely free from snow. As one looks upon them, frequently surmounted by variegated clouds, or, in dull weather, bathed with the yellow gleam of the struggling sunbeams playing on their white scalps, with here and there a dark streak where the snow has melted away, the appropriateness of the name of this section of Italy becomes more apparent—*pie di monte*—foot of the mountains.

I found an unusual number of priests reading in the University library, and not a few peasants seated at the reading desks—a note-worthy and pleasant circumstance. It is interesting, when wandering about the precincts of this institution, to remember that it was the scene of that mis-education, of which Alfieri has drawn so vivid a picture in his autobiography. It was here that so many of his young days were wasted in wearisome sickness; where he was bribed or threatened into labors for his stupid but powerful schoolmate; where he looked so long upon the adjacent theatre, which he was only allowed to enter five or six times a year, during carnival; and where he suffered so long from the tyranny of a capricious and pampered *valet*. In Turin, the stern tragedian first knew the sweet delights of poetry in his stolen and secret communion with Ariosto and Metastasio. Here he laid the foundation of those dissipated habits, which he had the rare moral courage to vanquish—suddenly vaulting from the low level of a life of pleasure, to the most determined and assiduous career that genius and industry ever achieved. Here, too, his ardent soul first experienced the delicious excitements of music, horsemanship, and love—those inspiring resources of his after years.

The exhibition of the stranger's passport at Turin, is sufficient to introduce him to the Royal Gallery. It is interesting chiefly for its specimens of the Vandyck school—those expressive portraits which have so long formed the study of artists, and ever charmed that large portion of the curious who delight in observing the "human face divine." There is one of Carlo Dolce's most characteristic Madonnas, full of the mildness, soft coloring, and timid execution which belong to his heads. That class of woman's admirers, who would fain make the standard of her attractiveness proportionate to the absence of any strong traits, should collect the female faces portrayed by this artist. A short time spent in

contemplating such an array, would convince them of the absolute necessity of elevating their ideal of the sex, if they would have the spell of their graces perpetuated. But the picture which chains the attention in this gallery, is one of Murillo's master-pieces. Some of the biographers of the Spanish limner, seem to lament that his purpose of visiting Italy was never fulfilled. It would certainly be a cause of just regret, if the obscurity of his lot had doomed him for life, to paint nothing but banners for exportation, and fruit-pieces for immediate sale; but since scope was given to his genius at the Escorial, and it was encouraged to a free and rich development at home, we cannot but deem it a happy destiny that prevented him from ever leaving his native country. There is no little error in the prevalent notion, that a true painter, so constituted by nature, is necessarily to improve by a visit to Italy. On the contrary, numerous instances might be cited, where such a course has been fatal to the individuality of the artist's style. His real force is thereby often sacrificed to a false manner. Servile imitation frequently supersedes originality. He ponders the works of the old masters too often, only to adopt certain of their peculiarities, instead of being quickened to put forth what is characteristic in himself. Such has, in many cases, been the result, with regard to young votaries of art among us, who after giving certain proofs of talent, have gone abroad only to bring home an improved taste, perhaps, but not seldom a far inferior execution. Murillo was a genuine child of nature. He painted, as Goldsmith wrote, from individual inspiration. Who laments that his style is not so elevated as that of Raphael, nor so graceful as that of Correggio? If it were one or the other, or both, he would not be Murillo. What we love in him, is his singular truth to nature—so fresh and vivid in expression—such a unity of coloring, such a semblance of life! When one stands before his

Mother and Child, in the Palace at Florence, does it require much imagination, momentarily to fancy, that the infant is springing from the bosom of its mother into our arms? There is an almost perceptible motion in its posture, and a look of recognition in its eyes, that haunts us at every step. How often does the traveller in Italy—he who is wedded to that inexpressible charm in life, society and art, which we call *nature*—lament the paucity of Murillo's paintings! How often does he sigh for a journey into Spain, that he may behold more of them! The picture of which Turin boasts, represents Homer with the laurel wreath straggling round his head, as an *improvisatore*, and an amanuensis recording his song. The bard appears like a fresh portrait of one of those blind old men so often seen in Southern Europe. The singular blandness of such countenances who has not noted? They wear a pensive, but peaceful expression, as if sweet thoughts were cheering their darkness. The light of poetry hovers round the brow. We feel that although bereft of vision, the bard sees. The deep things of life are unveiled to his inward gaze. And, then, how plainly the other figure listens! We soon cease to lament the blindness of the minstrel, in regretting that he is dumb.

A son of Carlo Botta, the historian, follows the profession of an engraver in this capital. It is but recently that his justly renowned parent died in poverty at Paris. Five hundred copies of his works, in sheets, were given, as the only recompense in his power to afford, to the physicians who attended his wife in her last illness. This adds one more to the countless anecdotes illustrative of the melancholy lot of authors. But in this instance, the high merit and estimable qualities of the individual, enhance the pain with which every feeling mind must contemplate his fate. It would be a pleasing thought if we, the people of a free and prosperous land, had contributed to the comfort of one in his declining

years, who, when in the full vigor of his intellect, devoted himself, most enthusiastically, to recording the history of our Revolution. The details of the war of independence are chiefly known on the continent through the history of Botta. No single work has served so effectually to establish the fame of that glorious event in the minds of Italians. One of the first questions they ask a comer from the New World is, if he has read *La Guerra Americana* by Carlo Botta? The work is a beautiful monument of the sympathy of one of the gifted of that nation in the cause of freedom; and happy would it have been, had our government added to the honorary title of citizen, the means of smoothing the venerable historian's passage to the grave. Another of his sons is travelling in Arabia, for the Jardin des Plantes. The father's last literary effort was a translation of a voyage round the world by an American captain, of whom this son was a companion. The latter is about publishing it, and the proceeds, with the honorable name he boasts, will constitute his paternal heritage.

I could not leave Turin, without seeing the author of *Le Mie Prigioni*. That beautiful and affecting record of human suffering has spread the name of Silvio Pellico over the civilized world. The despots of Europe have endeavored in vain to prevent its entrance into their territories; being well aware that no harsh invectives against tyranny, no panegyrics in praise of free institutions, however eloquent and insidious, possess a tithe of the power to arouse men to a sense of their rights, which lives in such a calm and simple narrative of one of the victims of their cruelty. How many honest bosoms have glowed with indignation at the picture this amiable and gifted Italian has painted, of his torture under the leads of a Venetian prison, and amid the cold walls of the Spielberg fortress! How many have admired the resources of intellect, philosophy, and affection; by which the unfortunate prisoner made even captivity captive! His correspond-

ence with his fellow-sufferer, his league of amity with his keeper, his reading, poems, and reveries—how do they shed a halo of moral brightness around the gloom of his dungeon ! His hope deferred, his agonizing suspense, and, at length, his liberation and happy return to the bosom of his family—all related with so much truthfulness and feeling,—what an interest have they excited in behalf of the innocent object of such cruel persecution ! Sharing this sentiment, I was not a little disappointed to find that Pellico was absent from the group of Piedmontese *litterati*, who convene every evening at one of the *caffés*. An *abbé*, his friend, informed me that the illness of his father confined Silvio almost constantly at home. Every one remembers the deep affection with which he always alludes to his parents. I found that the strength of this sentiment was not exaggerated in his memoirs. His father was rapidly declining with age, and the son only left his bedside for a few moments to breathe the fresh air. At one of these intervals I paid him a visit. Pellico is now about thirty-eight years of age, small in stature, and wears glasses. His complexion is deadly pale, blanched by the blighting shadow of a dungeon. His brow is broad and high, and his expression serious and thoughtful. He was courteous and affable, spoke with deep emotion of his father, and seemed much gratified at the interest his work had excited in America. Notwithstanding the immense number of copies of *Le Mie Prigioni* which have been sold on the continent, and that it has been translated into so many languages, the author has derived no pecuniary benefit, except the two thousand francs he received from the original publisher at Turin. He is at present patronized by a rich and liberal Marchesa, who has made him her librarian. He dines almost daily at her table, but resides with his parents. It must be confessed that the sufferings of Pellico have, in no small measure, subdued his early enthusiasm. Some of the young advocates of

liberal principles, in Italy, profess no little disappointment, that one who was so near becoming a martyr to their cause, should have turned devotee. They are displeased that Pelli-co should now only employ his pen upon Catholic hymns and religious odes. Such objectors seem not to consider the extent and severity of the trials to which the mind of the author has been exposed. They appear, too, to lose sight of the peril of his situation. It is only by retirement and quiet, that he can hope to enjoy in peace the privilege of watching over and consoling the last years of his parents. Jealous eyes are ever upon him. Few are the spirits which would not be unnerved from their native buoyancy, by such a tragic experience as he has known ; few the hearts that would not, at the close of such sufferings, fall back upon themselves, and cherish serenity as the great boon of existence. When I received his kindly-uttered *buon viaggio*, and followed his retreating figure as he went to resume his station by his father's bedside, I could not but feel that the tyranny of Austria had not yet exhausted itself upon his nature—that his spirit had not wholly rebounded from the repression of despotism ; but I felt, too, that he had nobly endured enough to deserve universal sympathy, and be wholly justified in applying to himself the sentiment of Milton : ‘They also serve who only stand and wait.’

SPECULATION: OR DYSPEPSIA CURED.

When the mind's free the body's delicate.—*LEAR.*

THE romantic traveller who enters Italy at Leghorn, cannot but feel disappointed. No antiquated repose broods, like a dream, over the scene ; no architectural wonders arrest the eye. The quays present the same bustle and motley groups observable in every commercial town ; and were it not for the galley slaves, whose fetters clank in the thoroughfares, and the admirable bronze group, by Pietro Tacca, around the statue of Ferdinand I, it would be difficult to point out any distinctive feature amid the commonplace associations of the spot. To a stranger's eye, however, the principal street affords many objects of diversion. The variety of costume and physiognomy is striking in a place where pilgrims and merchants, Turks and Jews, burly friars and delicate invalids are promiscuously clustered ; and one cannot long gaze from an adjacent balcony, without discovering some novel specimen of humanity. A more secluded and melancholy resort is the English burying-ground, where hours may be mused away in perusing the inscriptions that commemorate the death of those who breathed their last far from country and home. The cemeteries devoted to foreign sepulture, near some of the Italian cities, are quite impressive in their isolated beauty. There, in the language of a distant country, we read of the young artist suddenly cut off at the dawn of his career, and placed away with a fair monument to guard his memory, by

his sorrowful associates, who long since have joined their distant kindred. Another stone marks the crushed hopes of children who brought their dying mother to this clime in the vain expectation to see her revive. Names, too, not unknown to fame, grace these snowy tablets—the last and affecting memorials of departed genius. Monte Nero is an agreeable retreat in the vicinity where the Italians make their *villeggiatura*, and the foreigners ride in the summer evenings, to inhale the cheering breeze from the sea. Leghorn was formerly subject to Genoa, and remained a comparatively unimportant place until Cosmo I exchanged for it the Episcopal town of Sarzana. I had quite exhausted the few objects of interest around me, and my outward resources were reduced to hearing Madame Ungher in Lucrezia Borgia in the evening, and dining in the afternoon in the pleasant garden of a popular restaurant; when, one day as I was walking along a crowded street, my attention was arrested by a single figure ensconced in the doorway of a fashionable inn. It was a lank, sharp-featured man, clad in linsey-woolsey, with a white felt hat on his head, and an enormous twisted stick in his hand. He was looking about him with a shrewd gaze, in which inquisitiveness and contempt were strangely mingled. The moment I came opposite to him, he drew a very large silver watch from his fob, and, after inspecting it for a moment with an impatient air, exclaimed,

“I say, stranger, what time do they dine in these parts?”

“At this house the dinner hour is about five.”

“Five, why I’m half starved and it’s only twelve. I can’t stand it later than two. I say, I guess you’re from the States?”

“Yes.”

“Maybe you came here to be cured of dyspepsy?”

“Not exactly.”

“Well, I’m glad of it, for it’s a plaguy waste of money.

I just arrived from New Orleans, and there was a man on board who made the trip all on account of dyspepsy. I as good as told him he was a fool for his pains. I know a thing or two, I guess. You see that stick? Well, with that stick I've killed six alligators. There's only one thing that's a certain cure for dyspepsy."

"And what's that?"

For a moment the stranger made no reply, but twisted his stick and gave a wily glance from his keen, gray eyes, with the air of a man who can keep his own counsel.

"You want to know what will cure dyspepsy?"

"Yes."

"Well, then—*Speculation!*"

After this announcement the huge stick was planted very sturdily, and the spectral figure drawn up to its utmost tension, as if challenging contradiction. Apparently satisfied with my tacit acceptance of the proposition, the man of alligators grew more complacent.

"I'll tell you how I found out the secret. I was a school-master in the State of Maine, and it was as much as I could do to make both ends meet. What with flogging the boys, leading the choir Sundays, living in a leaky school-house, and drinking hard cider, I grew as thin as a rail, and had to call in a travelling doctor. After he had looked into me and my case; 'Mister,' says he, 'there's only one thing for you to do, you must speculate.' I had a kind of notion what he meant, for all winter the folks had been talking about the eastern land speculation; so, says I, 'Doctor, I have n't got a cent to begin with.' 'So much the better,' says he, 'a man who has money is a fool to speculate; you've got nothing to lose, so begin right away.' I sold my things all but one suit of clothes, and a neighbor gave me a lift in his wagon as far as Bangor. I took lodgings at the crack hotel, and by keeping my ears open at the table, and in the bar-room, soon had

all the slang of speculation by heart, and, having the gift of the gab, by the third day out-talked all the boarders about 'lots,' 'water privileges,' 'sites,' and 'deeds.' One morning I found an old gentleman sitting in the parlor, looking very glum. 'Ah,' says I, 'great bargain that of Jones, two hundred acres, including the main street as far as the railroad depot—that is, where they're to be when Jonesville's built.' 'Some people have all the luck,' says the old gentleman. 'There isn't a better tract than mine in all Maine, but I can't get an offer.' 'It's because you don't talk it up,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'you seem to understand the business. Here's my bond, all you can get over three thousand dollars you may have.' I set right to work, got the editors to mention the thing as a rare chance, whispered about in all corners that the land had been surveyed for a manufacturing town, and had a splendid map drawn, with a colored border, six meeting-houses, a lyceum, blocks of stores, hay-scales, a state prison, and a rural cemetery—with Gerrytown in large letters at the bottom, and then hung it up in the hall. Before the week was out, I sold the land for cash to a company for twenty thousand dollars, gave the old gentleman his three thousand, and have been speculating ever since. I own two thirds of a granite quarry in New Hampshire, half of a coal mine in Pennsylvania, and a prairie in Illinois, besides lots of bank stock, half a canal, and a whole India rubber factory. I've been in New Orleans buying cotton, and came here to see about the silk business, and mean to dip into the marble line a little. I've never had the dyspepsy since I began to speculate. It exercises all the organs and keeps a man going like a steamboat."

Just then a bell was heard from within, and the stranger, thinking it the signal for dinner, precipitately withdrew.

NAPLES.

" Naples, thou heart of men, which ever pantest
Naked beneath the lidless eye of heaven !
Elysian city, which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea ! they round thee, even
As sleep round Love, are driven !"

SHELLEY.

THE *caleche* which we took in the suburbs soon brought us in front of the high mound denominated Virgil's tomb. As our immediate arrangements precluded a minute inspection, I could only sigh at the discrepancy between the ideal and actual spot. Such *en passant* reflections were soon dissipated by the curious and antiquated scene in which we almost immediately found ourselves. This was no other than the Grotto of Posilippo, a cavern road, excavated so long ago that the date of the work is lost, through the high mount which divides Naples from Pozzuoli. We rode along this remarkable highway for the distance of half a mile. Its obscurity is only rendered more mysterious by the dim light of the lamps occasionally suspended upon the sides, and the broad glare of day seen at either end, through the dark perspective.

A few moments' ride, after emerging, brought us upon the sea-side, along which the remainder of our course lay. Upon a jutting point appeared Pozzuoli, an ancient town, while the hill-side, skirting our road on the right, displayed strata of lava. Having discharged our conveyance, we proceeded to the old mole, considerable remnants of which still

exist, and then hastened to the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis. Three very lofty columns alone remain standing, but several large fragments lie scattered around. The remaining exterior walls clearly indicate the original dimensions and shape of the temple, which was evidently on the highest scale of magnificence. Indeed, no remain of this class presented to me such a literal ruin as this. More than a foot of water covers the extensive marble floor, which slimy weeds completely hide. A ring and several broken vessels are discoverable, denoting the sacrifices of which it has been the scene. One of the columnar fragments is eaten, in a most remarkable degree, by a species of snail—the incisions being as large as an auger-hole. Near the ruins are remains of sulphur, vapor, and mineral baths.

Our attention was drawn to the amphitheatre—a ruin in excellent preservation. We were able to walk, for a long space, between the two walls, within which are the caves for wild beasts, and exteriorly the shape is discernible. The arena is covered with trees. They were destitute of verdure, and the intervening space, thickly sown with grain, the green shoots of which had already put forth from a soil doubtless fertilized with human blood, presented to the casual spectator any thing rather than a spot where cruelty had often triumphed, and suffering been nobly endured. The solfatura, or manufacture of sulphur and alum, from the native material, furnished yet another object in the vicinity. The process, from the absence of any considerable apparatus, is apparently very simple—probably little more than the melting and straining of the original substances, of which the surrounding hills are in a great measure composed. Where large excavations have been made, boiling springs have issued, the odor of which is tremendous. In many places, the ground beneath seemed hollow, and we fancied we heard volcanic rumblings.

Resuming our walk, we passed over the mountain-side, where there is a very rough, though somewhat worn path. The sun had just passed his meridian, and the heat and exercise soon produced considerable fatigue, so that we were glad to dine on the *campagna* bread and wine, in the cottage of a *contadino*. Having reached the Lake d'Agnano, and admired its placid beauty, we found it impossible to enter the *grotto del cane*, or see the experiment from which it derives its name, as the *custode*, like most of his neighbors, had gone to enjoy the festa within the city. But I had seen enough of nature's gaseous operations for one day, and could too easily imagine this, to regret the accident of not witnessing it.

About an hour's rapid walking brought us once more to the grotto wood, through which we passed, and were again in Naples. Upon reaching the *chiaja*, the placid waters of the broad bay, the red streak upon Vesuvius, the busy, mingled and noisy crowd—all accorded with what I had read, and almost with what I had imagined of the city. Upon the square in front of the royal palace, the church of St. Francisco appeared, studded with small lights upon the top of the corridors, domes and cross. In few moments, at a signal fired from below, far brighter and larger flames flashed up in the intervening spaces, exhibiting the statues in broad relief, and the square filled with an admiring populace. The Toledo, too, was crowded, and every house illuminated: it was the evening of the king's birth-day; and his subjects, of every class, rank and calling, were abroad and active.

The weather being very unpromising on the succeeding morning, we had determined to pass it within the city, as profitably as might be, and having visited several churches, and taken a glimpse of the large dull chambers of the court of justice, we entered the celebrated museum, which contains, among sundry other curiosities, the disinterred relics of

another age and a by-gone people—the various articles rescued from Herculaneum and Pompeii. After inspecting the strange and frequently beautiful frescos, we repaired to the gallery of sculpture, and viewed the innumerable busts of heroic, political and philosophical characters collected there—the statues of emperors, of heathen divinities, of fabulous beings, of men venerated for ages for their virtues or wisdom, or “damned to fame” for their licentious use of temporary power. I found myself somewhat familiar with the forms and features of these personages, having become partially acquainted therewith during my visit to the other galleries of Italy. I was particularly delighted with a statue of Aristides, the position of which seems truly inimitable. It breathes the very spirit of that dignity which is founded solely upon moral pre-eminence. We gazed with interest upon the trophies from Egypt, the remarkable idols, the well-preserved mummies, the labored hieroglyphics; and with wonder upon the bronzes, preserved, it is difficult to tell how, from the effect of a heat apparently intense enough to melt them into their original crude forms. Deeming this view of the lower halls sufficient for one day, and finding that the threatened sirocco was destined to be less formidable than we imagined, we left Naples, and in about two hours, were walking beneath the half obscure sky of a mild afternoon, through a city whose inhabitants vanished from the earth like a mist, and whose glory, if glory consists in fame, results, not like that of other places, from the hallowing actions of mankind, but from the destructive operations of nature:—we were in Pompeii. With what feelings of curiosity and awe did I tread upon the very pavement where, two thousand years ago, hundreds of my fellow-beings moved to and fro, with all the carelessness, the eagerness of pursuit, the selfishness of purpose, with which another race so long trod above their entombed habitations! Stripped as Pompeii is of those objects

which rendered it, when first discovered, the greatest of wonders, the very sight of houses, shops, theatres and temples, broken and imperfect as they are, where ages ago the wonderful phenomena of human existence were carried on, and its several elements sustained, even as at present—this is most wonderful, most exciting. We seem to know, as never before, that human nature has ever been the same—the same in its wants, if not the same in its resources. There are those who can witness the passing away of one of the myriads of men which people the earth, or stand among the congregated tombs of their kind, and yet feel no light shed upon the darkness of their skepticism, and doubt a better destiny for man, even over the gloomy consummation of his physical existence. But who can enter the living tomb of a civilized people, which has appeared, almost magically, after the lapse of centuries, and not yield, without resistance, to its most eloquent teachings? Viewing the identical means of life, bodily and mental, that were wrought by an extinct race for the gratification of their native propensities, and computing the degree of thought, the exercise of sentiment here unfolded, can any one believe that the fiery masses which failed to destroy these conventional means, palsied in oblivion the energies that created them? Pompeii, its history, the particulars of its disinterment, the objects it presents, are familiar to the mind of almost every one. We can scarcely hope, in its present state, to do more than realize our abstract ideas concerning it. One impression the observant visitor of this day cannot but carry away; and that is, that its yet undiscovered treasures will exceed all that the past has unfolded.

Under favorable auspices, we commenced moving upon donkeys from the village of Resina towards Vesuvius, through a kind of lane choked up with earth and stones. Two hours of slow riding brought us to the first elevation, where stands a cottage called the Hermitage, inhabited by an old monk, and

affording shelter to the guards upon the mountain. Our course became then confined to a mule-path, so much impeded by the heavy masses of lava, that none but the experienced animal I bestrode could have made a way along its rough and broken surface. We were soon upon a vast plain of crude black lava, thrown into a thousand accidental forms, and presenting a wide scene of utter desolation. At the foot of Vesuvius, properly so called, we left the animals, and commenced climbing the steep ascent. Being obliged to tread solely upon the craggy projections or small fragments of the lava, and sometimes upon ashes only, the process proved exceedingly fatiguing. Although in part sustained by the guide, by means of the bridles, we were several times obliged to sit down upon some projecting point, and collect breath for a fresh effort. Proceeding thus, we at length reached the comparatively level space immediately below the uppermost elevation. Here, as we advanced towards the new crater, the crackling of the porous masses, and the bellowing of the smoke-pouring summit, were sufficiently appalling. Occasionally the boiling sulphur was seen oozing from some little crevice, and the surface which sustained our wayward footsteps, seemed about to fall beneath them.

We approached near enough to the new crater to inhale the sulphurous exhalations, and become sensible of its potent heat. In its immediate vicinity, where the outer crust was broken, and the liquid flames roaring and bursting through the aperture, several peasants were moulding the glowing lava into coarse medallions, as coolly as if at work over a forge. Having breathed the suffocating air, and roamed over the heated scorix, as long as prudence permitted, we began to retrace our steps. Our passage down the mountain was wonderfully expeditious, as we almost slid upon the fine ashes, and had only to guard against falling. During the descent, and from the summit, the view was surprisingly beautiful,

comprising a complete panorama of Naples, its unrivalled bay and adjacent villages.

Being again favored with a remarkably fine day for the season, we retraced our course to Pozzuoli, and continued along the sea until we reached the Lucrine Lake, which is so near the water's edge that a small connecting canal has been formed across the road. Dismounting, we walked around this calm and apparently shallow sheet of water, then threaded a pleasant winding path, which finally brought me to the Lake of Avernus, upon the banks of which is the Sybil's cave. I inspected, with an attention the scenery itself never would have elicited, the scene so minutely described by Virgil, and said to have suggested his idea of the infernal regions. We next stopped at the ruins of Nero's villa, and especially observed the vapor-baths below, formed by the sea-water, heated by the volcanic elements beneath the bank, and thence sending up volumes of saline and sulphurous steam. Through several crevices this vapor escapes exteriorly, but its chief outlet is into what originally constituted the subterraneous apartments of the villa.

Continuing rapidly on our way to Baiæ, we descended into the old dungeons of a Roman prison, and visited the antique, arched and labored reservoir in its vicinity. We were thus soon in view of a large expanse of water, separated from the Mediterranean by a narrow and marshy fen, and bounded on the right by a slightly declining hill, partially cultivated—the Stygian lake and Elysian fields of the great Mantuan! A promontory stretching into the sea, and forming, in conjunction with the land on which we stood, a small bay, is the port Misenum. The paths leading to these sites, together forming the whole landscape so minutely described in the Eneid, were worn by the pilgrimages of travellers. The very children of the village knew our purpose, and verbosely designated the localities. What an indirect

but indisputable testimony is this to truths which many are fain theoretically to deny. Many a hill and vale, many an extent of water and tract of cultivated land of surpassing beauty, lies unadmired amid the vastness of our continent; and yet these localities, even when bereft of the flowery accompaniments of spring, and undecked with the golden splendors of autumn, are lingered over by devotees of every country, with an interest and sentiment that nature's highest glories fail to inspire. And all this because an ancient and beautiful poet was wont to wander there, and is thought thence to have derived many of his descriptive ideas. In truth, where the master-spirits of the earth have been, or whatever spots their recorded thoughts have hallowed, there is ever after an un-failing attraction to beings of a like nature.

Returning, we examined the octangular brick-work remain of the temple of Venus, and the more perfect remnant of that of Neptune. Baiæ and its vicinity was evidently a favorite resort of the old Romans. Every where the foundations of a wall, the archway of a subterranean apartment, or a broken and crude mass of plastered brick-work, denote the former existence of extensive buildings. The Cumæan amphitheatre and lava-paved road were passed on my way to Naples. The lovely and expansive view from the garden above Virgil's tomb, an excursion in the beautiful bay, and a few walks amid the gaudiness, bustle and beggary of the city, completed my experiences here. It is only in the environs that we find that tranquil classic scenery for which Italy is renowned. There, when balmy weather prevails, every object breathes the quiet and picturesque influence of antiquated art and hallowed nature.

I had threaded the ever bustling street of the Toledo, and satiated, for the time being, my passion for observation, in glancing at the motley specimens of humanity so characteristic of the over-populated cities of Europe. The splendid

equipages of wealth, hard pressed by the low carts of the market-venders; the gayly accoutred exquisites of the metropolis; the coarsely clad peasant; the maimed and woe-begone mendicant; the buffoons and the soldiery; the dark-robed priest and the bewildered stranger, combine to render this a scene unequalled for the contrasts it presents, and the sounds of which it is redolent. These contrasts I had gazed upon till the eye and the heart were alike weary; these sounds I had endured till their deafening noise was insupportable; and entering the *Coronna di Ferro*, a *trattoria*, renowned for its beef-steaks served up *a la mode Anglais*, I prepared to discuss mine, and eschew, for a while, the ceaseless confusion of the grand *strada*.

My neighbor at the table proffered a kindly word, and I turned to mark him. He was a young man of graceful mien, with the dark eloquent eye of the country, and his pale complexion and expression of thoughtful intelligence betokened an intellectual character. "*Voi siete Inglese, Signor?*" he inquired. "No," I replied, "*Sono Americano*;"—at the word his eye brightened, and a sentiment of romantic interest seemed to excite him. He spoke enthusiastically of Washington and Franklin, and insisted upon an adjournment to his lodgings. I found him to be a Sicilian by birth and a poet by profession. He was very curious to learn the extent of the liberty of the press in America; and when informed, was in alternate raptures and dejection: the idea of such freedom transported him, but the thought of his own political relations soon subdued and saddened his spirit. He struck his hand despondingly upon a pile of manuscripts, the publication of which the censors had prohibited, on the ground of their liberality of sentiment. Pacing the room, and exclaiming enthusiastically at my descriptions, the poor bard seemed ready to throw himself into the first vessel which could convey him from a land so favorable to the in-

spiration, and inimical to the development of the divine art. I was interested in the expedient he had adopted to gratify his restricted muse. He was deep in the study of Natural History, and was devoting himself to the poetical illustration of this subject, reserving visions of liberty for the especial subject of his unwritten poetry. Upon parting, I gave him a volume of selections from Byron, as he was studying the English tongue: he pressed the *bello regale* to his heart, promised to write, and we parted.

THE DISCLAIMER.

“ Know that the human being’s thoughts and deeds
Are not like ocean billows lightly moved ;
The *inner world* his microcosmus is—
The deep shaft out of which they spring eternally.”

I KNOW of few situations more favorable to the indulgence of a habit—doubtless of questionable utility in these utilitarian days, although sanctioned by the example of no less a personage than Geoffrey Crayon—the habit of day-dreaming, than that of a traveller when cosily ensconced within the narrow limits of an Italian *vettura*. If the coach is old, the steeds superannuated, and the driver utterly devoid of Jehu ambition, as is ordinarily the case—if the road abound in long, winding declivities—if the passengers are taciturn, and the quiet, sunny atmosphere of early autumn prevail, such a combination of circumstances will produce upon his mental mood somewhat the effect of lateral sunbeams shining through richly-colored windows, upon the marble floor of a cathedral. The images of Memory and Hope will appear magnified, and lit up into soothing beauty, as revealed by the mellow light of fancy. At least, such was my experience during the afternoon of a long day, the evening of which we designed to pass under shelter of the Seven Hills, whence the thunders of ancient eloquence and war were so lavishly fulminated. Aroused by the exclamation of a Tuscan friar, my next neighbor, who had mistaken a semicircular cloud floating in the far horizon, for

the dome of St. Peter's, I began to note the state of things around. Our humble locomotive was creeping up a hill, formidable only from its length, and the customary murmur of paupers at the windows was blending with the rumbling of the carriage and the monotonous cheering of the *vetturino*. Suddenly a face peered in at the window, so singular and startling in its features and expression, as to convey an impression never to be forgotten. The beggar throng seemed to have been awed into a retreat by the stranger's appearance; so that the idea, that he was of their fraternity, was banished as soon as suggested. Grasping the knob of the coach door, and leaning over till his long, dark beard rested on the window sill, he gazed with stern mournfulness upon us, and muttered, in a subdued, quiet tone, alternately in German and Italian,—“it was not me!” till our vehicle reached the summit of the mountain, when, at the renewed speed of the horses, he stopped, waved his hand, looked after us a moment, and was lost to view.

While we were tarrying at the gate, to obtain the requisite signatures to our passports, a fine looking old gentleman, one of the occupants of the cabriolet, perceiving my thoughts were still upon the remarkable intrusion we had recently experienced, seemed disposed to converse on the subject.

“Was not that a head for Salvator's pencil?” he asked.

“Ay—think you he could not unfold a tale meet for Dante's *Inferno*?” inquired the friar.

The old man seemed somewhat offended, and turned away without replying.

“Can you tell me aught of this man?” I asked.

“Signor,” he replied, “perhaps I can. We shall doubtless meet, ere many days, at the *caff  * or on the Pincian”—

He was interrupted by the officer who returned us our passports, and in a moment after we were rattling by the

fountain in the Piazza del Popolo, most of us absorbed in the thousand varying emotions with which the stranger for the first time enters the Eternal City.

Whoever would effectually banish the disagreeable impression which the first view of the Forum, when seen by the garish light of day, almost invariably induces, should early avail himself of a moonlight evening, to renew his visit. The wood merchants, lounging among their cattle and diminutive carts, the score of ant-like excavators, and the groups of improvidents, are then no longer visible, and the scene exhibits something of the dignity which we spontaneously associate with the Roman ruins. At such a season I had perambulated, more than once, the space between the Arch of Titus and the Temple of Peace, and began to wonder that no other sojourner had been tempted by the auspicious light to roam thither—for the moon was nearly full, and the atmosphere remarkably clear—when, happening to glance toward the Coliseum, I saw a stately figure emerge from the pile, as if to answer my conjecture. There are circumstances under which the sight of a human being—simply as such—is an event of profound interest. Thus it was on this occasion; and I stepped from the shadow of the ruin near which I was standing, that the stranger might be aware of my presence. Immediately his steps were directed toward me, and, while yet at some distance, the voice in which his salutation was uttered, convinced me that my aged fellow traveller was approaching. In a few moments we were seated upon a bench which some laborers had left among the weeds, muffled in our cloaks; and thus the old man spoke in answer to my entreaties for his promised tale.

“It is a curious study, signor, to trace the inklings of superstition, where the general vein of character is vivacious or its elements intense. And it is, perhaps, impossible for an unimaginative mind to understand the deep interest which

urges some men daringly to touch the sensitive and latent chords of the human heart, in order to call forth their mystic music. Yet with Carl Werner, the love of thus experimenting was a passion. Not that he lacked susceptibility; on the contrary, the very refinement of his feelings led him to speculate upon the deeper and more intricate characteristics of his race. Deeply imbued with the transcendental spirit which distinguishes the intellectual men of his country, his curiosity was essentially ideal. Several years ago he arrived in Rome, and was soon domesticated in the family of Christofero Verdi, whose suite of apartments were directly above a range of studios in one of the most extensive buildings in the *Via Condotta*. His rooms, as you must be aware, if you have many acquaintances among the German residents here, were, at this time, a great resort for northern artists. Berenice Verdi, his only child, was one of those beings who seem destined to pass through life without being justly apprehended even by their intimates. There was a peculiar want of correspondence between her ordinary manner and real disposition. She was playful rather than serious, and yet beneath a winning sportiveness of demeanor, deep and strange elements of feeling and fancy were glowing. Between Carl and Berenice there grew up a strong sympathy; and yet the sentiment could not be called love. Indeed, her habitual treatment of her father's young friend was what the world would call coquettish. She was ever rallying him on his peculiarities, and he was ever acting the philosopher rather than the beau. But the truth was, she deeply revered Carl, and was drawn toward him by his very isolation and kindness; and he saw farther into her character than any one else, and was sensible of an interest such as consciousness of this insight alone, would naturally inspire. Berenice was nervous and excitable in her temperament, and susceptible to the awful in romance beyond any being I ever

knew. Carl wielded this influence with the freedom and power of an imaginative German. She felt his sway, and, like other unacknowledged victims in the social universe, strove, perhaps unwittingly, by an assumed appearance, to keep out of sight reality.

“Carl came to Rome professedly as an artist; but the views, the motives, the very spirit of the man were as totally unlike those which influence and characterize the multitude of students of painting and sculpture who frequent this region, as his physiognomy; and that, you are aware, is sufficiently remarkable. One trait, which I observed at once, was sufficient to distinguish him from the herd. So wide and seemingly impassable, in his mind, was the chasm between conception and execution, that his genius, inventive and active as it was, appeared completely thwarted and bewildered. The few results of its exercise with which I am acquainted, were called forth by the appeal of friendship; and these were altogether insufficient to rescue the young German from the charge of idleness and apathy brought against him, sometimes with no little asperity, by some members of his fraternity. But Carl duly received his remittances, discharged his obligations, contributed his moiety toward the convivial enjoyments of his compatriots, and molested no one; and, therefore, he was permitted to enjoy his eccentricities in comparative peace. One or two letters were, indeed, forwarded by an acquaintance to his nearest relative, suggesting the expediency of incarcerating him in an insane asylum; but as no notice was taken of the epistles, it is presumed they shared the common fate of voluntary advice, and were treated with perfect indifference, silent indignation, or contempt. The conduct which induced such a procedure was, in truth, such as an ordinary observer would naturally ascribe to mental aberration; and, strictly speaking, it might have been thus accounted for philosophically. Carl passed

the greater part of every night amid these ruins ; his speculations on the obelisks, treasures of the Vatican, and even on the opera performances, were as unintelligible to most persons as they were intrinsically peculiar. But his chief peculiarity was that to which I first alluded—a disposition to play upon the minds of his fellow beings, by addressing their hopes and fears through the medium of imagination. I could not now relate the thousand anecdotes I have heard in illustration of this propensity in him. The single, fatal instance, of the effects of which I was personally a witness, will suffice.

“One evening, while Carl and several brother artists were enjoying their coffee at Christoforo’s, the conversation turned upon portrait painting, and finally upon the attempts of artists to portray themselves. Berenice—who just before had related a dream, in which several of the old portraits in the Barbarini Palace seemed to her suddenly endowed with life, and to converse together on some of the political interests of their times—rallied Carl as being the only one of the *coterie* who had not attempted his own likeness. ‘Confess, Werner,’ said she, ‘that the fear of not doing justice to thy notable phiz, has deterred thee from any endeavor to prepare even a sketch for thy friends in Leipsic. I doubt if thou wouldst allow Titian and Raphael, should they re-appear, to share the honor of depicting thee.’—Carl made no reply save by composedly sipping his favorite beverage ; and when the laugh had subsided, the subject was forgotten in the discussion of some other topic.

“On a fine afternoon, a few days after this interview, Carl and Berenice incidentally met on the dark stairway. It was not usual for the former to go forth at that hour, and the latter was in a conversable humor. By way of beginning a colloquy, she begged the loan of a particular drawing. Werner, as usual, expressed his readiness to oblige her, and hurried on ; but after descending a few steps, he turned

round, as if a sudden and important thought had struck him. 'Berenice,' said he, 'go not to my room for the sketch; I will bring it thee in an hour.' Having thus spoken, he hastened away, the iron-shod heels of his boots ringing on the stone stairs, till he reached the street door—then, returning, with a noiseless tread, to his studio, he so arranged the window curtains as to exclude all light except the chastened rays that gleamed through the upper panes, and shot obliquely across the room, leaving the side which was hung with paintings in shadow. Here he had previously stationed an easel, upon which rested a fresh and richly-draped portrait, while from its edge, masses of green cloth fell in folds to the floor, so that nothing but the projecting top and slanting position of the machine rendered it cognizable. To cut out, with a sharp penknife, the head from the picture, and insert his own living head in its place, to comb the hair and whiskers outward upon the canvas so as to render it impossible to distinguish the actual from the portrayed, to fix his dark, deep eye upon a distant point, and compose into deathlike quietude the lines of his expressive countenance,—all this with Carl was but the work of a moment.

"Meantime Berenice might be heard restlessly pacing the narrow bounds of her little *boudoir* overhead, her mind occupied precisely as Werner had anticipated. 'What can Carl be about?' she musingly inquired; 'now what if we have laughed him into taking his own portrait? A capital joke, truly, to broach at supper to-night! What! the independent, self-sufficient Werner, who lives in the clouds, spurred into unwonted action by the ridicule of us—common mortals? Ha! ha! There can be no harm in taking a single peep into his sanctum. By this time he is on the other side of the river, or in the Villa Borghese.' And with these reflections, Berenice ran down and stole gently into the apartment of the mysterious artist.

"Her eye fell directly upon the countenance of Werner. 'Conceited as ever!' she exclaimed, regarding the elegant drapery depicted upon the canvas; 'and the likeness,—poh! that's no better than it should be; the brow is too ample, the eye too expressive; that scornful play of the lip, though, is right. Well, I suppose this flattered, wooden-looking portrait must be lauded as the best product of the pencil since Vandyke's time—and all because of the industrious, affable and gifted Carl Werner of Leipsic!' As Berenice uttered the last sentence, in a tone of irony, she fixed her gaze upon the eyes of the portrait. The echo of her own words seemed marvellously prolonged, and just as it died away, the solemn chant of a priestly train, about to administer the last sacrament to the dying inhabitant of the next dwelling, stole mournfully up from the street. The latent superstition of Berenice was awakened. Her gaze became more steadfast. She thought, she dreamed,—nay, she felt that those eyes were reading her soul as they full oft had done; the electric fluid which only *living* eyes can communicate was perceptibly radiated; the very lips seemed wreathing into a meaning smile, and the lines of the forehead working as she had seen them in his thoughtful moods. She would have given worlds to have withdrawn her gaze; but the illusion was too complete. She kneeled down from very feebleness and awe, and folding her arms fervently upon her bosom, as if to still its audible throbbings, she gazed on like a fascinated bird. Cold dew distilled upon her brow; the fever of her blood dried it away, and now its surface was calm, and unmoistened, like newly-chiseled marble.

"Her emotions, individually intense as they were, in their now concentrated energy were momentarily growing more unendurable. She leaned forward in an agony of expectation. The aspect of the portrait remained unchanged, but from the lips stole out, in the tones which had won her

heart, the single word—‘*Berenice!*’ It struck her ear like the knell of a catastrophe. She uttered one despairing cry, and sunk upon the floor. That ejaculation was borne on her last breath.

“When my efforts had been unavailingly exhausted in efforts to resuscitate the unfortunate lady—for being the nearest physician, I was first called—my attention was turned toward the wretched originator of the tragedy. Werner lay crouched upon the carpet, gazing with an expression in which inanity and despair were strangely blended, upon the form of *Berenice*. Reason was now, indeed, overthrown. Perceiving himself noticed, he crawled to my feet, and looking piteously up, murmured in a convulsive tone—‘*It was not me!*’ His constant repetition of this phrase, year after year, has obtained for him the title of **THE DISCLAIMER**. Remorse peoples his imagination with her awful images. And he will doubtless be a wanderer, feared by the rabble and pitied by few, till accident or disease lays low his powerful frame, and enfranchises from the thrall of insanity his extraordinary and aspiring spirit.”

MODENA.

"There are those who lord it o'er their fellow-men
With most prevailing tinsel."—

KEATS.

OF all the strong holds of despotism at present existing in Italy, Modena excites in the mind of a republican the greatest impatience. The narrow limits of the state are in ludicrous contrast with the tyrannical propensities of the government. One cannot approach the neat little capital and gaze through the vine-ranges of the contiguous plains, to the distant and snow-clad Apennines, without dwelling regretfully upon the political condition of a people, upon whose domain nature has lavished her resources with a richness that would seem to ensure their prosperity and happiness. The conduct of the Modenese during the revolutionary excitement, which agitated this part of Italy several years since, and which is now alluded to with a significant shrug, as *l'affare di trent'uno*, and the sufferings consequent upon its failure, are such also as to elicit the hearty sympathy of every true friend of liberal principles. The Grand Duke, when compelled to fly under the escort of the single battalion of his troops, who remained faithful to him, assured one of his old domestics, who expressed much commiseration on the occasion, that in three days he would return and quell the little disturbance. For more than a month, however, the capital remained in the possession of the people, who displayed during this exciting epoch, a singular respect for individual

rights, and maintained a degree of order and good faith, worthy of a more fortunate issue. Even the priests assumed the tri-colored cockade; and among the armed citizens were many of the sturdy peasants from the neighboring hills. And when the fugitive prince returned from Vienna, at the head of fifteen thousand Austrian troops, a large body of the national guard displayed the most commendable bravery in defending those of the revolutionists who were compelled to flee, conducting them in safety, and not without several severe skirmishes, to Ancona, whence they embarked for different ports in the Mediterranean and Adriatic. A series of executions, imprisonments and confiscations followed, and the traveller continually meets with the unhappy effects of this impotent attempt to establish liberty, in the number of impoverished individuals, the restricted privileges of all classes, and the increased rigor of the police. The manner in which the plot was discovered was rather curious. One of the conspirators was arrested on suspicion of theft, and thinking all was known, spoke so freely of the plan and persons pledged to its support, that every important detail was soon revealed.

After this abortive revolution, no political event has agitated the north of Italy, until the unexpected occupation of Ancona by the French. An occurrence which recently took place there was the occasion of much merriment. It appears that among the French officers, was one who prided himself greatly upon his skill with the broad-sword. In order to give scope to this talent, he had deliberately bullied nearly all his colleagues, besides a large number of Italian gentlemen into quarrels, and having invariably come off triumphant, his arrogance was proportionably increased. At length weary of the peaceable life he led and impatient for a new victim, he entered the principal caffè in Ancona, one evening when it was fully occupied, and for want of a better subject, fixed his regard upon an athletic and handsome priest

who was quietly reading at a table. Monsieur took a seat by his side. The priest soon after called for a cup of coffee, which the officer immediately took possession of. The latter not doubting it was done through inadvertance, renewed the order; the Frenchman eagerly grasped the second cup also. Without losing his patience in the least, the priest for the third time repeated his demand, and again his tormentor unceremoniously appropriated the beverage to himself. By this time, the singular behavior of the duellist, had attracted the attention of every one present; and the priest in an elevated but calm tone, turning to his tormentor, exclaimed, "How unworthy a man of true courage, to insult one whose profession forbids resentment!" The officer started to his feet in a rage—"Priest, or no priest," said he, "you have called me a coward and I demand satisfaction." The priest had now also risen, and folding his robes about him, with dignified coolness addressed his adversary: "Sir, you shall be satisfied. I believe among those of your profession, it is customary for the challenged party, to choose the place, time, and weapon. Accordingly, sir, let the place be *here*, the time *now*, and the weapon *this*," and with a single blow he hurled him upon the floor in the centre of the room. The crest-fallen bully was glad to make his escape, amid the jeers of the company.

A few plain tombstones, in an enclosure just before reaching one of the gates, indicate the Hebrew burying-ground. The sight of these isolated graves but too truly illustrates the relentless persecution which still follows the Jews in Italy—a spirit which was manifested with no little severity by the reinstated Duke of Modena. It having been ascertained that four of the fraternity had taken an humble part in the popular movement, a fine of six hundred thousand francs was levied on the whole sect, and their number being very small in the Modenese territory, the payment of the tribute reduced

a large portion of the Israelites to absolute beggary. A still more affecting instance of the penalties inflicted upon the liberals of Modena, came under my observation. In the carriage which conveyed me from the little duchy, was a lady of middle age, the expression of whose countenance was so indicative of recent affliction, as to awaken immediate sympathy. I remarked, too, that peculiar manner which evinces superiority to suffering, or rather a determination to meet opposing circumstances with decision of character and moral courage. No one who has ever had occasion to notice the uprising of a woman's spirit, after the first burst of passionate sorrow over the mysterious destiny, so truly described by one of the sweetest of female poets—

‘ to make idols and to find them clay,’

can ever mistake the manner to which I allude. It is evident in the calm attention with which the routine of life's duties are fulfilled, as if they no longer interested the feelings, but were simply dictated by necessity. It is seen in the long reveries which occupy the intervals of active engagements; and it is to be read at a glance in the tranquil tone, the changeless expression, and the mild composure which touch with something of sanctity, the person of one whose existence is bereft of its chief attraction. I was soon persuaded that such was the case, with the lady who sat beside me in the Modenese *voiture*. She answered my questions with that ready affability which belongs to the better class of Italians, and with the quick intelligence of a cultivated mind. For some time our conversation was of a general nature, until I learned that the object of her journey was to remove a son from college, who, for some years, had been pursuing his studies in Tuscany. This led us to speak of education—of its momentous importance, and of its ne-

glect in Italy. I remarked that it seemed to me that the prevailing corruption of manners was attributable chiefly to the want of good domestic culture; that the homes of the land were not the sanctuaries for the mind and affections they should be, because expediency alone was the basis of most of the connections. "Signor," she replied, "you speak truly, and when, alas, there are those who have the independence and the feeling to disregard the dominant system, and create one of the sacred homes which you say grace your native land, death soon severs the ties which were too blessed to continue." Tears filled her eyes, and it was long before she recovered her equanimity sufficiently again to engage in conversation. I subsequently learned that this lady was the widow of a distinguished scientific professor of Modena, who had ardently sympathized in the vain attempt of his countrymen to disenfranchise themselves from the trammels of despotism. In consequence of his prominence as a man of letters, it became necessary for him, on the unsuccessful termination of the struggle, to leave the state. He accordingly fled to Corsica, where he soon received from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, an invitation to visit Florence, and the offer of a valuable professorship. When this became known to the Modenese government, he was informed that if he did not return to his native state, his property would be confiscated; while it was well known that on his re-appearance within the precincts of the duchy, his head would pay the forfeit of his attachment to freedom. He was, therefore, soon joined by his family, and long continued to perform his duties with distinguished success at Florence. By a species of compromise, his wife enjoys a limited portion of her just income, by residing most of the year upon her estates, but the remainder goes to increase the ducal treasury. The husband had died a short time previous, and his widow was then returning from one of her annual sojourns amid the scenes of her

former happiness, a requisition to which parental love led her to submit, in order to preserve the already invaded rights of her fatherless children. The general policy of the Duke of Modena accords with this spirit of petty tyranny. He is now carrying into execution many costly projects, some of which, indeed, tend to embellish the city; but the means to defray them are provided by taxes as contrary to the spirit of social advancement, as they are onerous and unwise. It is sufficient to mention the tribute exacted from all foreign artists, who execute works at the quarries of Carrara, a measure utterly unworthy an enlightened European ruler in the nineteenth century. The countenance of this prince struck me as altogether accordant with his character; and the manifest servility of the vocalists at the court opera, was something new and striking even in Italy. It was not a little annoying, too, to hear in that splendid *spartito* of the Puritani—

Suoni la tromba, e intrepido
Io pugnerei da forte;
Bello è affrontar la morte
Gridando libertà—

which thrills like the spirit of freedom, through the very heart, the word loyalty substituted for liberty.

The ducal palace of Modena is truly magnificent. Unfortunately the grand saloon has proved unfit for the festive scenes it was designed to witness, from the powerful echo produced by its lofty and vaulted ceiling. Music, and even the voice, when slightly elevated, awakens such a response to as create any thing but an harmonious impression. The walls of the splendid range of apartments, of which this elegant hall constitutes the centre, are adorned with beautiful frescos, and lined with the richest paintings. Among the latter, is a fine Crucifixion by Guido, and the Death of Abel

by one of his most promising pupils. I examined this picture with interest when informed that the author died very young. The meek beauty of Abel's face, bowed down beneath the iron hold of the first murderer, whose rude grasp is fiercely fixed upon his golden hair, while the hand of the victim is laid deprecatingly upon his brother's breast, abounds in that expressive contrast which is so prolific a source of true effect in art, and literature and life. The pleasing impression derived from dwelling upon the numerous interesting paintings here collected, is somewhat rudely dispelled when one emerges from the palace into the square, and sees the soldiers parading before the gate, and artillery planted in the piazza, and turns his thoughts from the ennobling emblems of genius, to the well-appointed machinery of despotism.

In a chamber of the ancient tower, is preserved the old wooden bucket which is said to have been the occasion of a war between Bologna and Modena. It is suspended by its original chain from the centre of the wall, and is regarded as a curious and valuable relic, having been immortalized by Tassoni in his celebrated poem *La Secchia Rapita*. My memory, however, was busy with another trophy memorialized in modern poetry. I remember hearing a gentleman who had won some enviable laurels in the field of letters, declare that the most gratifying tribute he ever received, was the unaffected admiration with which a country lass regarded him in a stage-coach, after discovering that he was the author of a few verses which had found their way into the reader used in the public school she attended. This class-book was the first work which had unveiled to the ardent mind of the maiden, the sweet mysteries of poetry, and this particular piece had early fascinated her imagination, and been transferred to her memory. In expressing her feelings to the poet, she assured him that it had never occurred to her that the author of these familiar lines was alive, far less that he was

so like other men, and, least of all, that she should ever behold and talk with him. It seemed to her a very strange, as it certainly was a delightful coincidence. And such is the universal force of early associations, that we all more or less share the feelings of this unsophisticated girl; and in a country where education is pursued on a system which is prevalent with us, many minds derive impressions from school-book literature, which even the more ripened taste and altered views of later life, cannot efface. Often have I thus read with delight one of the prettiest sketches in Rogers' Italy—

“If ever you should come to Modena,
Stop at the palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini;
The noble garden terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you, but before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not I pray,—
And look awhile upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,” &c.

Little did I think, in the careless season of boyhood, that the opportunity would ever be afforded me of following the poet's advice. Yet here I found myself in Modena, and it seemed to me like an outrage upon better feeling, as well as good taste, not to adopt the pleasant counsel that rang in my ears, as if the kind-hearted banker poet inclined his white locks and whispered it himself. I lost no time, therefore, in inquiring for this interesting picture, but in vain. By one of the thousand vicissitudes which are ever changing the relics of Italy to the eye of the traveller, Ginevra's portrait had been removed from its original position. The oldest cicerone in the place assured me that he had ineffectually endeavored to trace it. It was evidently a sore subject with him. “Many an English traveller, signor,” said he, “has asked me about

this picture, and again and again have I labored to discover it. It fell into the hands of a dealer in such things, who does not remember how he disposed of it." So I was obliged to rest content with the legend, and imagine the countenance of her whose strangely melancholy fate so awed the fancy of my childhood.

THE ROSE-COLORED PACKET.

*"Whom he had sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win."*

SOOTHINGLY played the sunset breeze over the sleeping sea, laden with the perfume from the orange groves of Genoa. As the mellow light gilded the palace-roofs and domes of the old city, its aspect, to the imaginative spectator who gazed distantly from the ocean, was not unlike an ancient and splendid amphitheatre, with golden battlements, an azure canopy, and an arena of polished emerald. The quiet waters of the bay wore an air of unwonted solitude ; and but a single vessel was moored in a position which indicated a speedy departure. This was a brigantine, of beautiful proportions—evidently one of the comparatively small, but singularly efficient craft, which supplied Britain with the finer fabrics of southern Europe. If the eye lingered unconsciously upon the symmetrical exterior of the "Sea-Nymph," a glance at her occupants and equipments could not but speedily yield to a gaze of earnestness and pleasure. The most prominent figure discernible upon her deck, was that of a young man clad in mariner's vestments, the quality of which indicated superiority of rank not more distinctly than did their perfect adaptation serve to discover superiority of form and strength. There was enough in the stranger's appearance to denote his English origin ; but other characteristics as readily suggested to an intelligent observer, that circumstances of birth or experience had modified the pecu-

liarities so obvious in the sons of the north. A certain nervousness of temperament and latent warmth of feeling, were discoverable in the natural language of the seaman ; and as the light puffs of air, ever and anon, threw back the side-locks from his uncovered head, the disciple of a beautiful but misinterpreted science would have noticed the cause of the bland complacency which rested on his countenance, as his eye roved over the surrounding scene. The breadth of the brow indicated a large endowment of ideality, to the delight of which that fairy-like picture was now silently ministering. The mother of Captain Roberto was a native of Spain ; and neither the qualities of his Albion father, which he largely inherited, nor a boyhood spent amid the fogs of the island, had sufficed to eradicate the southern leaven from his nature. Earlier, by several years, than ordinary prudence would warrant, he had been intrusted with a large interest in the trade in which he was then engaged. For him, it had many and peculiar charms. His latent affinity with the region of his mother's nativity found free scope during his frequent sojourns in the cities of the Mediterranean coast ; and in every port there were those who welcomed the "Sea-Nymph" and her gallant commander, with a greeting such as seldom cheers the arrival of foreign merchantmen.

"I think the lad has started, yonder," said the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied his second in command, turning his eye towards the shipping.

"A slacker boy than Zed would have lingered longer on his last land errand."

In a few moments the boat, propelled gently on by the skilful arm of the young sailor, touched the vessel's side, and he stood, hat in hand, before his commander.

"All's right," observed that functionary, taking a small file of papers from the boy, and hastily glancing at their contents ; "and hadst thou brought a good breeze with thee,

Zed, we would see how much nearer the Straits the dawn would find us."

"Your honor knows that Zed would ever be the bearer of pleasant things;" and drawing from his vest a small pink packet, he presented it, with unusual obeisance, whereby—as the quick eye of Roberto was not slow to detect—the lad hoped to conceal the arch smile that was playing on his lip.

"Whence this?" exclaimed the captain, with an air of surprise.

"It was left at the consignee's, an hour since, sir;" and so saying, he retreated among his messmates.

Nicholas Vanblunt, the mate of the "Sea-Nymph," possessed the numerous solid excellencies which characterized his Dutch progenitors. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the prudent partners of Roberto had connived to secure the old man the berth he enjoyed—deeming his caution and judicious timidity well fitted to neutralize the action of the captain's more mercurial nature; and they were wont, in private converse, to call Vanblunt the ballast of their enterprises, and Roberto the sails;—the one ever advocating steadiness, and preferring perfect immobility to the least risk; the other striving to catch every breeze of fortune, and carry some canvas even in a tempest. One quickening impulse, however, occasionally wakened into temporary vivacity the energies of Nicholas; this was that restless appetite, of mother Eve memory, denominated curiosity; and, had one seen the start and the gaze, which the phenomenon of the rose-colored packet gave rise to, he would have thought that the Netherlands had suddenly become visible over the bow of the brigantine. The effect which the epistle produced upon the demeanor of Roberto, was well calculated still farther to excite the inquisitive spirit of his mate. He dwelt long and curiously upon the superscription; and the listless manner in which he broke the seal, was strongly contrasted with the

expression of intense interest which its contents awakened. He read ; then walked the deck and read again ; now he turned his eyes intently upon some inland object, and now surveyed, with anxious circumspection, the hues of the horizon ; he smiled as the breeze evidently freshened, and glanced complacently over the garniture of his vessel ; then resuming his walk, he hummed musingly a Spanish air, till the flutter of the paper seemed to awaken his mind from its abstraction ; once again he read, then carefully refolding and depositing it in his bosom, he murmured, yet in a tone of resolution, "It shall be done !"

"What, sir?" ejaculated the impatient Nicholas, at his elbow.

"A trifle, in the way of business on shore. Harkee, Mr. Vanblunt, send Zed, with the small boat and two lads, alongside ; loosen the sheets and make all ready ; in five minutes after my return, we must be off."

Roberto hastened to the cabin ; and Nicholas, having given orders agreeable to his instructions, returned to his post, determined, on the captain's re-appearance, to learn the occasion of these unexpected movements.

"Any news of import?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Vanblunt, not a word."

"Are the invoices all on board, sir?"

"Yes ; you can examine them below."

"But, captain"——

"What?" stopping and looking up, as he descended the vessel's side.

"The—the rose-colored packet, sir?"

"Oh ! I will tell you all about it."

"Do, sir," winningly exclaimed Nicholas, leaning over in fond expectation.

"On my return," dryly added Roberto, as he dropped into the boat, and, in an urgent though low tone, bade the

oarsmen "pull away." Before the disappointed mate could rally from his discomfiture, their long and vigorous strokes had borne their commander to a distance which precluded any but a vociferous renewal of the interview.

The business which thus unexpectedly called on shore the captain of the "Sea-Nymph," was of that species with regard to which experience had taught him it was well to postpone consulting his reflecting brother officer. He made it a rule, indeed, to take counsel with that worthy on all occasions of mutual concernment; but chose to exercise his private judgment in fixing the time for presenting certain subjects to the veteran's consideration—having often found his opinion, on questions of expediency, less troublesome after than before the said questions were experimentally settled. Accordingly, he already anticipated many long discussions with Nicholas, relative to the rose-colored packet, but not till his own view of the matter had been practically adopted.

Leaving the anxious Hollander to superintend the preparations for the speedy departure of the brigantine, let us follow her small boat and learn what is writ on the rosy scroll, against which the Anglo-Spaniard's noble heart is beating with benevolent expectancy. The delicacy of the characters betray the hand of woman; and the elegant Italian, in which the epistle is couched, evince more than ordinary cultivation. In homely English, it would read thus:

"The writer of this has been, almost from her earliest recollection, a denizen of the Convent of St. Agatha. She has gazed often from the tower above, forth upon the beautiful city, and out upon the bright sea; she has heard the festal cries of the Genoese, and the song of the mariners from the bay; she has noted the glad faces of the young gentry, and the happy countenances of the peasants, as they

have passed along the adjacent road ; and these things have awakened in her soul the desire of freedom. The thought has been cherished till it has become a passion and a necessity. She has read much of the honor and generosity of Englishmen. Thrice has she marked thy distant vessel ; but, until this hour, knew not by what title to address thee. She now appeals to the captain of the Sea-Nymph for deliverance and protection. Three hours after vespers, a blue cord will be dropped from the third window of the farther wing of the convent. Wilt thou be there to rescue an involuntary nun ? and shall the Sea-Nymph bear her to the free shores of England ? *In nomine Dei Patri, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti*, thou art invoked to compassionate

VIOLA DONATELLI."

The long delicious twilight, peculiar to southern latitudes, was fast yielding to the deeper shades and more solemn effulgence of night. The lovely daughters of Genoa again welcomed their evening pastimes. The cheerful hum of the *conversazione*, the rich music of Italian song, and even the low notes of a guitar, ever and anon echoed along the terrace-groves, or stole out from among the garden-shrubbery of the street of palaces. A day of uncommon sultriness had rendered the cool and tranquil even-time doubly grateful. Yet the new-born breeze, sweetly musical as it was within the city and by the sea-side, stirred, with something of wildness, amid the rank grass that clustered about the foundation of a massive pile which arose loftily, beyond the suburbs. Its anterior walls cast a gigantic shadow over the solitary fields ; and nought but the white habiliments would have betrayed a figure, which in a crouching attitude, was slowly following the line of its base. Suddenly it seemed to spring forward, and presently the gleam of a lantern revealed the captain of the "Sea-Nymph" hastening towards Zed, who

was drawing from among the vines the tessellated extremity of a silken rope. To this, a light but strong ladder of cordage was attached and drawn upward. Roberto soon felt the cords tremble in his grasp, as he endeavored to steady them. "*Coraggio !*" he whispered, as a light female form dropped gently among the weeds at his feet, and knelt down, with folded arms and an upward gaze, as if witless of his presence. He quietly raised the lantern, and its feeble rays fell on features of that indescribable saint-like beauty with which the traveller occasionally meets, among the *religieuses* of the continent. The freshness of youth combined with the sacred ardor of devotion to vivify their expression, and the excitement of the occasion tended to deepen the impression which the vision—for such it seemed—made upon the ardent mind of the young seaman. He inwardly rejoiced, yet with something of awe, that the enterprise was undertaken, and felt nerved for its fulfilment. Zed suddenly pointed to the ladder, and to his dismay, the captain beheld another and seemingly decrepit female slowly descending. His exclamation recalled the nun from her reverie. Rising, she anxiously surveyed the countenance of Roberto ; then softly murmured—"Viola confides in one above and thee. Fear not ; yonder comes the only other being whom I can call friend on earth ; finding me resolute she has determined to accompany me."

Roberto was sadly perplexed at this information ; but his cogitations on the subject were quickly interrupted by a cry of alarm, and the next moment the unfortunate woman fell groaning at the foot of the ladder. Snatching a cloak from the arms of Zed, he threw it around the fair being beside him, and lifting her on his shoulder, ran with wonderful rapidity, followed by the sailor-boy. The cries of the fallen dame echoed through the solitude. Roberto pressed onward in silence, nor paused till he reached the last point whence

the convent was discernible ; then gazing momentarily back, he beheld lights gleaming from twenty windows, and fancied the cry of pursuers, borne on the rising wind.

Hadst thou, gentle reader, while rustivating, at a subsequent period, at one of the most beautiful villages in the vicinity of London, unexpectedly entered the drawing-room of the accomplished Madame Clarissa Roberto, thou wouldst have seen, among that lady's fair-haired and blue-eyed daughters, a flower not less pleasing to contemplate, though evidently exotic. But it would be only by patient attention, that, in the cheerful and womanly beauty of the stranger, thou couldst discover any especial semblance to the lovely apostate who, three years before, prayed for forgiveness beneath the walls of St. Agatha. Yet were it thy privilege to linger beside her—to mark the sweet *naïveté* with which she uttered the accents of the Anglo-Saxon, kindle her expressiveness by appeals to her enthusiasm, or drink the melody of her song ; when the wand of the enchanter was no longer visibly swayed, thou wouldst learn, by the rapid flight of time and the lingering of the soul's glow, that thou hadst been within the magic circle of Italian loveliness. Who can wonder, then, that Madame Clarissa's noble nephew, on every return voyage, tarried in the noisy metropolis only long enough to take every requisite care of his gallant bark, and then hasten to practice *la bella lingua Italiana* with his charming *protégé* ? It may be thought singular that one who so narrowly escaped the consequences of a vow, should ever again voluntarily assume such a responsibility. Yet, if the records of the parish say truly, not many years since, Viola Donatelli did religiously promise, through all the vicissitudes of this our world, to "love, honor and obey" Francisco Roberto.

Prosperity has followed the captain of the "Sea-Nymph," and that title is displaced by a nobler; happiness dwells with the nun of St. Agatha, and that appellation is no longer hers. Yet, often do their wondering children look up, from the sports of infancy, to mark the enthusiasm with which their parents speak of the Rose-Colored Packet.

ITALIAN JOURNEYING.

———" If in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his ; if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore the scandal and scallop shell."

FEMALE beauty and fine weather are, by no means, every day blessings in Italy ; but, when there encountered, possess a magical perfection, which at once explains and justifies all the eulogiums bestowed upon the land. And it is the conjunction of these two attractions, which at some happy hour, imparts a charmed life and interest to the traveller's experience. One of the last of these fortunate occasions I enjoyed, while traversing that beautiful new road, that now extends the whole distance from Pisa to Genoa, sometimes intersecting a fine range of the Apennines, and at frequent intervals, following the shores of Mediterranean. It was a cloudless and balmy day. Around us were the mountains, and the sea far away to the left, visible from every summit, when halting at a post-house by the road-side, a melody suddenly struck our ears, attuned, as it were, to the very spirit of the scene. Music is a great relief to the soul, when filled with the inspiration of Nature ; it is the natural language of sentiment, and if at such times, its breathings unexpectedly greet us, they are doubly grateful. The sweet strain which we lingered long to enjoy, proceeded from two peasant girls, who were standing just within the threshold of a neighboring dwelling, accompanying themselves with a

guitar. They were gayly arrayed and decked with flowers. I have seldom seen more perfect specimens of rustic beauty. The face of the eldest, indeed, possessed a noble grace which would have adorned a court. Her features were perfectly regular, and seconded her music by the most varying expression. Sometimes one voice rose in a clear, joyous note, and then both mingled in a quick, chanting measure. At length they ceased and smilingly sauntered up the highway. We inquired the meaning of this concert, and were told that these lovely girls were celebrating the return of May, according to a custom in that region. The vocalists are generally selected for their beauty and fine voices, and pass many days, early in the month, going from house to house, to pour forth their hymns. In such usages there is refreshment. They prove that the poetic element has not died out. How true to our better nature is this going forth of the young and fair to welcome with grateful songs, the advent of spring!

On this route I fell in with an unusual number of the old soldiers of Napoleon. I have often been struck with the enthusiasm, with which many of the Italians allude to his genius and fate. A priest once hearing me venture some observations respecting him which, in his view, were not quite orthodox, drew me aside, and with the utmost solemnity, assured me it was very sacrilegious to speak so confidently of one who had been commissioned by Heaven to consolidate Europe, to destroy the tyrants of Italy, and unite in a happy and prosperous whole her divided and oppressed states—objects, he added, which would have been admirably accomplished, if Satan had not tempted Bonaparte into Russia. A Genoese captain, who had made several voyages to the East, told me that his ship touched at St. Helena, the very day Napoleon died. He was surprised not to hear the usual gun, and after waiting several hours with-

out receiving the customary visit of inspection, went on shore, and when, on returning, he communicated the tidings, every sailor wept. In Romagna, I travelled several days, in the wake of a voiture containing a remarkably agreeable party; and we invariably dined together on the road. During the evening, there was always considerable pleasant conversation, but one old gentleman, who was exceedingly affable to every one else, treated me with the most marked reserve. I puzzled myself, in vain, to account for his conduct, when, on the last evening we were together, he happened to become engaged in a controversy with one of the company in regard to some law or custom in England. After a warm discussion, he appealed to me in support of his assertions. I was obliged to confess my utter ignorance of the matter. He regarded me with the utmost surprise, and observed that he could not understand how an Englishman could be unacquainted with the subject. I assured him I had no claims to the title. He seemed very incredulous and begged to know of what country I was. The mention of America, seemed to awaken as lively emotions in his heart as in that of orator Phillips. His expression wholly changed. Throwing back his cloak and deliberately rising from his chair, he approached me with an air of the greatest earnestness: "Sir," he exclaimed, "forgive me. I have taken you for an Englishman, and have never been able to endure one of that nation, since its dastardly conduct towards Napoleon, under whom I served many years. An American! ah! that is very different. In my garden at Parma, I have placed two busts, which I daily contemplate with perfect admiration,—Michael Angelo, and George Washington;" so saying, he embraced me most cordially, and during the remainder of our journey, atoned for his previous silence, by the most devoted courtesy.

At about noon we reached Massa. This is one of the

most picturesque of the minor Italian towns. It is nearly surrounded with high mountains, covered thickly with olive-trees. Below lies a pretty vale whose wild fertility is increased by a swift stream coursing through it. On the hill above is an old fortress, and on the shelves of the mountain a cluster of houses. An inscription garlanded with weeds, on the gates, indicates its Roman origin. The principal street is completely grass-grown, and as I wandered there at noon-tide, looking up at the immense government-house, so out of proportion to the town, the echo of my footsteps was startling, and no human being appeared, except here and there, an ancient figure whose white locks, and worn visage harmonized perfectly with the antique and deserted aspect of every thing around. Yet nature smiles benignantly upon this secluded spot. Several rich little gardens and many clusters of orange trees, which here bloom all the year, gave evidence of the peculiar mildness of the air. Completely sheltered by the hills, admirably exposed to the sun, and visited by the breeze from the Mediterranean, of which it commands a beautiful view, one can scarcely imagine a more genial retirement, or a scene better adapted for romance, especially as the inn-keeper's daughters have long been justly celebrated for their beauty. The possession of Massa was often warmly contested by the Pisans, Lucchese, Florentines, Genoese, and innumerable princes and bishops. Its castle has been repeatedly besieged. At the present day, quietude and age brood with something of sanctity over the picturesque town; and it reposes in the midst of beauty so serene, that, on a fine summer day, the heart of the returning traveller is beguiled by an unwonted spell, to linger and muse there over his past enjoyments or future prospects, in view of that element which is soon to bear him, perhaps forever, from the time-hallowed and tranquil precincts of the old world.

Carrara, which place we reached early in the afternoon,

is also begirt and overshadowed by the Apennine. Some of the peaks seemed as bleak and snow-clad as many of the Swiss mountains. In the heavy sides are imbedded the apparently inexhaustible quarries of celebrated marble, generally lying in alternate masses of black and white. It is astonishing to observe how little the inventions of modern science have as yet been applied to the working of these quarries. Serious accidents are of frequent occurrence from the fall of rocks, and the road down which they are transported is choked up and rugged in the extreme. The loss of time and damage to the material in consequence, may be easily imagined. The people of Carrara live by their labors, variously directed, in quarrying, sawing, and removing the marble, and there are many studios in the town where the rough work of the sculptor is performed, and copies of celebrated statues executed for sale. As I descended from the quarries, and looked around upon the scattered fragments of marble, there was something most interesting and impressive in the thought that from this spot have proceeded the material of those countless creations of the chisel now scattered over the globe. How triumphant is the activity of the human mind ! how productive the energies of art ! From the rocky sides of these rugged hills, what shapes of beauty and grace have arisen !—the forms of heroes and sages centuries since blended with the dust, the faces of the loved whose mortal lineaments will be seen no more, and creatures of imaginative birth radiant with more than human loveliness. Donatello, Michael Angelo, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Bartolini, and innumerable other gifted names rush upon the heart and associate the mountains of Carrara with noble and lovely forms. We gaze with reverence upon a spot which fancy peoples with an unborn generation of the children of genius. A halo of glory environs the hill-sides whence have gone forth so many enduring symbols of the beautiful and the grand.

On reaching Sarzana, at night, it was rather difficult to realize, upon referring to the signatures on my passport, that during the day's ride, of less than forty miles, I had passed through the territories of five Dukes—a striking evidence of the divided state of Italy. At dawn, the following day, we crossed the Maga in a broad, flat ferry-boat, and as the gray light fell upon a time-tinted village on an adjacent hill, the scene would have furnished a pretty subject for a landscape, including the dingy stream and motley cargo of quaintly-attired travellers, weather-worn peasants, and white cattle. On landing, a carriage passed us under the escort of four *gens d'armes* on horseback, conducting an unfortunate party to the frontiers, who had been discovered travelling without a passport. The scenery grew more rich and variegated until in descending a hill, we came at once in view of the beautiful gulf of Spezia. Upon its finely-cultivated borders are several low, massive, and ancient forts. Not far from the shore a spring of fresh water gushes up through the sea. In the midst of the calm, blue bay, several fishing vessels lay at anchor, distinctly reflected on the water. Along the beach were sauntering dark-visaged men with long red caps, and many sunburnt and savage-looking women, with curious little straw hats, placed coquettishly upon the side of their heads. Every where is the sea sublime, its breezes invigorating, its music plaintive; but when it flows thus clear and broad to the shores of a southern land, there is an unspeakable charm in its presence. The waves seem to roll with conscious joy to the warm strand, and throw up a shower of sparkling tears as they retreat, and the cool, briny air steals over the fertile and sultry plains like Valor bracing Love.

Here some of the happiest months of Shelley's life were spent. He loved to go forth in his boat alone upon this bay and commune with himself in the moonlight. Here he enjoyed during the last year of his existence, the society of a

few cherished associates, and here his wife and friends vainly awaited, in agonizing suspense, his return from that fatal expedition to Pisa, whither he had gone to welcome Hunt to Italy.

It was between the Arno and Serchio that Shelley's boat went down, and on the shore near Via Reggio, that his body was burned under the auspices of Lord Byron.

'A restless impulse urged him to embark
And meet lone Death on the drear ocean-waste ;
For well he knew that mighty shadow loves
The shining caverns of the populous deep.'*

How appropriate to the beach of Spezia are his touching lines, written near Naples :—

'I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weed strown :
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet did any heart now share in my emotion.'

Although called by the vetturino, on a January morning, at about half past two, I had cause, as usual, to regret my ready attention to his summons, for it was nearly six when I was actually moving on in the cabriolet of the carriage by the side of my companion. The thin scattered clouds which dimmed the sky of early day gathered more darkly as we proceeded, so that all means of avoiding direct contact with the rain were soon put in requisition. It was no small disappointment to me, when arrived at our first stopping-place,

* Alastor.

Albano, to find myself shivering at the scanty fire of the inn-kitchen, instead of roaming over the hill and about the lake which give so much celebrity to this village. One of the passengers, more hale, though I ween not more zealous than myself, made a hurried visit to the spot, and returned quite wet, to complain of the littleness of the sheet of water dignified with the title of lake. When we again set out, the rain was pouring in torrents, and the utter gloominess of the scenery, and comparatively comfortless state of our feelings, made the slow riding of the few remaining hours of light uninteresting, to say the least. How the miserable dinner, cold quarters, and dreary aspect of our night's shelter were gone through with, every old traveller can imagine. Each bore the several privations according to his humor, though the chief consolation seemed to be derived from the idea of home-comfort which the contrast suggested.

A seemingly long, and equally dark ride brought us the ensuing morning to the borders of the Pontine Marshes, renowned for the antiquated attempt to drain them, and some circumstances of ancient history in connection with which they are mentioned. The quality which has rendered them somewhat formidable in modern times—their pestiferous exhalations—was imperceptible, either from our confined situation, or the peculiar state of the atmosphere. We ran with great rapidity over the fine road which crosses them, extending twenty-four miles, and reached the Terracina Hotel, just as a little interval of temporary sunshine occurred. From a back window of this castle-like building, I could gaze out upon the wide waters of the Mediterranean, as they came rolling brightly onward in high waves, which were spurned backward by the jutting rocks, or lost themselves moaningly upon the sands. This most grand object in nature I viewed with something of the delight with which we unexpectedly encounter an old friend, as well as with the imaginative satisfaction it must ever inspire.

The bright waters of a sea like this! They brought to mind the fearful acts they had consummated, the awful wrecks made by their treacherous workings, the scenes enacted on their shores, the men by whose writings they have been hallowed. But they suggested yet more tender and awakening associations. It was by such a medium that I passed with a dream-like rapidity from the new to the old world; from influences more deeply operative than art's most perfect witchery; from my home to a strange land. Were these waters as living messengers, could one breath of my most native sentiment, one gush of my heart's best feelings enter and roll on within a wave, seemingly pure enough to embody something spiritual, until it was poured upon my native shore—how eloquent would it be of gratitude and greeting!

We soon crossed the pass formed by the sea on the one side, and high hills on the other, where Maximius posted his troops to resist the onward march of Hannibal. This pass, like all of nature's strong-holds, is apparently invulnerable when in any wise fortified; and in the season of flowers and verdure, must present a very beautiful appearance. We next reached Fondi, in which beggarly village we were long detained for the examination of our baggage. I regretted that night prevented my having a glimpse of the building, supposed to have been the tomb of Cicero, erected on the spot where he met so undeserved a fate. Our night at Mola was somewhat better than the previous one, and yet sufficiently dull. The moaning of the sea beneath the windows, and the splashing of the rain, made most unpromising music, while the cold stone floors and scanty accommodations did not much counteract its influence. The most cheering object which met our eyes the next morning, after several miles' ride, was the sun, who succeeded this time in pushing his fiery course through the cloudy crowd which surrounded, as a troop of pressing retainers, his imperial out-going. Some very an-

tique-looking aqueducts, and an admirable new bridge which crosses the Garigliano, (anciently the Liris,) next occupied our notice. The noon rest was at the miserable village of modern Capua, the inn and aspect of which, we concluded, were the worst we had yet seen. The remainder of our ride lay over a very dirty though level road. It was surprising to observe that a highway so near a great city was no more travelled or better kept than this appeared to be. Night fell some time before we reached Naples, and we observed a fire, apparently burning in a narrow and long streak upon a hill-side, which, seen thus, through a misty atmosphere and a long vista of trees, was quite remarkable. It was the distant looming of Vesuvius.

Long before daybreak, and during damp and cloudy weather, we entered the old coach which was to convey us to Rome. A young Dominican monk, with his white habiliments, within, and two German youths, without, completed the party; and we moved tardily along, after our passports had been inspected at the gate. The air and aspect, during the long day, continued to wear a November cast; and a lonely and cold ride at night, contributed to render our journey, at its outset, one of those dismal experiences, so often described in the traveller's tale. The following day proved much clearer and colder; and towards its close, our interest became excited by coming in view of the ground where Hannibal obtained his signal victory over Flaminius. The very tower to which the conqueror's horse was tied, is still pointed out. The site of this battle-ground, at the end of the lake Trasimenus, seemed, beneath the dim light of a gloomy sky, quite extensive enough, and sufficiently environed with elevations, to afford ample scope for the manœuvring and action of ancient warfare; and its present solitary aspect must present a wonderful contrast to the

energy and effects once developed there. Beside that lake, in a grim old inn, we rested till dawn, and found the first stage of our early ride exceedingly uncomfortable, from the cold.

It was about noon when we reached Perugia, and after a slight repast, commenced peregrinating the old town. I was amused to observe that the inhabitants, even the meanest clad, wore their cloaks somewhat after the Roman fashion, having the right skirt thrown over the left shoulder. In the church of St. Dominic, we found the large window of stained glass, behind the altar, quite splendid, and from its striking position and size, by far the most beautiful ornament in the building. Hastening to the church of St. Peter, we were impressed with its admirable locality, being placed upon an elevation without the immediate circle of houses, commanding from behind a very extensive prospect, and having in front an ample esplanade. The pictures it contains are very interesting, not so much from actual power, as on account of their authors. There are several of Perugino, the master of Raphael, his own master, and a few of Raphael's, which are obviously first efforts. These evince that gradual but distinct improvement in style and execution, by which every art and effort of humanity is carried toward perfection. Scarcely a square foot of wall is there in this church which is not adorned with frescos ; and the whole building, with its contents, is a pleasing little antiquity.

On our way from this town we left the coach to inspect another church by the road-side, which was undergoing repairs, called the Madonna degli Angeli. Here, scattered upon the cold pavement, were some Franciscans, in their coarse habits of brown stuff, looking more miserable in their ignorant dejection than any of the Catholic priesthood we had fallen in with. Evening found us at Foligno, where we saw little to interest us, except the feats of some children who were leaping in

a shed, much to the amusement of a vulgar audience, and a view of the innumerable props by which many of the older houses, shattered by a recent earthquake, seemed to be mainly sustained.

The next morning we paused upon the post-road, soon after re-commencing our journey, to observe the temple of Clitumnus, now a chapel, rendered worthy of notice from its antiquity. At Spoleto, our noon resting place, we were not—strange to tell—charged for attention to our passports. This was the first town which appeared to me possessed of the genuine characteristics of ancient interest. A time-worn and quiet aspect was here immediately observable. Passing through Hannibal's gate, so called from an inscription thereon, setting forth the successful defence made by the ancient inhabitants against his attacks, we came in view of a grand aqueduct, supported by long and remarkably narrow arches, and quite massive in execution. The scenery immediately contiguous is the finest of its class in the route; the grand slope of the hill, and the vivid verdure of the evergreen pine being very refreshing to the eye. Indeed, the appearance of the country grew far more picturesque about this period, the range of the Apennines becoming more lofty and variegated.

At Terni, which we reached in the afternoon, we found a guide, and made exertions to reach the celebrated cascade in the vicinity, before sunset. The hilly path was ascended by means of donkeys, which we procured at its base. Embosomed in high and verdant hills, over the brow of one of which it descends, is the fall. It pours nobly down, being of a milky whiteness, and moving with a grace and music such as alone is evinced by these beautiful phenomena in nature. There, its white form of beauty amid a spacious and green amphitheatre, and crowned with silvery mist, falls ever the glorious cascade. As a vision too sweet long to

linger, it has passed from before me ; but its memory is indelible, more pleasing to recall than even the monuments of art or the peculiarities of olden time.

Our stop the succeeding day was at the mean village anciently called Otriculum, without whose southern wall we tarried some time, looking upon the adjacent country, and especially upon a narrow and greenish, but beautifully meandering stream, trying to realize that it was, in truth, the Tiber. We found, too, an old castle, to beguile the time until overtaken by our carriage, which soon brought us to Civita Castellana. On entering this town we dismounted, and lingered to admire a very deep and umbrageous defile which is spanned by the bridge. We noticed, as somewhat remarkable, that the cathedral here, which is partly composed of an ancient temple, has mosaic work upon its outer front. A fine castle, which probably gives the town its name, is the only other obvious object of interest.

This journey, commenced on the third of November, and concluded on the evening of the eighth, would have been somewhat tedious, but for social intercourse, and a few attendant subjects of reflection. The almost total want of comfort at the miserable inns, is indeed no small drawback ; but my chief disappointment resulted from the want of beauty and interest in the appearance of nature. The only fine tree which met our view was the small olive of the country. Far more glorious are the variegated hues of autumn in America, than the monotonous coloring which here blends so much of the vegetative aspect. Throughout the ride, it frequently required effort to realize where we were ; and only when within an old church, or in sight of an antiquated town, or once or twice at early morning, between two remarkably fine Apennine hills, did we feel what one would deem the legitimate influences of Italy.

Silently, and almost sadly, did I travel onward from the

Tuscan dominions towards new scenes. We soon came upon the Apennine range, and thenceforward were continually ascending and descending. A dull warm atmosphere constantly prevailed, with occasional rain. The aspect of nature was consonant with my feelings. The vapor wreathed itself around the summits, and floated far down among the long defiles which were ever before us.

Upon departing for Ferrara, we were almost at once upon the plains of Lombardy, and our remaining journey formed a striking contrast with its preceding portions. The poplar, peculiar to the country, bordered the road, but in form it is not comparable with what I had seen at home: the mulberry, too, prevailed, and, as we learned, was cultivated wholly on account of the silk manufacture to which it ministers;—an extensive affair here. The solitude was striking, nor was it diminished essentially when, shortly before sunset, we reached Ferrara, the principal thoroughfare of which city alone seemed well inhabited; many broad streets presenting a perfectly destitute appearance. I found Byron had not taken a poetical license when he called them “grass-grown.”

The comparatively ordinary monument to Ariosto, in the promenade, was the only object of interest which we had time to seek. The succeeding day we crossed the Po, an apparently sluggish stream, environed by an exceedingly flat country. After a weary examination of our luggage, at this commencement of the Austrian dominions, we continued our route through such a quiet and dead plain, that the sight of Monte Silece, and its three adjacent elevations, was quite refreshing to the eye. At a village at the foot of this mountain we passed the night, and every previous hour of light was delightfully spent in viewing the seemingly interminable plains from various points of the hill.

As I stood upon the old terrace in front of a rough grotto,

containing full-length figures of St. Francis, the Madonna and Saviour, looking forth upon the almost boundless prospect, and then wandered among the ruins of a castle, upon the hill's summit, observed the old towering broken palace, with no living object about it but the figure of a withered crone, knitting at the door, I thought I had never seen a spot so in unison with the legends of the middle ages, which romance has hallowed and adorned. As we returned, the numerous cypresses attracted our attention. We entered a little church, where was a knot of village girls, with their white mantillas and black eyes engaged in their devotions. Upon emerging, we noted a youth, whose dress and manners seemed too studied for accident, in such a spot; we were not long in surmising his intentions, for among the maidens, came forth one singularly beautiful; her head was tastefully adorned with flowers, and her air somewhat sprightly and confident. I doubted not she was the beauty of the village; and as the young man smilingly glided along by her side, and at the turn leading to the town, darted into a narrow by-path, I read a tale of love, of love in its spring-time, and sighed as I thought what might be its harvest. The next morning we arrived at Padua, and the busy and cheerful aspect of the place, it being fair-day, at once interested and pleased us. Two or three hours were satisfactorily passed in viewing the churches:—that of St. Antonio (the patron saint of Padua) is a grand structure, and the Scuola adjacent interesting. We admired the free, clean aspect, and sculpture ornaments of St. Justin, but lingered longest in the court and corridors of the old university, where were assembled a finer collection of young men than we had before seen in Italy, awaiting the lecture hour. I entered one of the high, dark chambers, where a professor, in his black and ermine-bound robe, was questioning a large number of students on the subject of his prior discourse on jurisprudence. There was

something which brought home forcibly to my mind, in the liberal, studious, Christian aspect of this institution, and indeed of the whole city.

After dining at the *Acquila d'Ora*, three hours' riding brought us to the shore, whence we embarked in a gondola. The ocean queen lay before us, stretching her line of building tranquilly upon the still waters. In an hour we were in the main canal. We looked up to the antiquated and decayed buildings, the time-worn, yet rich architecture of the palaces; we felt the deep silence, the eloquent decay, and long before the gondola touched the steps of the hotel, I realized that I was in Venice.

THE FLORENTINE.

"Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine."

I.

"LET us forth, Anina," said Antonio to his betrothed, who was seated, in a pensive attitude, near the window, and feigning to watch the coming on of evening over the sky, though the tears which filled her eyes might have betrayed, to a nearer observer, that the object of her vision was meditative and within—"Let us forth, and if the eve of parting cannot be joyous, our sadness will not be increased if its hours be passed in rambling where we have been wont, at this very hour, to yield up our spirits, in glad unison, to the blest influences of nature. Let me once more renew the brightest associations of my being, in beholding, with the clear perception of expectant separation, the river's bank, whereon I vented, in sportive glee, the gay spirit of boyhood; the square where, with the music of the Pergola just dying on my ear, I have so often paused, in the still air of midnight, and fancied that the old statues moved in the gloom,—and the garden, ay, the garden-mount, whence we have gazed beyond the cypress grove and the river, and seen the sun go down behind the hills; in these scenes, which I am so soon

to exchange for a strange country, let us linger away the moments, till the hour approaches which calls me from Florence and from thee !”

They were soon threading the gayly-peopled walk of the Cascine, their desultory converse or silent musings being, ever and anon, interrupted by the passing salutation of numerous acquaintances. Occasionally, too, a friend, mindful of Antonio's approaching departure, would leave the party whose companionship was enlivening the evening promenade, accompany them for a space, and then, with a *buona sera*, uttered with more than usual tenderness, and that expressive though silent indication of delicate sympathy which distinguishes the natural language of the Tuscans, glide away from the thoughtful pair. They experienced a sensation of relief when the shades of evening advanced, and the walk became more solitary. At that season, even the kindly words of friendship disturbed rather than solaced. The moonlight fell in soothing luxuriance upon the almost inaudible ripple of the Arno, as they approached one of the bridges which span its waters. There are memorable instances of effect produced by the combination and mutual influence of nature and art. One of the most beautiful imaginable now, familiar though it was, arrested the attention of Anina and her companion. The bridge of Santa Trinita, in the light which now revealed it, seemed suspended by the spell of fancy, rather than supported by deeply laid pillars and massive workmanship. So symmetrically and gracefully are hung its arches, that the idea of weight is banished from the mind of the spectator. Its aerial form, antiquated hue, and white escutcheons, about which the weeds of age are clustered, form an image that serves admirably to relieve the aspect of the heavier architecture around.

They paused, and, leaning upon the parapet, Anina broke the silence which they had almost involuntarily suffered to

prevail. "I know not how it is, Antonio, but this spot seems singularly associated with the prominent shades of my destiny. Do you remember the story my old nurse tells? One evening she was conveying me home from the Porta Fedriano, where we had been to see the cavalcade of the Duke; we did not leave the house of Signor Andrea, from the window of which we had seen the pageant, until the crowd had quite dispersed. Yet the Lung' Arno was quite thronged, and several gentlemen on horseback were reining in their steeds here upon the bridge, and endeavoring to make their way harmlessly through the throng. Poor Bianca was hurrying on to avoid danger—when I persisted in stopping to drop a *crazia* into the old *poverino's* hat. Meantime the tumult increased; a carriage, in addition to the crowd, now blocked up the way; the horses became more restive, and volumes of sparks flashed from the polished flags beneath their feet. Bianca, murmuring our old proverb, *uomini sopra cavalli, sepolchri sono aperti*,* drew me from the expectant beggar, and was hastily carrying me forward, when the carriage started, and the Count P.'s horse, notwithstanding the curb, sprang after it, and threw Bianca and her unruly burden upon the pavement. The Count instantly dismounted, and leaving his horse with a groom, hastened toward me. Bianca was more alarmed than injured; but I was taken up insensible. At this sight he seemed deeply distressed, and taking me in his arms, bore me directly to the *Caff  di Colonna*. The restoratives applied restored me; and, to the relief of the Count, I was soon on my way home, forgetting, in contemplating the comfits he had given me, the slight contusion which the accident had occasioned. You know the consequence of this event—how the kind-hearted

* "When men are on horseback, the graves are opened"—alluding to the liability to accident incident to the smooth pavement of the city.

man visited us the next day, and through his influence with the Duke, obtained for my brother the office which has since so comfortably supported us. Nor is this all, my Tonino ; here, on this bridge, at such an hour"—

—"Were our vows first plighted!"—exclaimed Antonio ; "and, O Anina, let the memory of all we are to each other come over us anew, now that from this green spot of life we gaze over the desert of absence. Strange ! alas, how strange, that necessity thus forces me forth from my home ; and such a home ! Before I knew thee, Anina, I knew not myself. The external, the exciting, the whirl of passion—this was what I called life. The fountains around me were perverted by the lips they would have refreshed. Nature !—her voice was lost. Music !—I loved only her most tragic inspiration ; the pathos—the soft, stealing melody which delights me now, then but irritated and inflamed. I was a wanderer in a wild scene, such as Salvator loved to depict ; a light step aroused me—I looked up—and in the light of thine eye a new world opened ;—the peaceful yet deep sense of joy which comes over the soul when pondering on one of the Madonnas of Raffaello, played around my heart, and threw the rosy quiet of a summer evening over the restless deep-within. Wonder not that I hasten from thee with forebodings—that I mourn that my day of peace is so soon to be superseded by one of lone travelling—for thou knowest my impetuous spirit must unfold itself. Thy memory, the hope of return, confidence in the love of such a heart—will such consolations ever fail or disappoint me ?"

Anina had listened in the attitude and with the expression of one in whose mind a prevailing sentiment precluded the admission of minor emotions. She had lifted her gaze from the glittering element below as he proceeded ; the constrained smile, and disposition to withdraw her own and his thoughts from dismal anticipations, which had pervaded her manner

at the commencement of the interview, now gave place to an expression indicative of high purpose. Her Tuscan hat shaded without obscuring her features, as she stood erect in the full light of the careering luminary. She was above the ordinary height of the women of her country, and her figure, when in repose, might have suggested to the experienced eye of a continental sojourner, the idea of a more northern extraction than she boasted. Her dress, too, with the exception of the hat, bore no distinctive indications whereby a stranger could have directly surmised that she claimed affinity with the denizens of the Etrurian Athens. But one glance at the countenance would have dispelled the illusion of the casual observer. The complexion, the hair, and, above all, the peculiar depth and expressive fire of the eye, proclaimed Anina a legitimate daughter of Italy.

"Antonio," she replied, "there is nothing but the thought of what we shall gain by this separation, that, with the blessing of the Virgin, enables me to think of it calmly. I feel that my presence has proved but a sad inspiration to your pencil; and when I remember what was prophesied of your genius, but a year since, I feel almost as if expiating a sin in resigning you to the full influence of absence from every thing which will enervate the energy, or distract the attention of your mind; then I feel it will pour itself forth in the exercise of your art; and who may predict the result? This—this must comfort me, when left to abide ceaseless opposition, while my Tonino is winning afar what will satisfy the views of others, though it cannot alter my own; there, if ever he gives a thought, amid his busy hours, to—to"—and at the mere idea of her lover's forgetfulness, she passed, Italian-like, from a high and womanly seeming, to the distrustful sadness of a child;—she abruptly paused, and the tears flowed freely. It was now for Antonio to rise to a higher strain of feeling. With the ardent gesture and im-

passioned utterance characteristic of his country, he soon unburthened his oppressed heart, and changed the mood of the listener. "And now, Anina," he continued, "let us move homeward. Forget not, twice every month, to place in the hands of our faithful Ippolito tidings of your welfare, which will steal like rays of sunshine across my solitary pathway; nor shall the old man fail to bring thee tokens of the fidelity and experience of thy betrothed. Let us go."

They left the bridge; and the first glimmering of dawn found Antonio sitting, accoutred as a traveller, his passport beside him, his trunk at his feet, and himself inditing yet another *addio* to one who, at that moment, was looking tearfully from her casement, starting at the distant rumbling of a *vettura* rolling along the deserted streets, and as it died away, breathing a prayer for the safe return of her lover.

II.

FROM the little metropolis of Tuscany—the birthplace of Dante, Boccaccio, and Machiavelli, let us pass to an abiding-place of man less blessed by contiguity to the grand and beautiful in nature, and from among its multitudinous representatives of humanity, seek out and note the few individuals with whom our story is connected. The first scene breathes not the air of the outer and common London world. It is a richly furnished chamber; the quiet that reigns, and every little arrangement, suggests, at once, that it is the chamber of sickness; but the abandoned couch and the attitudes of the occupants, assure us that the crisis of disease has passed, or is yet to come. Upon a rich arm-chair reclines one whose gray hair and slightly furrowed brow speak either of a long or laborious life—perhaps of both;—the compressed lip and unyielding manner in which the head accommodates itself to its comfortable support, bespeaks a pertinacity of will, a firmness

of purpose, that even bodily weakness has failed to subjugate. At a light and exquisitely wrought table beside the convalescent—for such he is—sits one of those beings which, in certain moods, a meditative man would rather gaze upon than aught else in the wide world. Mary Ellmsley might not be called what is generally understood by the term beauty; she was too small in figure, too mild in manner, too thoughtful in expression, to win the admiration of fashion's votary, or attract the attention of the amateur observer of the world's inhabitants. And yet there was something in her very gentleness, something in her full blue eye, fair complexion, and light tresses, "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun," contrasted with the mourning habiliments in which she was clad, that insensibly charmed. A lover of Wordsworth's poetry, a partaker of Wordsworth's spirit, would have felt spontaneously and irresistibly interested as he beheld her. At a slight movement of the sick man, indicating his revival from the half-sleeping state in which he had remained for some time, she arose, and stepping, fairy-like, about the room, seemed to busy herself in some little preparations for the invalid's comfort; but, now and then, she would steal an anxious glance toward him; and when she saw that his eye was following her motions, she abruptly returned to her seat, and again bent over the book upon which she had previously been intent. But her gaze was fixed, and it was plain her mind was busied inwardly; and the subject of her musing could not have been altogether pleasing, for her fingers mechanically thrummed upon the table, and twice she opened her lips to speak, and then with an embarrassed and conscious air, checked herself. At length, in a decisive manner, she closed the volume and placed it away with some little care, and breathing a half-suppressed sigh, drew her chair nearer to the cheerful grate, and looked up to the face of the invalid.

"You need not grieve, Mary, for the troubles of the

heroine of that tale," said the old man; "you know, as a matter of course, all must turn out well at last."

"All is well with her now," she replied, "for the groundless suspicion of man cannot harm him who is favored of God; and so ought Micol to feel, and therein be comforted."

"An odd name that for a heroine, Mary; but novelists must be sadly puzzled now-a-days, both for names and subjects."

"The author of the volume I have been reading depended little upon such externals. His whole mind is given to developing his characters and plot, and polishing the language in which both are portrayed; at least so Mr. — I mean, so I believe;—for, in truth, I have not read enough yet to understand perfectly."

"Pray, what is this wonderful book? I thought you were in the midst of the new novel Lady Emily sent this morning."

"I was trying to read something I began some time ago, father, but which I was prevented from going on with by circumstances—by your unexpected illness, I should say; but I can't get along with it now; I could not well understand it, and perhaps if I did, I could not have read"—

"What couldn't you understand, child; what was you trying to read?"

"Alfieri's Saul, father."

"If you had comprehended it, why could you not read?"

"My tears blinded me, father."

"I really begin to believe, Mary, that I have been to blame in allowing you to share so long my confinement; you need the fresh air, child. What with our late affliction, (and here the old gentleman brushed away a tear,) and the dull duty of attending on a sick old man's humors, you are scarcely yourself, girl,—crying over a story you do not understand!—Nonsense"—

"Oh, father, you mistake; it wasn't the story that made

we weep ; but I read on a little way, and came to a difficult part, and then I—I thought ”——

“ The meaning would come by your crying ?”

“ No, father, I thought who would tell me all about it, and thinking of that made me weep.”

“ Worse and worse ; who do you mean ? who would explain ?”

“ Mr.”——and she looked fearfully up——“ Mr. Lino, father.”

The pale cheek of the convalescent was now sallow ; his features worked impatiently, and he sat erect. “ Did I not forbid you to breathe the name of that accursed man ?” he fiercely exclaimed. “ How can you speak of him without a shudder, when you remember the peril into which his villanous arts brought me ? Have you no feeling for your own kin ? Can you look upon me, but just escaped from a violent and awful death, and not feel ?”

“ Father, he may be innocent,” Mary sobbed out.

“ May be innocent ?” You saw the cunning smile with which he proffered the treacherous gift ; you heard the professor declare that he had detected poison ; you witnessed the convulsions, the deathlike stupor ”——

“ Oh, speak not of them, my father ! But had we not better ask him about it ? I am sure he knew not ”——

“ Mary,” he continued more calmly, “ you are but a child ; I will once more explain, for your satisfaction, the reasons of my conduct, and then I shall expect you, as a reasonable girl, to cease, henceforth and forever, to allude to a subject which, in your father’s mind, is associated with the most painful remembrances. I received Mr. Lino as your teacher, with no recommendation but the impression made upon me by his appearance. In this I was indeed to blame ; but my interest was highly excited ; I thought I befriended a noble spirit—an exile from a depressed yet glorious country. I received the Tuscan wines, not wishing to refuse what was

offered as a token of friendship. Happily in my own person I first experienced the workings of the insidious poison, and prompt medical aid has availed where it well might have despaired. And I live—live to punish a villain—live to make an example of one of the thousand specious renegades from the continent, who insinuate themselves into the homes of Englishmen, to abuse their hospitality, to overreach, ay, and to work their ruin !”

“What possible motive could have induced even the thought of such an act ?”

“Do you suppose I shall tax my imagination to discover the motives of a treacherous Italian ? I leave all such labor to the law. Let it have its course. I have done my duty to myself and my country.”

“But not to the exile, father !—Do but see him ; perhaps he can explain.”

“I am not equal to a visit to a prison to-night, Mary.”

His gentle auditor started back, and burst into tears ; she knew not of the arrest. But soon recovering, she lifted up her face to that of her parent, who beheld, with surprise, an expression of dignified and wounded feeling, such as he had never witnessed before.

“Father ! my mother used often to speak to me of one who, in the agony of a cruel death, said prayerfully of his enemies, “they know not what they do”—and she bade me thus ever feel toward whomsoever I should deem wrongful or unkind. Father, forgive me !—*you* know not what you do. I feel that the stranger is not guilty of the awful crime with which he is charged. It cannot be—the impression you first received is true ; he is a nobleman in soul. Oh, suffer not such a spirit to be wounded. But I fear not for him, for he has told me that all great minds are renewed by trial, and gather strength from persecution. He has told me of a philosopher of his country who was shut up in a dungeon

THE FLORENTINE.

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Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine."

I.

"LET us forth, Anina," said Antonio to his betrothed, who was seated, in a pensive attitude, near the window, and feigning to watch the coming on of evening over the sky, though the tears which filled her eyes might have betrayed, to a nearer observer, that the object of her vision was meditative and within—"Let us forth, and if the eve of parting cannot be joyous, our sadness will not be increased if its hours be passed in rambling where we have been wont, at this very hour, to yield up our spirits, in glad unison, to the blest influences of nature. Let me once more renew the brightest associations of my being, in beholding, with the clear perception of expectant separation, the river's bank, whereon I vented, in sportive glee, the gay spirit of boyhood; the square where, with the music of the Pergola just dying on my ear, I have so often paused, in the still air of midnight, and fancied that the old statues moved in the gloom,—and the garden, ay, the garden-mount, whence we have gazed beyond the cypress grove and the river, and seen the sun go down behind the hills; in these scenes, which I am so soon

to exchange for a strange country, let us linger away the moments, till the hour approaches which calls me from Florence and from thee !”

They were soon threading the gayly-peopled walk of the Cascine, their desultory converse or silent musings being, ever and anon, interrupted by the passing salutation of numerous acquaintances. Occasionally, too, a friend, mindful of Antonio's approaching departure, would leave the party whose companionship was enlivening the evening promenade, accompany them for a space, and then, with a *buona sera*, uttered with more than usual tenderness, and that expressive though silent indication of delicate sympathy which distinguishes the natural language of the Tuscans, glide away from the thoughtful pair. They experienced a sensation of relief when the shades of evening advanced, and the walk became more solitary. At that season, even the kindly words of friendship disturbed rather than solaced. The moonlight fell in soothing luxuriance upon the almost inaudible ripple of the Arno, as they approached one of the bridges which span its waters. There are memorable instances of effect produced by the combination and mutual influence of nature and art. One of the most beautiful imaginable now, familiar though it was, arrested the attention of Anina and her companion. The bridge of Santa Trinita, in the light which now revealed it, seemed suspended by the spell of fancy, rather than supported by deeply laid pillars and massive workmanship. So symmetrically and gracefully are hung its arches, that the idea of weight is banished from the mind of the spectator. Its aerial form, antiquated hue, and white escutcheons, about which the weeds of age are clustered, form an image that serves admirably to relieve the aspect of the heavier architecture around.

They paused, and, leaning upon the parapet, Anina broke the silence which they had almost involuntarily suffered to

prevail. "I know not how it is, Antonio, but this spot seems singularly associated with the prominent shades of my destiny. Do you remember the story my old nurse tells? One evening she was conveying me home from the Porta Fedriano, where we had been to see the cavalcade of the Duke; we did not leave the house of Signor Andrea, from the window of which we had seen the pageant, until the crowd had quite dispersed. Yet the Lung' Arno was quite thronged, and several gentlemen on horseback were reining in their steeds here upon the bridge, and endeavoring to make their way harmlessly through the throng. Poor Bianca was hurrying on to avoid danger—when I persisted in stopping to drop a *crazia* into the old *poverino's* hat. Meantime the tumult increased; a carriage, in addition to the crowd, now blocked up the way; the horses became more restive, and volumes of sparks flashed from the polished flags beneath their feet. Bianca, murmuring our old proverb, *uomini sopra cavalli, sepolchri sono aperti*,* drew me from the expectant beggar, and was hastily carrying me forward, when the carriage started, and the Count P.'s horse, notwithstanding the curb, sprang after it, and threw Bianca and her unruly burden upon the pavement. The Count instantly dismounted, and leaving his horse with a groom, hastened toward me. Bianca was more alarmed than injured; but I was taken up insensible. At this sight he seemed deeply distressed, and taking me in his arms, bore me directly to the *Caff  di Colonna*. The restoratives applied restored me; and, to the relief of the Count, I was soon on my way home, forgetting, in contemplating the comfits he had given me, the slight contusion which the accident had occasioned. You know the consequence of this event—how the kind-hearted

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—"Were our vows first plighted!"—exclaimed Antonio ; "and, O Anina, let the memory of all we are to each other come over us anew, now that from this green spot of life we gaze over the desert of absence. Strange ! alas, how strange, that necessity thus forces me forth from my home ; and such a home ! Before I knew thee, Anina, I knew not myself. The external, the exciting, the whirl of passion—this was what I called life. The fountains around me were perverted by the lips they would have refreshed. Nature!—her voice was lost. Music!—I loved only her most tragic inspiration ; the pathos—the soft, stealing melody which delights me now, then but irritated and inflamed. I was a wanderer in a wild scene, such as Salvator loved to depict ; a light step aroused me—I looked up—and in the light of thine eye a new world opened ;—the peaceful yet deep sense of joy which comes over the soul when pondering on one of the Madonnas of Raffaello, played around my heart, and threw the rosy quiet of a summer evening over the restless deep-within. Wonder not that I hasten from thee with forebodings—that I mourn that my day of peace is so soon to be superseded by one of lone travelling—for thou knowest my impetuous spirit must unfold itself. Thy memory, the hope of return, confidence in the love of such a heart—will such consolations ever fail or disappoint me ?"

Anina had listened in the attitude and with the expression of one in whose mind a prevailing sentiment precluded the admission of minor emotions. She had lifted her gaze from the glittering element below as he proceeded ; the constrained smile, and disposition to withdraw her own and his thoughts from dismal anticipations, which had pervaded her manner

energy and effects once developed there. Beside that lake, in a grim old inn, we rested till dawn, and found the first stage of our early ride exceedingly uncomfortable, from the cold.

It was about noon when we reached Perugia, and after a slight repast, commenced peregrinating the old town. I was amused to observe that the inhabitants, even the meanest clad, wore their cloaks somewhat after the Roman fashion, having the right skirt thrown over the left shoulder. In the church of St. Dominic, we found the large window of stained glass, behind the altar, quite splendid, and from its striking position and size, by far the most beautiful ornament in the building. Hastening to the church of St. Peter, we were impressed with its admirable locality, being placed upon an elevation without the immediate circle of houses, commanding from behind a very extensive prospect, and having in front an ample esplanade. The pictures it contains are very interesting, not so much from actual power, as on account of their authors. There are several of Perugino, the master of Raphael, his own master, and a few of Raphael's, which are obviously first efforts. These evince that gradual but distinct improvement in style and execution, by which every art and effort of humanity is carried toward perfection. Scarcely a square foot of wall is there in this church which is not adorned with frescos; and the whole building, with its contents, is a pleasing little antiquity.

On our way from this town we left the coach to inspect another church by the road-side, which was undergoing repairs, called the Madonna degli Angeli. Here, scattered upon the cold pavement, were some Franciscans, in their coarse habits of brown stuff, looking more miserable in their ignorant dejection than any of the Catholic priesthood we had fallen in with. Evening found us at Foligno, where we saw little to interest us, except the feats of some children who were leaping in

a shed, much to the amusement of a vulgar audience, and a view of the innumerable props by which many of the older houses, shattered by a recent earthquake, seemed to be mainly sustained.

The next morning we paused upon the post-road, soon after re-commencing our journey, to observe the temple of Clitumnus, now a chapel, rendered worthy of notice from its antiquity. At Spoleto, our noon resting place, we were not—strange to tell—charged for attention to our passports. This was the first town which appeared to me possessed of the genuine characteristics of ancient interest. A time-worn and quiet aspect was here immediately observable. Passing through Hannibal's gate, so called from an inscription thereon, setting forth the successful defence made by the ancient inhabitants against his attacks, we came in view of a grand aqueduct, supported by long and remarkably narrow arches, and quite massive in execution. The scenery immediately contiguous is the finest of its class in the route; the grand slope of the hill, and the vivid verdure of the evergreen pine being very refreshing to the eye. Indeed, the appearance of the country grew far more picturesque about this period, the range of the Apennines becoming more lofty and variegated.

At Terni, which we reached in the afternoon, we found a guide, and made exertions to reach the celebrated cascade in the vicinity, before sunset. The hilly path was ascended by means of donkeys, which we procured at its base. Embosomed in high and verdant hills, over the brow of one of which it descends, is the fall. It pours nobly down, being of a milky whiteness, and moving with a grace and music such as alone is evinced by these beautiful phenomena in nature. There, its white form of beauty amid a spacious and green amphitheatre, and crowned with silvery mist, falls ever the glorious cascade. As a vision too sweet long to

linger, it has passed from before me ; but its memory is indelible, more pleasing to recall than even the monuments of art or the peculiarities of olden time.

Our stop the succeeding day was at the mean village anciently called Otriculum, without whose southern wall we tarried some time, looking upon the adjacent country, and especially upon a narrow and greenish, but beautifully meandering stream, trying to realize that it was, in truth, the Tiber. We found, too, an old castle, to beguile the time until overtaken by our carriage, which soon brought us to Civita Castellana. On entering this town we dismounted, and lingered to admire a very deep and umbrageous defile which is spanned by the bridge. We noticed, as somewhat remarkable, that the cathedral here, which is partly composed of an ancient temple, has mosaic work upon its outer front. A fine castle, which probably gives the town its name, is the only other obvious object of interest.

This journey, commenced on the third of November, and concluded on the evening of the eighth, would have been somewhat tedious, but for social intercourse, and a few attendant subjects of reflection. The almost total want of comfort at the miserable inns, is indeed no small drawback ; but my chief disappointment resulted from the want of beauty and interest in the appearance of nature. The only fine tree which met our view was the small olive of the country. Far more glorious are the variegated hues of autumn in America, than the monotonous coloring which here blends so much of the vegetative aspect. Throughout the ride, it frequently required effort to realize where we were ; and only when within an old church, or in sight of an antiquated town, or once or twice at early morning, between two remarkably fine Apennine hills, did we feel what one would deem the legitimate influences of Italy.

Silently, and almost sadly, did I travel onward from the

Tuscan dominions towards new scenes. We soon came upon the Apennine range, and thenceforward were continually ascending and descending. A dull warm atmosphere constantly prevailed, with occasional rain. The aspect of nature was consonant with my feelings. The vapor wreathed itself around the summits, and floated far down among the long defiles which were ever before us.

Upon departing for Ferrara, we were almost at once upon the plains of Lombardy, and our remaining journey formed a striking contrast with its preceding portions. The poplar, peculiar to the country, bordered the road; but in form it is not comparable with what I had seen at home: the mulberry, too, prevailed, and, as we learned, was cultivated wholly on account of the silk manufacture to which it ministers;—an extensive affair here. The solitude was striking, nor was it diminished essentially when, shortly before sunset, we reached Ferrara, the principal thoroughfare of which city alone seemed well inhabited; many broad streets presenting a perfectly destitute appearance. I found Byron had not taken a poetical license when he called them “grass-grown.”

The comparatively ordinary monument to Ariosto, in the promenade, was the only object of interest which we had time to seek. The succeeding day we crossed the Po, an apparently sluggish stream, environed by an exceedingly flat country. After a weary examination of our luggage, at this commencement of the Austrian dominions, we continued our route through such a quiet and dead plain, that the sight of Monte Silece, and its three adjacent elevations, was quite refreshing to the eye. At a village at the foot of this mountain we passed the night, and every previous hour of light was delightfully spent in viewing the seemingly interminable plains from various points of the hill.

As I stood upon the old terrace in front of a rough grotto,

containing full-length figures of St. Francis, the Madonna and Saviour, looking forth upon the almost boundless prospect, and then wandered among the ruins of a castle, upon the hill's summit, observed the old towering broken palace, with no living object about it but the figure of a withered crone, knitting at the door, I thought I had never seen a spot so in unison with the legends of the middle ages, which romance has hallowed and adorned. As we returned, the numerous cypresses attracted our attention. We entered a little church, where was a knot of village girls, with their white mantillas and black eyes engaged in their devotions. Upon emerging, we noted a youth, whose dress and manners seemed too studied for accident, in such a spot; we were not long in surmising his intentions, for among the maidens, came forth one singularly beautiful; her head was tastefully adorned with flowers, and her air somewhat sprightly and confident. I doubted not she was the beauty of the village; and as the young man smilingly glided along by her side, and at the turn leading to the town, darted into a narrow by-path, I read a tale of love, of love in its spring-time, and sighed as I thought what might be its harvest. The next morning we arrived at Padua, and the busy and cheerful aspect of the place, it being fair-day, at once interested and pleased us. Two or three hours were satisfactorily passed in viewing the churches:—that of St. Antonio (the patron saint of Padua) is a grand structure, and the Scuola adjacent interesting. We admired the free, clean aspect, and sculpture ornaments of St. Justin, but lingered longest in the court and corridors of the old university, where were assembled a finer collection of young men than we had before seen in Italy, awaiting the lecture hour. I entered one of the high, dark chambers, where a professor, in his black and ermine-bound robe, was questioning a large number of students on the subject of his prior discourse on jurisprudence. There was

something which brought home forcibly to my mind, in the liberal, studious, Christian aspect of this institution, and indeed of the whole city.

After dining at the *Acquila d'Ora*, three hours' riding brought us to the shore, whence we embarked in a gondola. The ocean queen lay before us, stretching her line of building tranquilly upon the still waters. In an hour we were in the main canal. We looked up to the antiquated and decayed buildings, the time-worn, yet rich architecture of the palaces; we felt the deep silence, the eloquent decay, and long before the gondola touched the steps of the hotel, I realized that I was in Venice.

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at the commencement of the interview, now gave place to an expression indicative of high purpose. Her Tuscan hat shaded without obscuring her features, as she stood erect in the full light of the careering luminary. She was above the ordinary height of the women of her country, and her figure, when in repose, might have suggested to the experienced eye of a continental sojourner, the idea of a more northern extraction than she boasted. Her dress, too, with the exception of the hat, bore no distinctive indications whereby a stranger could have directly surmised that she claimed affinity with the denizens of the Etrurian Athens. But one glance at the countenance would have dispelled the illusion of the casual observer. The complexion, the hair, and, above all, the peculiar depth and expressive fire of the eye, proclaimed Anina a legitimate daughter of Italy.

"Antonio," she replied, "there is nothing but the thought of what we shall gain by this separation, that, with the blessing of the Virgin, enables me to think of it calmly. I feel that my presence has proved but a sad inspiration to your pencil; and when I remember what was prophesied of your genius, but a year since, I feel almost as if expiating a sin in resigning you to the full influence of absence from every thing which will enervate the energy, or distract the attention of your mind; then I feel it will pour itself forth in the exercise of your art; and who may predict the result? This—this must comfort me, when left to abide ceaseless opposition, while my Tonino is winning afar what will satisfy the views of others, though it cannot alter my own; there, if ever he gives a thought, amid his busy hours, to—to"—and at the mere idea of her lover's forgetfulness, she passed, Italian-like, from a high and womanly seeming, to the distrustful sadness of a child;—she abruptly paused, and the tears flowed freely. It was now for Antonio to rise to a higher strain of feeling. With the ardent gesture and im-

passioned utterance characteristic of his country, he soon unburthened his oppressed heart, and changed the mood of the listener. "And now, Anina," he continued, "let us move homeward. Forget not, twice every month, to place in the hands of our faithful Ippolito tidings of your welfare, which will steal like rays of sunshine across my solitary pathway; nor shall the old man fail to bring thee tokens of the fidelity and experience of thy betrothed. Let us go."

They left the bridge; and the first glimmering of dawn found Antonio sitting, accoutred as a traveller, his passport beside him, his trunk at his feet, and himself inditing yet another *addio* to one who, at that moment, was looking tearfully from her casement, starting at the distant rumbling of a *vettura* rolling along the deserted streets, and as it died away, breathing a prayer for the safe return of her lover.

II.

FROM the little metropolis of Tuscany—the birthplace of Dante, Boccaccio, and Machiavelli, let us pass to an abiding-place of man less blessed by contiguity to the grand and beautiful in nature, and from among its multitudinous representatives of humanity, seek out and note the few individuals with whom our story is connected. The first scene breathes not the air of the outer and common London world. It is a richly furnished chamber; the quiet that reigns, and every little arrangement, suggests, at once, that it is the chamber of sickness; but the abandoned couch and the attitudes of the occupants, assure us that the crisis of disease has passed, or is yet to come. Upon a rich arm-chair reclines one whose gray hair and slightly furrowed brow speak either of a long or laborious life—perhaps of both;—the compressed lip and unyielding manner in which the head accommodates itself to its comfortable support, bespeaks a pertinacity of will, a firmness

of purpose, that even bodily weakness has failed to subjugate. At a light and exquisitely wrought table beside the convalescent—for such he is—sits one of those beings which, in certain moods, a meditative man would rather gaze upon than aught else in the wide world. Mary Ellmsley might not be called what is generally understood by the term beauty; she was too small in figure, too mild in manner, too thoughtful in expression, to win the admiration of fashion's votary, or attract the attention of the amateur observer of the world's inhabitants. And yet there was something in her very gentleness, something in her full blue eye, fair complexion, and light tresses, "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun," contrasted with the mourning habiliments in which she was clad, that insensibly charmed. A lover of Wordsworth's poetry, a partaker of Wordsworth's spirit, would have felt spontaneously and irresistibly interested as he beheld her. At a slight movement of the sick man, indicating his revival from the half-sleeping state in which he had remained for some time, she arose, and stepping, fairy-like, about the room, seemed to busy herself in some little preparations for the invalid's comfort; but, now and then, she would steal an anxious glance toward him; and when she saw that his eye was following her motions, she abruptly returned to her seat, and again bent over the book upon which she had previously been intent. But her gaze was fixed, and it was plain her mind was busied inwardly; and the subject of her musing could not have been altogether pleasing, for her fingers mechanically thrummed upon the table, and twice she opened her lips to speak, and then with an embarrassed and conscious air, checked herself. At length, in a decisive manner, she closed the volume and placed it away with some little care, and breathing a half-suppressed sigh, drew her chair nearer to the cheerful grate, and looked up to the face of the invalid.

"You need not grieve, Mary, for the troubles of the

heroine of that tale," said the old man; "you know, as a matter of course, all must turn out well at last."

"All is well with her now," she replied, "for the groundless suspicion of man cannot harm him who is favored of God; and so ought Micol to feel, and therein be comforted."

"An odd name that for a heroine, Mary; but novelists must be sadly puzzled now-a-days, both for names and subjects."

"The author of the volume I have been reading depended little upon such externals. His whole mind is given to developing his characters and plot, and polishing the language in which both are portrayed; at least so Mr. — I mean, so I believe;—for, in truth, I have not read enough yet to understand perfectly."

"Pray, what is this wonderful book? I thought you were in the midst of the new novel Lady Emily sent this morning."

"I was trying to read something I began some time ago, father, but which I was prevented from going on with by circumstances—by your unexpected illness, I should say; but I can't get along with it now; I could not well understand it, and perhaps if I did, I could not have read"—

"What couldn't you understand, child; what was you trying to read?"

"Alfieri's Saul, father."

"If you had comprehended it, why could you not read?"

"My tears blinded me, father."

"I really begin to believe, Mary, that I have been to blame in allowing you to share so long my confinement; you need the fresh air, child. What with our late affliction, (and here the old gentleman brushed away a tear,) and the dull duty of attending on a sick old man's humors, you are scarcely yourself, girl,—crying over a story you do not understand!—Nonsense"—

"Oh, father, you mistake; it wasn't the story that made

we weep ; but I read on a little way, and came to a difficult part, and then I—I thought ”——

“ The meaning would come by your crying ?”

“ No, father, I thought who would tell me all about it, and thinking of that made me weep.”

“ Worse and worse ; who do you mean ? who would explain ?”

“ Mr.”——and she looked fearfully up——“ Mr. Lino, father.”

The pale cheek of the convalescent was now sallow ; his features worked impatiently, and he sat erect. “ Did I not forbid you to breathe the name of that accursed man ?” he fiercely exclaimed. “ How can you speak of him without a shudder, when you remember the peril into which his villainous arts brought me ? Have you no feeling for your own kin ? Can you look upon me, but just escaped from a violent and awful death, and not feel ?”

“ Father, he may be innocent,” Mary sobbed out.

“ May be innocent ?” You saw the cunning smile with which he proffered the treacherous gift ; you heard the professor declare that he had detected poison ; you witnessed the convulsions, the deathlike stupor ”——

“ Oh, speak not of them, my father ! But had we not better ask him about it ? I am sure he knew not ”——

“ Mary,” he continued more calmly, “ you are but a child ; I will once more explain, for your satisfaction, the reasons of my conduct, and then I shall expect you, as a reasonable girl, to cease, henceforth and forever, to allude to a subject which, in your father’s mind, is associated with the most painful remembrances. I received Mr. Lino as your teacher, with no recommendation but the impression made upon me by his appearance. In this I was indeed to blame ; but my interest was highly excited ; I thought I befriended a noble spirit—an exile from a depressed yet glorious country. I received the Tuscan wines, not wishing to refuse what was

offered as a token of friendship. Happily in my own person I first experienced the workings of the insidious poison, and prompt medical aid has availed where it well might have despaired. And I live—live to punish a villain—live to make an example of one of the thousand specious renegades from the continent, who insinuate themselves into the homes of Englishmen, to abuse their hospitality, to overreach, ay, and to work their ruin !”

“What possible motive could have induced even the thought of such an act ?”

“Do you suppose I shall tax my imagination to discover the motives of a treacherous Italian ? I leave all such labor to the law. Let it have its course. I have done my duty to myself and my country.”

“But not to the exile, father !—Do but see him ; perhaps he can explain.”

“I am not equal to a visit to a prison to-night, Mary.”

His gentle auditor started back, and burst into tears ; she knew not of the arrest. But soon recovering, she lifted up her face to that of her parent, who beheld, with surprise, an expression of dignified and wounded feeling, such as he had never witnessed before.

“Father ! my mother used often to speak to me of one who, in the agony of a cruel death, said prayerfully of his enemies, “they know not what they do”—and she bade me thus ever feel toward whomsoever I should deem wrongful or unkind. Father, forgive me !—*you* know not what you do. I feel that the stranger is not guilty of the awful crime with which he is charged. It cannot be—the impression you first received is true ; he is a nobleman in soul. Oh, suffer not such a spirit to be wounded. But I fear not for him, for he has told me that all great minds are renewed by trial, and gather strength from persecution. He has told me of a philosopher of his country who was shut up in a dungeon

because he declared that the earth went round the sun ; and about a poet whom they called mad, and imprisoned away from the fields and bright sunlight which he loved, and then he became mad indeed. I weep not for him, father ; but in the pleasant home of his youth, there is one who will shed grievous tears, when the dismal tidings arrive. I mourn for her. Father ! forget your anger ; and to know that he whom thou falsely deemest thine enemy is free, his reputation unsullied, and his betrothed unstricken, will prove to thee more reviving than the bitter cup of revenge. Father ! forgive me. Vain, I see, are the words of your Mary. May God protect the Italian, for he is guiltless !”

A week subsequent to the conversation we have related, toward the close of day, a young man sat with folded arms and a riveted gaze, in an apartment which, in the twilight that then revealed it, presented an aspect of stern solidity, yet not devoid of comfort. An easel rested against the wall ; a pallet, with some painting utensils, lay confusedly upon the floor, and a few books were scattered upon a small table. “Yes, Anina spake well and truly”—soliloquized the occupant. “I did need separation. I did require a pressure from without, or a void around me to quicken the impulses within. I have lamented this catastrophe, I have bitterly scorned this disgrace, long enough. And now I will wrench sublime consolation from the very gloom of misfortune. I have done all that can be done. Ere this, Ippolito must have received my letter. True, he knows not that I am an incarcerated man, but he knows the suspicions under which I am placed ; he will obtain the needful testimonials ; he will keep the circumstance from Anina ; the trial will at length come on—I shall be, I must be, triumphantly acquitted, and none will recognize in my English appellation the name of Antonio. And, meantime, I have succeeded in effecting my

purpose, (and he looked complacently upon the materials of his art)—here is light, and something of quiet. Oh, that the vision of yesternight would return ! I must transfix it—I must embody the idea. Yes, ere long the face of my beloved shall beam upon me, even in this prison. I feel that I shall succeed. They have taken my liberty—but the mind is free ! Oh, for the morning light ! I yearn for day. Let me reflect. A beautiful nun listening to the Miserere,—the attitude that of a suppliant, the eye tearful, ay, but enraptured by the melody, and raised in devotion, like Raphael's St. Cecilia ; the expression with a shade of sadness, but impassioned—exalted ; and the model—ah ! the model shall be Anina !”

III.

THE rays of sunlight fell obliquely upon the Lung' Arno, where a goodly concourse were moving to and fro, or conversing in stationary groups. It was evidently one of those days when the Italian yields himself, with special freedom, to the “*dolce far niente*.” Nodding and smiling, with a *buona festa* for as many of the gay throng as glanced at her playful demeanor, the flower-girl distributed her violets embedded in leaves of geranium ; the blind man touched his guitar, while an urchin beside him accompanied the monotonous strains with the constant invocation “*datemi qualche cosa*,” and the licensed pauper rattled his tin cup, and implored the lightsome beings who glided by—“*per amore di Dio*”—to give their substance. The equipage of the Grand Duke passed rapidly from the palace toward the Cascine ; but the Grand Duke himself preferred a promenade to a ride with the ladies of his household, as one might learn from the universal and respectful recognition manifested by the crowd of pedestrians toward the gentleman in a

brown coat, so plainly fashioned, that it would infallibly obtain for him the cognomen of Quaker, in certain localities far beyond the limits of his own little duchy. Two disputants, beginning to perceive that their war of words was becoming too obstreperous for the scene and occasion, hastily emerged from the crowd into an open and comparatively vacant square, in order to renew their colloquy at ease. Thither we will follow.

"Mark me, Carlo, I speak of the action, the expression, the performance throughout, and I speak of Ronzi when she is herself."

"And then you will persist, Luigi, in maintaining that Malibran is surpassed in the Norma?"

"That will I, *caro mio*, against whoever will gainsay it."

"Thou hast then undertaken to oppose thy single judgment to the universal sentiment. Hast heard of Garcia's adventure at Arezzo?"

"And was not I one of the torch-bearing multitude that attended *cara* Ronzi home from the Pergola? But to the point, *amico mio*; didst thou not perceive, last night, in her speaking countenance, every minute shade of varying expression? Did not her commanding figure, dignified air, eloquent eyes, and, above all, her mellifluous voice, bring home to thee most touchingly the passionate ideas involved in the Norma?"

"I tell thee, Luigi, that Italy has settled the question; thou art dreaming of Ronzi as she was. Malibran is in her prime, and Europe has awarded her the palm."

"There are those in Florence, Carlo, without the precincts of thy wine-shop, who would contend with thee on that point."

"Not one, save thyself, Luigi."

"*Santissima Vergine!* there was but one voice in the parterre, on the first representation."

"Ah, *poverino*! thy wits are unsettled by music; thus thou speakest of each *prima donna* in turn; she is always better than all who preceded. But, *caro*, thou shalt not make all Firenze share thy perversity. Nay, have patience; thou shalt be convinced. If the first passer-by who hath seen the Norma, as performed by both, doth not agree with me, then Carlo Pisani will do thy bidding, so that it be not to displease a customer, nor to break law."

"I am content."

"Here is a grave and stately cavalier;—ah, he would light his cigar." "Ecco Signor," said Carlo, approaching the stranger, and proffering his flint;—"Signor, canst say if there will be any necessity for entering the parterre an hour before the time, to-night?"

"Is not the Norma inimitably executed?" said Luigi.

"I have so seen it."

"And by La Malibran?" inquired Carlo.

"By her superior in that character, at least," was the reply.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Luigi. "There, Carlo," he added, triumphantly, "you see Ronzi has one more votary."

"That one is not me," said the cavalier.

It was now Luigi's turn to feel disappointed. "Prithee, Signor," he continued, "who dost thou think is inimitable in the Norma?"

"Signora Pasta."

"Excuse me, you are a"—

"Milanese," replied the stately gentleman, as he walked away, complacently exhaling the fragrant smoke.

The smile and the shrug of the amused friends were scarcely enacted, with true Italian expressiveness, when their attention was directed to the advancing figure of a primly attired old man. Luigi recognized him as an acquaintance from Prato; and after they had interchanged a greeting, asked if he had visited the city to attend the opera.

"Not altogether," he answered.

Carlo felt again encouraged.

"Doubtless," continued Luigi, "you think our *prima donna* cannot be sufficiently admired?"

"I never knew but one of whom I could thus speak," said the old gentleman, "and she is yonder."

"At rehearsal?" asked Luigi, hopefully.

"Does Catalani rehearse for her private entertainments? I had thought that, in her villa in the environs, music was wholly a pastime."

"*C'è caduto il formaggio sul maccheroni*,"* said Carlo, pointing to the opposite street. "Here comes Signor Bartolomeo, who, thou well knowest, is uninfluenced by local prejudice, and not so old as to sympathize only in retired opera performers; for thy comfort, too, know, Luigi, that he is a connoisseur in dramatic as well as in musical efforts."

"And thou art not aware of his opinion of Ronzi?"

"Only generally, and not in the Norma."

"Pardon, Signor," said Luigi, as he took the hand of the new comer, "tell me how you are pleased with Bellini's new opera, and its present representation."

"It is a glorious thing; and who can do it greater justice than the still beautiful"——

"Malibran Garcia," interrupted Carlo.

"Ronzi de Begnis," exclaimed Bartolomeo.

"Name thy requirement," said Carlo, looking impatiently at Luigi.

"To-morrow," said his friend, smilingly; "I must consider; but fear not. I shall not be very severe; and, for the present, *addio*."

* "The cheese has fallen on the maccheroni," i. e. a desirable coincidence has occurred. When we consider in what esteem this article of food is held by the Italians, and how indispensable is deemed the addition of grated cheese, the force of the proverb is obvious.

“Ascending one of the neighboring elevations, whence is obtainable an extensive view embracing the thickly clustered dwellings of Florence, her mammoth Duomo, and the adjoining and encircling Apennine, Luigi came upon a quiet road, walled on one side, and overlooking, on the other, a broad valley covered with olive-trees, and containing several villas and small dwellings. Here, during most of the day, the sun exerts its full influence, and the walled hillside shields the solitary road from the wind; and here, in view of the soothing landscape, an elderly and somewhat portly man, with a countenance bland in its aspect, though slightly shaded with seriousness, was enjoying a retired promenade. He was so occupied with his own thoughts, as not to be aware of Luigi’s presence until the latter had audibly saluted him.

“One would think, Signor Ippolito, that thou wert not the guardian of Firenze’s fairest daughter, judging from thy sober visage and unwontedly lonely walk.”

“And it may be, Luigi mio, that what thou deemest a consoling office (and God knows it hath been), can become the occasion of anxious musings.”

“Has aught inauspicious, *caro*, happened to thy charge? Never have I seen a more beauteous and joyful face than was hers, when last I saw her in the arbor-walks of the Boboli.”

“The poor child is harassed, Luigi, by one who should prize her peace beyond the vagaries of prideful hope.”

“Ah! I understand you. The old lady still opposes the addresses of Antonio. *Corpo di Bacco!* she may wait till too late, to realize her fond project of uniting Anina to one of noble birth. True, she sacrificed her own wealth and nobility to the good Francisco that’s gone; but ’tis scarcely fair to force poor Anina to regain them with the sacrifice of her affections.”

"It is the mother's inconsistency that provokes me. High birth has been her *sine qua non* when the name of Anina was mentioned in connection with matrimony. And the lack of this has been the only fault she could find with Antonio; for a kindlier and more gifted *giovenotto* is not to be found in Florence. Yet at our last *conversazione*, when all the company were talking of the artist with whose fame London is ringing, the Marchioness, glad of an opportunity to depreciate Antonio, said to me, 'Signor Ippolito, thou hast often told me that Anina's absent admirer possessed nobility of soul and of intellect, if not of birth; why could not he manage to get imprisoned and astonish the world with his painting, as well as this unknown Florentine, if he indeed be one?' "

"Were it so, Signora mia," I replied, "thou wouldst not think better of him, for he would still be a plebeian."

"I tell thee," exclaimed she, energetically, "Anina should marry him."

"Why, mother," said Anina timidly, "the artist would still be Antonio—a mere native of Florence. Tell me in what differs Camilini, in this respect, from the famed artist who is even known only as a Florentine?"

"As THE Florentine, you mean," returned the Signora, with emphasis. And therein, Luigi, did she find an attraction equal even to her much-loved family greatness. Oh, it is a mere vain ambition that divides Antonio and Anina. Ere long, the *Misericordia* must take away their old brother, and I could die more peacefully, was Anina under the conjugal protection of such a man as Antonio. I did trust that this day month, when she will attend her cousin Beatrice to the altar, would see them also united. Would that parental opposition were the sole trouble, or that she had a more powerful friend than old Ippolito!"

"And would that the friendship I bear thee entitled me to share thy perplexities."

“Luigi, thou shalt know all, though it is vain to expect a secret kept in Florence. Yet thou canst surely restrain thy tongue, when the happiness of such an one as Anina is involved.”

“Trust me,—per St. Giovanni”——

“*Bene*. Know, then, that Antonio had a goodly quantity of our Florence wines sent to London; for (would you believe it?) they tell me a flask of Aleatico costs two or three *francisconi* there;—and Tonino rightly fancied such a luxury would furnish an acceptable gift to his English friends. The first he presented nearly destroyed a nobleman; suspicion was excited; the wines were examined, and found to contain poison. For a long time I have been sifting the matter secretly, for Tonino charges me to be circumspect, lest Anina learns his peril; and makes as light as possible of the danger by which he is surrounded. Carlo Pisani acknowledges he bought the flasks of an apothecary, and that his people transferred the wine, by mistake, before they were cleansed, and several of them contained the sediment of baneful drugs. Thus the circumstance is explained; but Carlo will not be persuaded to furnish an affidavit to the facts which will alone avail, until Antonio’s safety absolutely demands it; and such he is not convinced is the case now; he says such a declaration from him will ruin his business; and he knows I am too fearful of the affair being known, to appeal to the police. Thus I have been kept at bay, and I know not what course to adopt. One of the two evils must be chosen. And each is inimical either to the wishes or the safety of Antonio.”

The countenance of Luigi brightened. “Thou hast told thy dilemma,” said he, “to one able to extricate thee. Ere the post leaves to-morrow, thou shalt have the affidavit.”

“Think not to persuade Carlo; what means have you more than I? Explain.”

"*Pazienza!* He is under a promise. Dine with me to-morrow at Marche's, and you shall be informed more fully. Trust me wholly. Hast aught else to say?"

"Nought, save to thank Heaven and thee."

IV.

A group, consisting chiefly of females, in whose attire white was the predominant color, stood in cheerful converse upon the broadly-paved esplanade before the church of Santa Croce. The morning was not far advanced, yet so warmly did the sun beat upon the marble pavement, that the long snowy veils in which two of the party were arrayed, were put aside, and the breeze from the mountains played sportively among the dark ringlets of Beatrice, and over the more pensive countenance of her cousin. The arrival of an additional pair seemed a signal for their commune to cease; and joining hands, the several couples stood in order, each bearing a wreath of flowers; and when a lad, in the habit of the church, raised on high the heavy curtain which hung before the entrance, the solemn tones of a chant were faintly heard, and the little band reverently entered. It was evidently a marriage procession. As they walked silently up the long avenue, the light tread of the fair train echoed softly in the pauses of the chant, and one might have fancied, as he gazed from a distance, through the shadowy expanse, that a company of spirits were passing from their resting-place beneath, forth to some earthly ministration. Nor were the objects around unfavorable to the indulgence of such an idea. The majestic figure of Dante leaning over from above the tomb prepared in vain to receive his dust, with his stern expression of dignified grief, the marble personification of Italy standing in the attitude of a mourner above the sepulchre of her great tragedian, the dense entablatures, the heavy archi-

ture, breathed, in the dim light, a mystic solemnity. But all these were still, and cold, and senseless ; while the bright eyes, the moving lips, the fresh and fragrant roses of the bridal party, spake of life, of life in its conscious beauty and promise. And when the gentle forms encircled, with a statue-like quietude, the railing of the altar, the tremulous accents in which the responses were uttered, the low quick breathings, the glistening tears—these spoke, indeed, of the spiritual, but of the spiritual while yet environed with the attributes of humanity.

A slight bustle denoted that the ceremony was concluded ; yet was there no sign of immediate separation. The officiating priest was soon engaged in a discourse with Beatrice, which appeared to rivet the attention of the group. The old man had been her confessor from infancy, and with a truly paternal interest, he was speaking of her duties and destiny. Anina felt herself gently drawn aside, and obeying the signal of Ippolito, she followed him to the opposite side of the church. Soon after, the attention of the party was aroused by a faint cry, but whether of surprise or fear, was not clearly indicated ; and, for a moment, their eyes were directed to the point whence it seemed to proceed ; but there being no repetition, and the words of the priest becoming more and more interesting, they were soon absorbed again. Advancing footsteps now aroused them—not the measured and scarcely audible tread with which they had approached the altar, but the firm, quick steps of confidence and expectancy. Anina appeared, led on by a manly and graceful cavalier, whom all present immediately recognized as Antonio. Returning their eager inquiries and salutations only with a smile and a nod, he immediately addressed the now silent priest :—“ Father, if thou art not weary, a new bridal service awaiteth thee, after which thy blessing and exhortation may be doubly bestowed.” Astonishment was in every face ; yet the manner

of Antonio proved singularly effective, and all yielded to its influence, none without surprise, yet all with alacrity ; and when the *campanile* announced that the sun had reached his meridian, Antonio was the reigning star of a gay assemblage in the house of the Marchioness, and Anina was his bride. At a moment when her guests were all occupied, she stole away, and entered her mother's apartment.

"Mother, I knew not that Antonio could boast relationship with a Count, still less that he had inherited his title."

"Nor I, Anina. You do not mean"—

"Nay, I would question thee, mother."

"It is a vain question, my daughter ; you know it admits but one answer"—and the old lady sighed.

"And yet the untitled Antonio is my husband ; and, unless Ippolito reversed his message with thine approval"—

"Anina, thou knowest what renders renowned the much talked of picture called the "*Miserere*" purchased at such a price by Lord Ellmsley."

"They say it is the face of the nun."

"Anina, they say, too, that face resembles thine," and the mother embraced her child, and then gazed meaningly upon her.

A glow of delight thrilled to the heart of Anina. "I see it all," she exclaimed. "Antonio Camilini, *my* Antonio, is THE FLORENTINE!"

BYRONIA.

——“ Truths that wake
To perish never,
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !”
WORDSWORTH.

SOMEWHAT akin to the sacred influence that individual associations throw over familiar scenes, is that with which the spell of literature invests the spot it celebrates. How much nearer to us has Irving brought England in her primitive and baronial aspect ; and who that has worthily felt the enchantment of the northern minstrel, or the heart-music of Burns's lyre, will ever wander without a home-feeling over the Highlands, or along the Tweed ? And by a transition the most natural, the musing traveller is ever fondly reverting to the origin of those associations which have so richly peopled the lone mount and the silent lake, the ruined castle and the umbrageous glen. And when circumstances of peculiar moral interest are attached to such intellectual benefactors, when their remembrance is associated with something of a mournful destiny, commiseration is mingled with gratitude, and we unconsciously yield them a tribute of sympathy as sincere as it is spontaneous. It is astonishing how the indulgence of such feelings, amid the scenes which have awakened them, tends to personify their object. They evoke the image of the departed, not as it may long have existed to the eye of fancy, but with the lifelike lineaments which only

a love-inspired imagination—nature's holiest limner—can depict. From a fanciful vision, it assumes the ideal presence and companionship of a congenial friend.

The Byronic associations of Italy constitute an interesting episode in the meditative suggestions of the land. Of course they are not equally or universally enjoyed. But we who recognize the English language as our vernacular, and prize English literature as our heritage, are peculiarly open to their influence—especially those of us in whose minds the noble bard's effusions are associated with the thousand thrilling sentiments that embalm the remembrance of the first contemporaneous poet to whose power we were susceptible.

When sojourning within the "fair white walls" of Florence, haunting the time-stricken trophies of the "City of the Soul," or standing on the "Bridge of Sighs," we are conscious as it were instinctively of a vicinity to Childe Harold; we identify the author with the scenes of his pilgrimage, and recognize him as an intellectual and ideal *cicerone*. The very characteristic of the Romaunt which has been a prominent point of critical objection, enhances its power in this respect. To us, thus influenced, it is not surprising that the pilgrim occasionally speaks of himself. The allusions to personal feelings with which the poem is interlineated, give to its hero this very character of life and reality. We feel his presence the more, because our attention is occasionally turned from the objects which we seem mutually to contemplate, and inwardly directed. It strikes us as natural for our companion to commune with himself aloud, or pour into our sympathizing bosoms the tale of his deep experience. Surrounded as we are by tokens of fallen grandeur, and the results of human genius, it agrees with our existent mood that humanity should be discussed; we are lured to the very portal of metaphysics. And however intrinsically sad the strain of him with whom we commune, its melancholy ardor meets a conscious want, which cold speculation could ill supply.

Byron, then, is singularly interesting to us in Italy. We remember that the very poem which is so ministering to our pleasure was there composed, and we are mindful that thence he departed to return no more. At Newstead, we think of his boisterous period of youthful conviviality—of the bright and beautiful dream of his first love ; on the borders of the Leman, we contemplate his wild revellings with the elements, or his rich communings with serene nature, and muse upon his bitter regrets over blighted affections ; but Italy we feel was the scene of a more deliberate and introspective period—of a long and sweet converse with antiquity. As the one fearful pause antecedent to the catastrophe, as the meditative hour preceding the eventful act, was his sojourn in Italy before the fatal expedition in the drama of Byron's life. Such impressions heighten not a little the effect of the fourth canto of the Pilgrimage. When, in the hour of full and free emotion, we find relief, satisfaction, and delight, in recurring to its glowing periods, the history, the misfortunes, the very errors of the poet impart a solemnity and thrilling interest to his legacy.

Never to me were these associations more rife and vivid than in Venice—loved even “from his boyhood.” The window of my apartment overlooked one of the minor canals, whose quiet surface was rarely ruffled by a passing gondola. The solid masonry which bounded the view within a narrow compass, was darkly shaded by the mildew of age, and overgrown, at intervals, with mossy green. The polished tiles of the floor, and the antique style of the furniture, were in unison with the prevailing language without. To this sanctum I was wont to repair after the various excursions which introduce the stranger to an acquaintance with the Ocean Queen. And by this means, the train of thought and the emotive mood, adapted to the place, were scarcely, even for a moment, invaded. Eloquent silence, an almost audible

decay, and antiquated trophies of art, were about me every hour of the long summer day. I lived in the atmosphere of the past. Venetian characteristics afford an excitement to the feelings of a gentle and dream-like nature, instinct with pathos, and more conducive to vague meditation than awakening thought. Their influence is essentially different from that induced by other clustered monuments of by-gone glory; it is as unique as the Sea-Cybele herself. The principle of association is primarily addressed, and the dim and distant forms of Henry Dandolo and Marino Faliero not infrequently give way to his, who

“ Not in vain

Has worn the sandal shoon and scallop shell.”

Under the dark awning of the gondola, within the richly pictured-halls of the palace, and beneath the lofty dome, we remember how often his feet have pressed the same spot, his eye rested on the same objects, his soul yielded to the same inspiration. Mingling at even-time, with the festive throng on the piazza of St. Marks, we recall the ardent imagination and the warmth of feeling which led him to dedicate to pleasure what was sacred to virtue; gazing upon the sunburnt features of his old gondolier, we fancy how often he must have stood by him alone upon the silent sea unconscious of the mystic movements of the poet's soul; surrounded by the placid waters of the bay or the wave-washed Lido, we picture the manly vigor and beauty of his frame, as he fearlessly buffeted the waves, or urged his courser along the sands; and in the porter's lodge of the Foscarini palace, beholding his helmet-like head gear of the Horse-Guards, we think of the last sad epoch in his history, that chivalrous enterprise and lonely death. Poor Byron! (we are ready to exclaim,) how often didst thou gaze musingly, at the midnight hour, upon the calm element around

thee, and yearn for something of its clearness and quietude ! How must thy heart have wrestled with its despair, when not a sigh escaped thee ! There must have been high and pure aspirations looming, like beacon fires, from the gloom of thy desponding hours ; there must have been glimpses of an unattained good, when satiety was most deeply realized. And if, in those better moments, there had been one beside thee whom thou couldst have lawfully and truly loved—one true child of humanity to “ strike the electric chain ” with the wand of truth—a mind reverently sympathizing with thy genius, a heart deeply commiserating thy perversion, a being who could win back thy “ lone wandering .but not lost ” spirit, and urge it upward—might thou not have been recalled, awakened, renewed ? The golden bowl was not yet broken nor the silver cord loosened. Love, conscience, still lingered ; reason obtained ; ideality was rife ; and when the sense of the right, the beautiful, the true, exists, who that has sounded the depths of his own nature will dare to despair of “ nature’s master-piece—the poet-soul ? ” Yes ! wedded to pleasure as the world thought thee, and baffled in spirit as thou truly wert, we feel here, amid the ocean air and solemn aspect of Venice, how little we do really know of thee—how little thou didst know of thyself !

LUCCA.

"In the deep umbrage of the olive's shade."

BYRON.

THE Lucchese look upon the mountains. Does not this, in some measure, account for their love of liberty? It may seem rather more fanciful than philosophic, but one can scarcely perambulate, on a fine day, the delightful promenade, which surrounds the walls, and gaze on the adjacent hills, without realizing, as it were, in the tenor of his musings, something of the elevated and inspiring sentiment, so beautifully typified by their green and graceful loftiness. "High mountains are a feeling;" and were we to analyze the emotions they excite, surely the sense of freedom would be prominent among them. Not less in the spirit of wisdom than of poetry, should we find a city among the hills. Let the souls of men grow familiar with their sky-pointing summits, their blue waving lines, the dark hugeness of their forms at nightfall, and the rosy vestment thrown around them by the morning. It was not an accidental combination that made the Alps Tell's birth-place, or planted the home of Hofer in the midst of the Tyrol. Originally a Roman colony, Lucca, in the middle ages, was repeatedly bartered away by successive masters, in consequence of the liberal principles of her inhabitants, until she succeeded while in the possession of Florence, in purchasing her freedom of Charles IV, for two hundred thousand guilders. One of her first self-created rulers was Castruccio, a warrior pre-eminent for consummate bravery; and, although

involved in numerous wars, she, in a great degree, maintained her independence till the time of Napoleon. It was a happy circumstance for the Lucchese, that the Emperor's sister, who virtually governed them, had learned from her brother Lucien while in Paris, to love and respect the cause of Poetry and the Arts. Elise delighted in exhibiting this new-born taste, by a generous patronage of genius ; and the traveller meets with many affecting proofs of the attachment in which her memory is still held by the people.

Well do the inhabitants of this little duchy deserve the appellative, so long by general consent bestowed on them, of the industrious. Fields of flax, and vegetable patches of the most promising aspect, indicate to the stranger his vicinity to Lucca. A rocky vein of soil and many cliff-like hills affords genial ground for the olive, and a certain superior quality in the fruit, or peculiar care exercised in the manufacture, renders the oil here produced preferable to that of any other district in Italy. Within a few years, fortunes have been made by the fabrication of paper and silk. The hangings of the Palace, indeed, furnish a striking proof of the degree of excellence attained in the latter branch. This edifice is far more rich, however, in works of art. There is a picture by Annibal Carracci, representing the Woman taken in Adultery. An expression of profound sorrow and benevolence illumines the Saviour's countenance. He has risen from the stooping posture he had assumed in the presence of the malignant accusers, and seems just to have dismissed the woman, who, kneeling at his feet, is gazing despairingly upon his face. Her eyes are full of eloquent sorrow. We can almost see the tears ; but her anguish is evidently too deep for weeping, while something like the light of hope mingles with and beautifies her expression, as if his forgiving accent had already fallen upon her soul. In the same apartment hangs another painting remarkable for effective coloring—Christ before

Pilate, by Gerardo della Notte. The rays of a candle shine upon the sharp Jewish features of the judge, and from amid the dark shadows of the back-ground, beam forth, in calm majesty, the serene lineaments of the accused. The *capo d'opera* of this collection is a Holy Family by Raphael, which some might be pardoned for esteeming above the more celebrated one of the Pitti palace. The mother's face is certainly more strictly Italian, and nothing can be more sweetly eloquent than her downcast eyes meekly bent upon the clinging child. Angelica Kaufman, who learned painting from her father, and so speedily surpassed him in skill, is said to have greatly preferred ideal female figures, and, as her point of excellence was grace, they were doubtless best adapted to her pencil. She found, however, in real life, an admirable subject, in the person of Amarilla Etrusca, an admired *improvisatrice*, whose portrait taken at the moment of inspiration, graces the Ducal gallery. It is a delightful and by no means a common occurrence, in the annals of the arts, for one gifted woman thus to celebrate another. The most renowned picture, however, at present existing here, is the Assumption by Fra Bartolomeo, in the Dominican convent. A young artist from Rome, patronized by the Duke, was my *cicerone* at Lucca, and, after viewing the palace, we adjourned to his studio, to look over his designs. Some of these indicate no ordinary talent. One of them illustrates an instance of sudden vengeance recorded in the history of Tuscany. Cosmo de Medici, as the story runs, having discovered an intrigue between his wife and a page, sent for a priest and executioner, and when all was ready, called her into the apartment, made known his discovery, and giving a signal, the favorite was murdered before her eyes. The moment chosen, is when the enraged husband, having displayed an intercepted letter, is uttering the fatal word. The scene was most vividly sketched by the young painter—the deep but diverse emotions of the

several parties, being most strongly depicted in their attitudes and expression.

But the period of my sojourn at Lucca, was not altogether favorable to a deliberate survey of her attractions. It was the anniversary of a triennial *festa* in a neighboring town, and the inviting weather, and cheerful faces of the throng swarming the gate, were enough to lure even a passing traveller along the road to Pescia, the ancestral home of Sismondi. The *contadini* of this and the adjacent villages crowded the streets. The men's faces were generally sallow, or very brown from exposure to the sun; and those which age had stamped with furrows, and shaded with gray locks, resemble the impressive heads so often introduced in the pictures of the old masters. The female peasants have the same sunburnt appearance, being equally accustomed to work in the fields. They wore enormous gold and silver ornaments, often preserving, in this form, all their superfluous earnings. On this occasion, too, their best mantillas were in requisition, of a snowy whiteness, and frequently embroidered with no little taste. This simple, but most becoming head-dress, is in beautiful contrast with their olive complexions and raven hair. It is a charming pastime for a native of the North, to thread such an assemblage of the rustic fair of the South. Sometimes a face is encountered, so bland, innocent, and passively beautiful, but for the rich jet eyes, as to revive the sweet impressions which poetry inspires, of what an English poet considers the most divine coincidence in existence—"a lovely woman in a rural spot." To give variety to the otherwise pastoral aspect of the scene, here and there, some exquisite from an adjacent city, loiters along, and the venders endeavor to call attention to their stalls, by loud and various cries. Nuts, cheap toys, and pastry, comprise their merchandise. And what are the ostensible amusements of such a concourse? What spell

preserves amid such a heterogeneous mass, so much order and mutual courtesy? Whence the charm that gives rise to such merry peals of laughter, that arrays so many faces with gladness? Nature, indeed, smiles upon them; but they seldom know her frowns. Doubtless, there is much delight in the simple *dolce far niente*, much spontaneous joy in the social excitement of the scene, to which the Italians of every class are peculiarly susceptible. A *festa* in Italy, however, must ever be more or less of a mystery to one wedded to a cold philosophy. And yet I pity the man who can roam through such a village, at such a season, and not breathe more freely, and catch a ray of pleasure from the light-hearted triflers around him. He may be wise; he must be heartless.

The *festa* of Pescia was ushered in, as usual, by a religious ceremonial. The principal church was arrayed in crimson and gold, and illuminated with hundreds of tapers. Mass was performed, and, for several hours, a choir and an orchestra made the vaulted roof resound with sacred melody. No peasant seemed satisfied till his brow was moistened with the holy water, and his knees had pressed the steps of the altar. The responses once uttered, and the benediction received, they hastened again into the open air, to chat with their fellows from the adjoining district, or treat some favorite maiden to an ice. In the afternoon, they flocked into the main street, to see a race. Three or four horses, without riders, decked out in gilt paper, and with briers shaking at their sides, are started from a certain point. The crowd part before them, and shout to quicken their career. No drunkenness is seen, and the only apparent excess is that of harmless buffoonery. An illumination closed the *festa*. In the evening, every window was studded with lights, and as they gleamed upon the throng below, the village lost every trace of its homely and every day aspect, and seemed a spot consecrated to romance. Then, all the women appeared beautiful.

The hum of conversation swelled upon the night-breeze. Laughter echoed through the streets. Children danced over the pavement in transport. Old men walked slowly, smiling to their friends. Lovers, side by side, grew bold in their endearments. Jokes were bandied freely. All deemed the hour one of those lapses in the monotonous tide of life, when the deep of existence ripples sportively, lulling to momentary oblivion all bitter memories, and throwing nought but bright sparkles on the sands of time. Amid the surrounding hills, from the shadowy olive-woods, numberless lamps twinkled in fantastic groups. On their summits, lights were arranged in the form of crosses. The sacred symbol glittered thus from afar, like the vision of Constantine in the sky. On the churches, the lamps followed the lines of the architect, making them appear like temples built of stars. And above all, in the midst of the solemn firmament, the full moon sailed in unclouded beauty, as if to smile upon and hallow the transient reign of human festivity.

HARRY CLINTON.

A TALE OF THE PROMENADE.

My chum at Rome was Charles Arlington, an amateur painter. He had precisely that disposition which makes a comfortable inmate. No strong and obtrusive points of character or stereotyped manners vexed you in his presence. He was not one of those individuals whose feelings it is necessary to consult every moment for fear of giving offence. There was nothing angular and positive about Arlington. The clime in which he had so long sojourned had apparently melted the starch of northern prejudice quite away. Without being greatly admired or loved, he was liked by every one. Rome was crowded with strangers when he arrived, and he was glad to accept of a bed in the anteroom of my apartment, in the Piazza d'Espagna, until more commodious lodgings could be procured. In three days we were so nicely fixed that he determined to remain permanently. His easel was placed before a window that opened upon a broad clear vista between the dingy houses, in a light which he declared magnificent. Portfolios and prints littered the floor, and my hitherto bare and quiet room assumed a very artist-like and *negligé* aspect. I used to sit by the fire reading, while Arlington painted; and a most rational scene of tranquil enjoyment our quarters presented during those long dreamy mornings. My companion, who was something of a humorist, had amused himself by painting the walls in fresco,

as he chose to dignify his rough but graphic designs. In one corner was depicted a well-filled book shelf. It was a great diversion to us to watch visitors, whose eyesight was not the best, examine with astonishment the titles of this unique collection of books in effigy. They were, in fact, the very last one would expect to encounter in Rome, and nearly all prohibited. Another device was a canary bird in a cage, with the door open, which naturally excited frequent observation. A few national portraits and emblems were scattered here and there, so that our *padrona* used to call the room *la camera Americana*. The daughter of one of our neighbors brought a bouquet every morning, and this, with the fruit which remained from our breakfast, it was Arlington's business to arrange to the best advantage on the marble centre-table. He had disposed a few beautiful casts and oil paintings very gracefully around, and managed the curtains so as to produce that agreeable effect of light and shade which artists best understand. One rainy morning, instead of settling to his task, as usual, he sallied out to finish a sketch of the celebrated Broken Bridge, which he was about to transfer to canvas, and I had resigned myself to at least three hours uninterrupted wandering through the "Inferno," when the little flower girl thrust her head in at the door, saying that there was a gentleman in the hall very anxious to see Signor Carlo,—“I think he is an Englisman, and quite ill,—*poverino*,” added the child. I went out to explain the absence of my compatriot. The stranger was a finely formed and genteel young man, with a handsome face, although very thin and pale. I soon ascertained that he was an American, who came abroad for his health, and reached Rome only the night before, exhausted with his journey. He brought an introduction to Arlington, and his first and most anxious wish was to find comfortable lodgings. This was no easy thing at the moment; but so impatient was the

young man that it was with difficulty I could persuade him to come in and rest himself. The sight of our cheerful fire and warm carpet seemed, however, to alter the invalid's mood at once. He threw off his cloak, and held his almost transparent hands to the fire with almost childish delight.

"How comfortable!" said he, "how like home!"

The last expression seemed to awaken the most cherished associations. He continued to gaze on the bright and flickering blaze absorbed in thought, and as the warmth pervaded his frame, and his eye unconsciously followed the quivering flame, I could easily fancy the tenor of his musings. He was calling to mind his hasty and cheerless journey across the continent, the stone-floors, vast and cold chambers, and days and nights of lonely wayfaring, with disease weighing on his heart; and all this was contrasted in his imagination, with the comforts and kindness of home. I began to feel a deep interest in the sufferer, and it occurred to me that the occupants of the rooms above might have a vacant apartment. I lost no time in suggesting an inquiry to my visitor, and in the course of an hour had the satisfaction to see him pleasantly quartered directly over us. Our studio, as he called it, continued, however, to be his favorite resort; and we soon found so much to awaken our sympathies in his character and condition that Clinton became our constant companion. When the weather was fine, we accompanied him to the Pincian Hill or St. Peter's. Sometimes he joined me in a visit to the Forum, and at others Arlington in one of his sketching excursions; but his health generally confined him to the fireside; and often, when in his own chamber, a knock on the floor would summon us to his aid. He still cherished hopes of recovery, and avoided as much as possible any allusion to his illness. In conversation he was spirited and interesting, and gained daily upon our regard by his frank bearing and manly intelligence.

One bright morning, Signor Carlo was putting the last touch to his Broken Bridge, and I was reading the last paragraph of Galignani's Messenger, when we were startled by a crash above us, and the fall of several heavy bodies. Without a word, we hastened to our friend's apartment. He was sitting up in bed, trembling with excitement. On the floor were several broken vials, and in the centre of the room stood the hostess, pouring forth a volley of imprecations, and holding aloft an enormous broom, while the air was filled with dust. The rapid utterance of the landlady, and the violent fit of coughing which interrupted Clinton, prevented us for several minutes from ascertaining the real state of affairs. At length it appeared that the *padrona* had undertaken to sweep the room in order to save time to go to a *festa*. Her invalid lodger, not having Italian enough at command to make her understand his objection to the proceeding, had expostulated in vain, and, finally, enraged at her obstinacy, threw vial after vial, besides two or three large volumes and an ink-stand, at her head, and this was the cause of the uproar. After matters were explained to the satisfaction of the belligerents, Arlington and myself retired, highly entertained at the scene; but not a little surprised at such violence on the part of our quiet and sensible friend. When the latter joined us he seemed somewhat mortified at what had taken place, and soon proposed a walk.

"My poor mother," said he, as we went forth, "used to call me impulsive, and with good reason; I inherited her sanguine temper; that same impulse lost me a fortune and gained me a wife."

I was eager to know how this happened, and when we had found a sunny and retired path in the Villa Borghese, Clinton took my arm, and, as we strolled to and fro, thus explained his remark.

"My parents were quite delighted when a place was se-

cured for me in the counting-house of Harrod & Co. I well remember the discourse of my father the evening before I commenced my apprenticeship. He told me that Mr. Harrod was a bachelor of enormous wealth, that his partners had all been clerks with him, and that I had nothing to do but conform and make myself useful, to experience similar good fortune. I followed this advice, and at the end of four years was a general favorite with the whole concern. Mr. Harrod treated me with great partiality. I soon discovered that pride was his foible, an indomitable sense of reputation, a passion for consideration in society and in trade. He aspired to be esteemed first in New-York, both as a merchant and a man. And his ambition was satisfied. There was no one whose credit stood higher, whose opinion was more valued, or whose influence was greater than his. I have never seen a human being who appeared so thoroughly self-dependent, whose 'blood and judgment were so well commingled.' He seemed wholly superior to the blandishments of the fair. Business was apparently his pleasure, and, as he never was seen at any place of amusement, or known to speak to a woman, except his housekeeper, while his charities were munificent, many people esteemed him a kind of saint. I could not, indeed, love such a character ; but there was a sustained elevation about it that enforced my reverence. One evening, within a few months of my majority, I attended the theatre. Before the curtain rose, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a lady in the opposite box, whose beauty I have never seen equalled. The persons about her were evidently unknown to her, and I did not perceive that she was attended by any gentleman. I could not refrain from turning my eyes constantly in that direction. The more I contemplated the lady, the more lovely she appeared. As I am an enthusiastic admirer of beauty, I was familiar with the appearance, at least of every one in the city, who boasted

any rare attractions, and of course inferred that the lady before me was a stranger ; and yet there was none of that curiosity or surprise which can be traced in the manner of one to whom a scene is wholly new. On the other hand, I could not account for loveliness such as hers being so apparently unnoticed. At the commencement of the afterpiece, I saw a man whose figure and face were concealed in his cloak, enter the box and take a seat immediately behind the *incognita*. It struck me that he frequently addressed her, and that she replied, though neither changed their posture in the least. When the play was over, I continued to watch as before. She rose at the same time with her mysterious companion. He assisted her in putting on a shawl, and gave his hand to lead her from the box. His cloak became entangled, and, as he moved away, was half drawn from his shoulders. He turned to recover it, and I recognized Mr. Harród. Before I could rally from my astonishment, they were lost in the crowd. To understand my intense curiosity at this incident, you should have known Harrod ; you should have experienced, for years, his dignified reserve, his calm self-possession, his contempt of what the world calls pleasure. You should have learned, as I did, to regard him as a being superior to the infirmities of humanity, living in a more exalted atmosphere than his fellows, and actuated by motives of a loftier nature. He was regarded as a woman-hater, or, at least, as a man who lived too much upon his own resources to be swayed by common passion. I was haunted by an inquisitiveness such as possessed Caleb Williams with regard to Falkland. A moment's reflection would have made me aware of the danger of invading the privacy of a haughty man like Mr. Harrod ; but I paused not to consider. I knew of only one man in his employ who seemed to have his entire confidence. There was an air of respectability and a grave decorum about 'old Ben,' which probably chimed in with his

master's humor. He was a kind of confidential servant, waited at table on great occasions, and acted as footman or errand-boy, as emergency required. He was the major-domo of Harrod's splendid bachelor's-hall. To this personage I determined to have recourse, and the very next day, upon pretence of asking about a missing letter, I beckoned him to a corner of the warehouse, and very cautiously opened an inquiry as to where his master passed the previous evening. He appeared instantly to be upon his guard, assured me I was mistaken in my surmises, and pretended total ignorance on the subject. For a week I brooded over the mystery in silence. I perused the serious and tranquil countenance, that awed my boyish spirit, striving to detect the lines of cunning or the smoothness of hypocrisy. I peered into those clear gray eyes to discover the dormant fire of passion ; but my observations only puzzled me the more. The same difference to ordinary motives, the same self-respect and apparent stoicism were obvious in every look and movement ; nor was I able to subdue the habitual deference with which this singular man inspired me. One forenoon, as I was leaning over the ledger, biting the end of my pen, and musing over the incident which excited such an interest in my mind, I observed Old Ben, watching me intently. The moment he caught my eye, he moved towards the door ; I followed, and when we were in the street, he thrust a note into my hand, and walked away. The tasteful envelope, elegant writing, and fancy seal, indicated a lady's handiwork. The contents were as follows :

“ ‘ If Mr. Clinton will call this afternoon between five and six o'clock, at No. 30 — Street, his curiosity on a certain subject shall be amply gratified.’ ”

“ You will readily conceive with what impatience I awaited the time specified. Precisely at half past five, I rang the bell of a very genteel dwelling-house, at the place in-

licated, and was immediately ushered by a colored servant into a splendid drawing-room, in which rich ottomans, beautiful paintings, a harp, and various other evidences of wealth and taste, met the eye. Upon a couch by the fire, sat the lady whose beauty had so strongly attracted my admiration at the theatre. In her present costume she appeared more lovely than before. Upon my entrance, she rose and received me with great courtesy, but there was a slight embarrassment mingled with the almost playful cordiality of her manner. She evidently enjoyed the surprise and delight exhibited in my countenance.

“ ‘ I fear,’ said she, archly, ‘ that I have done a foolish thing, to say the least, in sending for you ; but the fact is, I had my share of curiosity as well as yourself. I had a strong desire to see Mr. Clinton, of whom I had heard so much, and I felt, from the confidence he has inspired in others, that my secret was in no danger with him.’

“ I could dwell at length upon this memorable interview ; suffice it, however, to repeat its essential points. Judge of my surprise, when this beautiful creature informed me that she was, and had been for several years, the wife of Mr. Harrod. Her origin was very humble, and much as she was beloved by her husband, he could never bring his mind to render the marriage public. He had received her from her parents a mere child, and had spared no care or expense in her education. In fact, this stern son of Mammon, so long deemed an incorrigible bachelor, and the most utilitarian of *millionaires*, had been all the while snugly carrying on as sweet a little romance as ever brightened into poetry the routine of common life. I owed my initiation to the imprudence of the only servant who shared his master’s secret. Harrod had told his wife the evening previous that he should leave the city the next day, for a week, and she, in a moment

of caprice, hearing from old Ben, of my leading questions, and wishing to see one she had often heard her husband commend, had ventured upon the bold experiment I have described. I never met so charming a woman. We chatted away like old friends, discussed Mr. Harrod's peculiar traits of character, and I openly lamented his overweening pride, as the great foible of a noble mind. You can fancy how many themes of mutual interest such an occasion would suggest. It seemed as if Mrs. Harrod was determined to atone for months of isolation by a free indulgence of her social powers. Her brilliancy and varied information, her tact and ignorance of the world, her simplicity and almost girlish enthusiasm, combined to render her a most fascinating companion. We were soon in the full tide of agreeable converse, when a slight click, like the rattle of a key in a lock, struck our ears. At this, to her well-known sound, she turned deadly pale.

"'Gracious powers!' she exclaimed, 'that must be my husband; pray conceal yourself there,' and she pointed to the voluminous folds of a window-curtain.

"'No madam,' I replied, 'I disdain to evade the consequences of my folly.'

"At this moment steps were heard along the entry. I knew at once the firm and regular tread of Harrod, and stood silently awaiting his entrance. Words cannot paint the blank astonishment with which his gaze rested on me. There was a pause of more than a minute—to me it seemed an hour.

"I hope I do not interrupt; I trust my presence is not intrusive,' at length he murmured in tones of the most bitter irony, and glancing with a contemptuous smile from his wife to me, as he stood thus, with folded arms, like the statue of Scorn.

"I saw that it was no time for explanation, and passing him with a respectful bow, I slowly withdrew. I did not sleep that night. From what I knew of Harrod's character, I doubted not that this adventure would blast my prospects, and it was with the keenest self-reproach that I remembered I had sacrificed my hopes to the gratification of an idle curiosity. With no little trepidation I anticipated a meeting with him the ensuing day. I resumed my post at the desk as usual, and, at the customary hour of eleven, the carriage drove up, and the senior partner walked into the counting-room with as sustained a carriage and unconcerned a look as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity. He was closeted in his private room for more than half an hour with the chief clerk, who, on his egress, signified to me that I was wanted. I felt that my future career was involved in that interview, and determined to go through it with as good a grace as possible.

" 'Clinton,' said Mr. Harrod, when the door was closed, 'I have always found you honest, and trust you will now answer me candidly,—'how often have you visited the house where I found you last night?'

" 'Never, sir, till then.'

" 'Are you willing to pledge yourself never to go there again, or reveal during my life what you there accidentally discovered?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'Upon that condition you can remain with us.'

"Thus ended our colloquy; but I was not long in discerning a change in Mr. Harrod's feelings towards me; not that he doubted my integrity in the least, but the thought of my participating in what he was weak enough to deem a humiliating secret, rankled in his breast. He died soon after, and I learned that a project which had been matured between him and the other partners to take me into the house, under the

most auspicious conditions, was abandoned at his suggestion, several months before."

"And thus," said I, "by acting from impulse, you lost a fortune: and how did you gain a wife?"

"That is soon told," replied Clinton. "Tom Chester was my intimate friend, during boyhood and youth, and one evening he called for me to go to a ball with him. As we were leaving the parlor, I asked my mother for a master-key, as I should not be back until towards morning."

"Ah!" said she, "Harry, I do wish you could remain at home at least one evening in the week. The only thing that will ever make you regular and domestic is marriage. Pray, Mr. Chester, use your influence with my son, and induce him to marry."

"With all my heart, madam," answered Tom. "I have a sweet little cousin in Jersey, who is exactly the wife for him."

"Well," said I, "I'll marry her to-morrow."

"You are not in earnest?"

"Quite so. You are as well acquainted with my character as any one in the world. You say your cousin is exactly the woman for me. I'll take your word for it. Write to her at once, describe me as I am, and if she is content with such a man, I will ratify the contract."

"The next day Chester sent to Jersey my full length portrait, drawn with an impartial hand. My good points were stated without exaggeration, and my faults honestly avowed, while the particulars of my personal appearance and prospects in life completed the picture. It hit the lady's fancy, and in a week we were married. A better wife, or one more devoted and attached, no man was ever blessed with. As to her beauty, judge for yourself;" and he drew a miniature from his bosom, representing an uncommonly sweet and expressive face. "And thus, my friend, that rash

humor which my mother gave me,' lost me a fortune, which might have been my ruin, and gained me a wife, who is the joy of my heart. But there comes our little flower girl to call us to dinner, and I dare say Arlington needs no one to wish him—*buono appetito*."

LEAF FROM A LOG.

"Once more upon the waters!"—CHILDE HAROLD.

PICTURES of sea-life generally present the two extremes of truth. When drawn by the professional mariner, the shadows are often kept wholly out of view, and when depicted by one to whom the element itself and all the associations of shipboard are uncongenial, we have Dr. Johnson's summary opinion re-echoed with the endorsement of experience. Life at sea, as every where else, is a chequered scene. Nothing can exceed the melancholy of a cloudy day on the ocean, to the heart of one fresh from endeared localities. The gray sky, the chilly air, and the boundless dark mass of waters rolling in sullen gloom, fill the mind with sombre images. And when night comes over the deep, and the voyager retires to his cabin, to muse over the friends and sweet places of the earth left behind,—the creaking of the strained timbers, the swaying of the flickering lamp, and the gurgling of the waves at the stern, deepen the desolate sensations that weigh upon his heart. On the other hand, what can give more buoyancy to the spirits than a bright, clear day at sea, when with a fair wind and every sail filled, the noble vessel rushes gallantly through the water? It must be confessed, however, that there are few occasions of more keen enjoyment than going on shore, after a long voyage. Life seems renewed, and old impressions become fresh when the loneliness of the ocean is all at once exchanged for the busy haunts of men;

the narrow deck for the crowded street ; the melancholy expanse of waves for the variegated garniture of earth. When nought has met the eye for many weeks but sea and sky, when the social excellencies of a party have been too largely drawn upon to be keenly relished, and the novelties of voyaging have become familiar, the hour of landing is anticipated with an eagerness only to be realized by experience.

It was with no little impatience that we awaited the dawn after casting anchor in the bay of Gibraltar. In this instance delay was more irksome, as our arrangements precluded more than a day's sojourn on the celebrated rock. We found the town in a state of unusual excitement from a report which was current, of the near approach of the troops of Don Carlos. The people of Saint Roque, the nearest Spanish town, were flocking into the gates, many of the poorer classes laden with their household effects. Never, to me, were the contrasts between sea and land more striking. The wild cry of the mariners had scarcely died away upon our ears, when they were greeted with the hum of commerce, and the enlivening strains of martial music. As we proceeded, groups of Jews were seen moving towards the synagogue, their dark robes and gray beards blending with the bright uniforms of the English officers who gravely trod the crowded pavement. A swarthy peasant with a steeple-crowned hat, was violently beating his mules in the middle of the street, while directly under the wall, a Spanish lady, with graceful steps, glided off to mass. But our attention was soon completely absorbed in a survey of the fortifications. Many hours were spent in clambering over the rock, now pausing to note the picturesque aspect of a Moorish castle, and now to admire the marvellous vegetation of a little garden, planted on a narrow shelf of the fortress. Here a luxuriant aloe threw up its blue and spear-like leaves above the gray stone ; and there, a venerable goat was perched

motionless upon a projecting cliff. We wandered through the extensive galleries cut in the solid rock, one moment struck with the immense resources of nature, and the next, delighted by some admirable device of art. The light streaming through the loop-holes, the large dark cannon, and the extraordinary number and extent of these galleries, fill the mind with a kind of awe. At one of the most central points, we paused and gazed down upon the bay. Our vessel seemed dwindled to the size of a pleasure-boat. Opposite, appeared the town of Algeciras, and immediately below, the neutral land between the Spanish and British territory. This is the duelling-ground of the garrison, and near by is a cluster of graves. The water was covered with foam. The wind swept with a melancholy roar round the immense rock. Our voices echoed through the long, vaulted archway. As we clustered about the cannon, looking forth from that dizzy height upon the extensive prospect, while our guide rehearsed the capabilities of the position, and pointed out the memorable points of the landscape, we fully realized the impregnable strength of Gibraltar. Before dusk we were under way, and rounding the majestic rock, soon lost sight of its scattered lights and huge form towering through the twilight. The American Consul bade us adieu at the pier, and the facilities he had afforded us during the day, led me to reflect upon the importance of this office abroad, and the singular neglect of our government to its claims. Politicians, among us, are so absorbed in temporary questions and immediate objects, that it is difficult to attract their attention to any foreign interest. Yet, in a patriotic point of view, there are few subjects more worthy of the consideration of political reformers, than our consular system. Of the utter indifference with which these offices are regarded, there are many evidences. A very gentlemanly man who had fulfilled the duties of United States Consul, at one of the Mediterranean ports, for more than

twenty years, was waited upon one morning, by a stranger, who demanded the seal and books of the consulate, showing a commission empowering him to fill the station. Common decency, to say nothing of civility, would require that this gentleman should have received some official notice of his expulsion. But the most curious circumstance in the case was, that, after a month had elapsed, the new consul renewed his call, and stating he found the fees inadequate to his support, destroyed his commission, and departed. Another old incumbent, deservedly popular, discovered, for the first time, through the public prints, that his office had been abolished for more than a year. At present, these offices are chiefly held by merchants, whose personal interests are continually liable to conflict with their duty as public servants. Our consuls, too, usually depend upon fees for remuneration, and a large part of these are paid by travellers. Those who make several successive visits to the same city, paying, at each departure, for the consul's signature to their passports, cannot but feel annoyed at a tax from which other strangers are exempt. If salaries were instituted, proportioned to the labor and importance of each station, and liberal enough to secure the services of able men, the result, in every point of view, would be excellent. Generous and enlightened views of national intercourse, are now rapidly prevailing, and our country should be the first to give them a practical influence. The French system is progressive, and the consuls are, therefore, regularly educated for their duty. The English consuls are accustomed to furnish the home-department with useful statistical information, which is of eminent service to the merchant, manufacturer, and political economist. If these inquiries were extended to scientific and other general subjects, it is easy to perceive how extensively useful the consular office might become. If there is any country, which, in the present condition of the world, should be worthily represented, it is the

United States. The extent of our commercial relations, and the rapid increase of American travellers require it; but the honor of a young and prosperous nation, and fidelity to the important principles of freedom and popular education we profess, are still higher reasons. Men of intelligence and observation, who will command the respect of their countrymen, and of the courts to which they are sent, should be placed at these posts of duty. Party feeling should be waived in such appointments. They should be regarded not merely as affording protection and facilitating intercourse, but as involving high responsibility, and furnishing occasion for various usefulness. Our consuls should have the interests of their country at heart, not only as diplomatists, but, if possible, as men of literature and science, and, at all events, as enlightened and generous patriots.

Day after day, we proceeded constantly in view of the Spanish coast. It was delightful, at early morning, to trace the fine outline of the mountains, broken, occasionally, by a watchtower, or, at sunset, behold the rich glow gather upon their summits, and suffuse their misty robes with beautiful hues. The still grandeur of the hills of Spain thus bathed in softened tints, was in striking contrast to the civil feud then devastating the country. Leaning over the bulwarks, I loved to gaze upon these magnificent boundaries of a chivalrous land, and muse upon the decayed splendor of the Alhambra, the rich humor of Don Quixote, or the wrongs and triumphs of Columbus. On a clear and delightful morning, we came in view of Malta. Perhaps there is no spot of such diminutive extent, that can boast an equal renown. Although a mere calcareous rock, its commanding position early attracted the arms of the Carthaginians, who were dispossessed by the Romans. The island was occupied, in the middle ages, by the Saracens and Normans, and in 1530, conferred, by Charles V, upon the knights of Saint John, who had been expelled

from Rhodes by the Turks. Thenceforth, Malta exhibited a new aspect. Fortifications of great extent and admirable construction arose. The one small stream of fresh water was carried to Valetta by an aqueduct of a thousand arches. The noble church dedicated to the patron saint of the order arose. A hospital was built to accommodate two thousand patients, and the vessels used in its service, were of solid silver. Earth from Sicily was spread over the rock, which soon presented tints of lively green to contrast with the grayish yellow hue of the forts, and the deep blue of the sea. As we were not permitted immediately to land, I had ample opportunity to contemplate the interesting scene. Several vessels of war were lying in the harbor, their large, dark hulls casting broad and imposing shadows. The castles of Saint Angelo and Saint Elmo, presented their batteries at opposite angles, reviving the associations of the memorable sieges which the knights so courageously sustained. On one of these occasions, when the position of the enemy intervened between the two forts, their situation is described as trying in the extreme. The waves were dyed with blood. The bodies of the knights who perished at Saint Elmo, floated to the foot of Saint Angelo, and were buried there. Many of them were horribly mangled, and the cross cut in derision upon their breasts. At night, the fire wheels and other engines, illuminated the scene of battle. The brave champions of Christianity, met, for the last time, in their council hall, wounded and spent with fatigue, and, having partaken of the last religious rite, vowed to sacrifice themselves, and return once more to the defence. When the moon arose, and poured her tranquil light upon the harbor, its peaceful beauty rendered such retrospections more difficult to realize. The water rippled playfully around the mossy walls of the forts. The mild lustre fell serenely upon the tile-covered roofs of the town, and bathed the lofty dome of the Cathedral. The

crowd passed cheerfully along the quay, and the echo of a mariner's song alone disturbed the silence of the night. Now and then a boat shot across the bay with its complement of passengers—a priest, a soldier, and one or two female figures, shrouded in black silk. It was impossible to peruse the scene and not revert to those fierce struggles between the crescent and the cross, and dwell upon the devoted enthusiasm which led so many of the young and the brave to assume the black mantle and holy symbol of Christian knighthood. The inspiration of a Southern night aided the imagination in conjuring from the bosom of the quiet waters, the buried tales of romantic valor. Such dreams were soon dispelled upon landing, for the Nix-Mangare stairs, leading to the town, are always thronged with the most importunate beggars. In the principal street, some laborers were digging the foundation of a house. The cellar is made by merely throwing out the calcareous soil which forms very good material for building. When used, however, for floors, it is necessary to harden the surface of the Malta stone with varnish or oil. A friend of mine, at Palermo, who paved his house with this material, and neglected thus to prepare it, discovered his mistake in a very unpleasant manner. Soon after taking possession of his residence, he gave a ball. After the third or fourth dance, the gentlemen's coats were white with powder, the air of the rooms was filled with fine dust, and the next day, every one of the company complained of a sore throat. We lodged at a hotel, formerly a knight's palace, every apartment of which is of noble dimensions, and richly decorated. The Grand Master's residence, the splendid armory, the long lines of bastions, and the monuments in the church of Saint John, are the most interesting memorials of the knights. The old pits excavated for preserving grain, which has been thus kept for an entire century, are still used for a similar purpose. A column on one of the ramparts, commemorates the services

of Sir Alexander Ball, to whom Coleridge pays so high a tribute in the *Friend*. The gay uniforms of the English officers give a lively air to the narrow streets of Malta. At the opera, between the acts, the orchestra perform "God save the King," and every individual rises and remains attentively standing until the music ceases. This silent recognition of national feeling, in a foreign land, is impressive and touching. Malta will not long detain the curious traveller, when so near more interesting localities. But while the novelty of its peculiar features is fresh to the mind, they cannot fail to amuse. There is a remarkable unity in the associations of the place, connected as they are, almost exclusively, with the knights. A great variety in costume, and many singularities in the habits and dialects of the natives, afford a fund of entertainment for a few days' sojourn. The Maltese still complain loudly of their grievances, and have but recently succeeded in obtaining the freedom of their press. Their African origin is strongly indicated in their complexions and cast of features. Yet not unfrequently, from one of the grotesque balconies, a dark eye gleams, or a form is visible, which stays the steps, and provokes the sigh of the stranger.

THE THESPIAN SYREN.

A TALE OF THE LOCANDA.

I.

It was towards the close of a cool but delightful autumn evening, in Milan, the best part of which I had vainly spent in searching for a friend. All at once it occurred to me that he might be at the opera ;—yet, thought I, F— is very fastidious, and there is no particular attraction to-night. Thus weighing the matter on my mind, I came within sight of the Scala, and I was soon at the door of Count G—'s box, where F— was generally to be found. The orchestra was performing an interlude, and the foot-lights beaming upon the beautiful classical groups depicted on the drop. My friend was not visible, and I should instantly have retreated, had not a side glance revealed to me the figure of a young man, seated in the shadow of the box curtains. Count G— was partial to Americans, and I scrutinized the stranger, thinking it not impossible he was a countryman, but soon recognized the countenance of a Scotch student, with whom I had exchanged a few words at our *table-d'hôte* in the morning. It was several minutes before I satisfied myself of his identity, so different was his aspect and demeanor. He sat opposite me, at the table, and was engaged in a most lively conversation with a flaxen-haired daughter of Vienna, who appeared delighted with the opportunity of reciting the story

of her travels to a new acquaintance, which she persisted in doing, notwithstanding the obvious displeasure of her father, a military character, who morosely devoured his dinner beside her. Her auditor repaid the lady's condescension with an account of the customs and traditions of the Highlanders, in doing which the keen air of his native hills seemed to inspire him; for from a constrained and quiet, he gradually glided into a free and earnest manner, and evolved enthusiasm enough to draw sympathizing looks even from a coterie of native Italians, his opposite neighbors. Frank Graham was now in a totally different mood. He sat, braced in his seat, as if under the influence of some nervous affection; his lips when released from the restraint imposed upon them, quivered incessantly, and—it might have been fancy—but I thought I saw, in the dusky light, several hasty tears fall upon the crimson drapery. There is something in the deep emotion of a man of intellectual vigor—and such, Graham's table-talk had proved him—which interests us deeply. The very attempt to check the tide of feeling, the struggle between the reason and the heart, the affective and reflective powers, as a phrenologist would say, awakens our sympathy. I forgot the object of my visit to the Scala, and silently resolved to lead off my fellow-sojourner from the memory of his disquietude, or draw from him its cause, and, if possible, act the comforter. With this view, I approached him carelessly, as if I had not noticed his emotion, and proffered him the greetings of the evening. He looked at me vacantly, a moment, but soon rejoined with cordiality. Then rising and drawing his cloak around him, he seized my hand and exclaimed—"Let us leave this place, my friend." There was confidence implied in his tremulous tones, yet I was half in doubt as to the propriety of alluding to his obvious depression. It was a fine moonlight night, and we walked side by side for several minutes, in silence. "How long since

you left home, Mr. Graham?" I inquired, by way of beginning a colloquy. "Five minutes ago, or thereabouts," he replied huskily. I halted in surprise, and gazed upon him in wonder. He stopped also, and observing my astonishment, continued in a clearer voice, "Do not be alarmed, my friend; I am perfectly sane; literally speaking, I left Scotland five years since, but just now your voice aroused me to a consciousness of where and what I am. I have been carried back not only to my country, but to my youth, to its richest hour, to its most vivid epoch; you, by a word, dissolved the spell:—there is the famous cathedral, this is Milan, and I am nothing now but Frank Graham; but one memento of my recent fairy land remains"—and he pointed to the moon.

"Oh what mistaken kindness we sometimes practise!" I replied; "you seemed brooding over some sorrowful subject. I thought to divert your attention. Forgive my intrusion, for many, many injuries are fanciful and unworthy the name, compared with that which drags a happy idealist from his aerie in the heavens, down to life's common and desert shore."

"Say you so, my friend?" returned Graham, "then you will not laugh at an incident in the life of an enthusiast. Come, come," and he drew my arm within his, and quickened his pace. The window of my room at the locanda, reached to the floor, and overlooked a small garden; as we entered, I placed the lamps in a distant corner, threw open the curtains, and admitted the full light of the moon. "Now, Heaven grant," said I, as Frank Graham ensconced himself in a corner of the sofa, and filled his glass from a flask of red wine—"Heaven grant that yours is a tale of love and chivalry, for such a scene ill befits an unromantic legend."—"It is, indeed, a glorious night; but who ever heard, in these days, of a poor Scotch student essaying at tournament or holy

war, except in the field of fiction, as here,"—and he lifted 'Ivanhoe' from the table—"yet remember that this lovely orb smiles equally upon the love-vigils of the Highland chief, as upon those of the knights of old, and her beams must seem as romantic to you, while I improvise a chapter of my autobiography, as they did to Rebecca the Jewess, daughter of Isaac of York, when the wounded knight related, at the same witching season, his adventures in Palestine."

II.

"THE vivid impression which our 'first play' leaves upon the mind might teach us something, if we were introspective moralists, as to that greatly mooted point—the true influence of the drama. Perchance from the deep and splendid visions thus awakened to the fancy, the clear and romantic aspect which humanity thus portrayed assumes, we might discover no questionable affinity between our own unsophisticated natures and the dramatic art; we might appreciate the importance of such an institution as the theatre to civilized man, to the dawning mind, to the human being as such; we might, with perfect consistency, learn to rank the legitimate drama in the poetry of life. But however this may be, there are many incidental experiences where an universal end is pursued. About every general object, personal associations abundantly cling. There is deep truth in the great German writer's remark—'every individual spirit waxes in the great stream of multitude.' Lamb's first visit to the theatre was powerfully associated with a plate prefixed to Rowe's Shakespeare. This event with me, is linked with a deeper reminiscence, for it occurred at an age of deeper susceptibility.

"I was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and from a three years' residence there, divided between study, solitary walks along the sea-shore, and attendance upon pru-

dential lectures daily delivered by the maiden aunt with whom I resided, I was, all at once, removed to the metropolis and entered as a law student. At Edinburgh, I boarded with a distant relation who was a great musical amateur. In his house there also resided a very eccentric man, a dramatist by profession. He had an interest in some score of plays, more or less popular, having either composed or adapted them to the stage. The manager of one of the principal theatres was his intimate friend, and had exerted himself to bring out Mr. Connington's dramas so successfully, that they were then yielding him a very handsome income. At every meal, dramatic literature was discussed, and the merits of various actors canvassed. Not infrequently my kinsman, who was quite an adept in such matters, gave imitations of the best tragedians, by way of an evening's pastime. As you may suppose, I soon became much interested in the subject of these conversations. To me a new field of thought was opened. And yet evening after evening, I declined invitations to attend the theatre. This was thought quite surprising, particularly as I manifested so much interest in every thing that was going on there, and after a while took no inconsiderable part in the dramatic conversations. The truth was, my imagination was wrought up to the highest pitch. My 'first play' assumed an importance in my mind, which it is difficult to describe. I came to regard it as one of the great epochs of existence. I anticipated its effects as nervous people sometimes fancy the operation of some powerful nostrum, or as I can imagine Sir Humphrey Davy looked forward to the effect of a new gas. In consequence of this feeling, I made great preparations for the event. I read Shakspeare with greater attention than ever before, informed myself of the history of the drama, read innumerable criticisms, biographies and lectures illustrative of the whole subject, and finally determined to be governed by circumstances as to the manner I should choose to make my *debut* as a play-goer.

"I entered our little parlor one cold, drizzly evening, five years ago this very night, my head throbbing with six long hours' delving into the mysteries of the law. In no very good humor, I seated myself before the grate to await the dinner hour. I was gazing rather moodily at the fire, when something intercepted its rays; I looked up; Mr. Connington was at my elbow holding a printed bill before me. I could distinguish but one word, 'Virginus.' 'Mr. Graham,' said my friend, 'you must go to-night.'—'I will,' said I, and we sat down to dinner.

"During the meal I was unusually silent. I was quite oppressed with the thought that I was so near an end so long anticipated; I fancied I had been too precipitate. I felt like one standing at the entrance of a splendid Gothic cathedral; it seemed to me that a single step would bring me into an overpowering scene.

III.

"How little, my friend, can a man of acute, lively sensibilities calculate upon the experience that awaits him! A skilful devotee of science can predict, with a good degree of certainty, the approach of celestial phenomena, the existence of unseen fountains, and even the direction of the unborn breeze; but who has the foresight to prophesy the destiny of feeling—to indicate the next new influence which shall arouse it, to trace its untravelled course, or point confidently to its issue? A man conscious of a fathomless tide of feeling within him, who throws himself into a world of moral excitements, knows but this, that he is doomed to feel deeply, variously, often to suffer agony—often to enjoy delight. But the very means he thought would prove most magnetic, may absolutely fail to attract, and some unexpected agency, of which he dreamed not, may approach the unguarded portal

of his soul, and take it by surprise. Such was my experience when I trusted myself to dramatic influences. I had thought to be subject to them as a philosopher ; but while seeking this end I was taught most emphatically to realize my own humanity.

“ The leading actress on the Edinburgh boards at the period to which I refer, was Helen Trevor. This was not, indeed, the name by which she was known to the public ; for being the daughter of a distinguished performer, it was deemed expedient for her to appear under her mother’s family name, which was one of the highest in the annals of the British stage. I first saw her in Virginia, and never, no never can I forget that memorable evening. In the first act, when Virginius says to Servia, ‘ Go fetch her to me,’ I observed all around me silent and intent from expectation. It was not till the deafening greetings had subsided, that I raised my eyes, and then my cherished ideal of female beauty was realized. The chaste dress of white muslin—the thick dark ringlets about the neck—the simple girdle—the little satin band around the beautiful brow—the quiet, gentle and touching simplicity of the air and accents—all, all are before me. How deeply I sympathized in the indignation of Virginius—how I wept when he recited his daughter’s praises ! Unfortunately, the part of Icilius was played by a novice. Had it been otherwise, perhaps my emotions, overpowering as they were, might have been subdued ; but while all the other characters satisfied me, his, Virginia’s lover’s, the very part with which I felt myself identified, was shamefully weak. I was absolutely maddened. The theatre vanished from my mind. I thought of nothing, cared for nothing but that fair young creature, and the idea possessed me, with a frightful tenacity, that I should one day be the true Icilius. As the play proceeded I became more and more lost in this idea. It was only when the wretched personator of the

Roman lover came on, that the illusion vanished. And then a bitter and impatient hatred possessed me. I longed to clutch the young man, and hurl him away. And when the Roman father, in solemn and touching tones, said—

You are my witnesses
That this young creature I present to you,
I do pronounce my profitably cherished,
And most deservedly beloved child—
My daughter truly filial, both in word
And act, yet even more in act than word—

I tremblingly ejaculated, 'We are, me are.' A lady in the box thought I was faint and proffered her salts. I took the vial mechanically, but was not recalled; for a moment after, when the words reached my enamored ear—

You will be all
Her father has been—added unto all
A lover would be?

the query seemed addressed to me; unable longer to contain what rushed to my lips, I rose, sprang upon the seat, and shouted, 'I will, I will'—but the words were broken—I felt a hand close tightly over my mouth, and myself lifted into the lobby, whence I was hurried, without a word, into a hackney coach, by the dim lights of which I discovered Mr. Connington, who had firmly grasped one arm, while a gentleman, whom I recognized as an occupant of the box, held the other. They evidently thought me mad.

"This adventure was a salutary and timely lesson. Never again did I betray any emotion. But I felt the more. The drama which I had fancied would produce such mighty effects on my mind, was nothing except as it was associated with *her*. O my friend, you can have no idea of what mingled ecstasy and bitterness is involved in the love of an

object of public admiration. Sometimes I would have given worlds if Helen had been a tradesman's daughter, living in honorable obscurity ; but when evening came, and I saw her personating the grandest female characters in history, arrayed in an ideal costume, uttering the noblest sentiments, and appearing as the faithful, the self-denying, the beautiful representative of her sex, then, in those moments, I wished her ever to be the same. But poor Shakspeare ! where was my reverence for him ? Strange fantasy, the world would have thought, had I written a new commentary on his tragedies, to declare that the most eloquent line in *Romeo and Juliet* was Lady Capulet's, 'Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her forth to me,'—and in *Othello's* speech, the most awakening phrase the last, 'Here comes my lady, let her witness it.' Yet such they were to me, for they called first upon the stage Juliet and Desdemona.

"Many weeks flew by, and my time was ostensibly divided between Blackstone and the drama. My kinsman frequently applauded this rare union of rational and imaginative studies. 'Few young men, cousin Frank,' he would say, 'choose so wisely. I perceive you did not study the philosophy of the human mind, at St. Andrews, in vain. Here you devote the day to legal investigations, which, unquestionless, have a tendency to invigorate the understanding, to create just habits of thinking, and train the judgment ; then your evenings are given to the greatest imaginative amusement of this utilitarian age. You cultivate a taste for the drama. Well, well, cousin, we'll make a fine fellow of you yet.' In these remarks Mr. Connington would coincide, neutralizing his praises with the observation that Mr. Graham's dramatic criticisms were, somehow or other, more vague and less to the purpose, than before he attended the theatre.' Neither of these sage observers of human nature, however, had the least idea of the true state of the case. And, indeed, it was not

till late that I myself discovered with wonder which partook strangely of regret and gladness, that it was not Cordelia or Virginia that I loved, but Helen Trevor.

IV.

“HITHERTO my love had been ideal. Personal intercourse had not revealed to me the imperfections of the fair Thespian. —Report spoke highly of her character, and the earnest approbation of the public sufficiently indicated her professional genius. Strange as the remark would seem to a mere worldly reasoner, you, my friend, will understand me, when I assert that few attachments excelled mine in real and beautiful sentiment. It was much like the love which we know ardent men have cherished for a portrait, a statue, or the being of their dreams. Whatever the object of my affections in reality was; however tainted with the alleged evil influences of her pursuit; however intellectually endowed or morally gifted; remember, that, as presented to me, she was always the living portrait of departed worth, the renovated image of some hallowed being, the human embodiment of a poet’s dream. Naturally favored with a classical species of womanly beauty, displaying manners in which feminine grace and modesty struggled with a vivid conception of the part she was representing—you cannot wonder that a halo of romance was thrown around the person of my idol. I never saw her but as the personator of virtue. No other parts were adapted to her talents. And thus, to my ardent fancy, she became the personification of all that was good, and beautiful, and true.

“It was not in human nature to be long content with such a semi-interchange of sympathy. Alas! the thought struck me, all at once, that there had been no interchange, that my heart had been given to one who knew me not—that I

was no more to the Thespian than the multitude who nightly witnessed her performance. I felt foolishly conscious of my wandering moods. I resolved, after long and troubled musing, to come face to face with the admired actress. And yet I feared to adventure. The charm might be dissolved, or it might be confirmed. What then? I should, at least, know my fate. Stripped of the adventitious aid of her profession, she might prove uninteresting. And then—I laughed wildly at the thought—I should be free! Yet, in a moment I discarded the idea. If I have been in bondage this month past, thought I, then let me be a slave forever. It seemed to me easier to die a victim to imaginary wo, than to return again to barren studies or common cares. My resolution taken, I grew impatient, yet never suffered myself to think of what I was about to do, without realizing that awe with which the German dramatist says all mortals must ‘grasp the urn of destiny.’

“‘Capital, capital!’ exclaimed Mr. Connington, one morning, at the breakfast-table, as he laid down the Post and resumed his muffin. ‘What is it?’ inquired my cousin, taking up the paper. ‘Why, an excellent criticism on the Portia we saw Monday night.’ ‘Ah! signed F. G., too—who can that be?’ ‘Who should it be but Frank Graham?’ asked the dramatist, his eye brightening at the discovery. I could not deny the authorship. Mr. Connington hastily swallowed his last cup of tea, and as he left the room, with a significant nod, remarked—‘Well done, master Frank; she shall know it, too; she shall, I declare.’ I was after him in an instant. ‘My dear Mr. Connington,’ said I, ‘pray be careful. If you choose to force this hasty notice upon the attention of Miss —, do it in a way which shall impress her favorably as to the author. See, see, my friend, that I am not merged in her mind with the herd of coxcomb admirers whom I am sure she despises.’ The energy with

which I spoke astonished him, but recovering quickly from his surprise, he replied, 'Why, look you, my young man ; the literary editor of this paper is the best friend her family ever had ; I mean he shall tell her. And should you like to know her, Frank ? I'll ask him to introduce you. What say ?' I could scarcely speak from agitation. So near the object of my wishes ? It seemed impossible. Clinging to Mr. Connington's arm, I accompanied him down to the last step, succeeding finally in hurriedly signifying my assent. I was lost in joyful surprise, from which I was aroused by my cousin's voice reprimanding the porter for leaving the street door open, and hastened in, to prepare for the expected interview.

"That long forenoon passed heavily enough. Not an iota of legal knowledge did it bring to me. The dinner hour came. I longed to know if Mr. Connington had seen the editor ; but the conversation, for the first time since my arrival in Edinburgh, turned upon foreign politics, and argument ensued. I thought it inexpressibly tedious. My abstraction was noticed, which I did not regret, since it relieved my suspense. 'Frank,' said the dramatist, 'your wits seem a wool-gathering. Rally, man !—you're a critic, you know. I'm sorry my editorial friend has gone to Glasgow for a fortnight. I saw him this morning, just as he was starting. Give my regards to Mr. Graham,' said he ; 'I hope to form his acquaintance on my return—and then, as you say he's really a fine fellow—I'll introduce him to Miss—— ; a thing I would not do for many young men. The lady has no time to waste, and hates promiscuous acquaintances.' I was terribly disappointed. A fortnight's delay seemed an age. A proposal of my cousin suggested consolation.—'Frank,' said he, 'I want you to know my friend Bouvier the composer ; he has a sanctum near the painting-room of the theatre—we'll go up and see him to-night between the acts.'

"The platforms extending over the wings, above the stage, are called the flies. They command a view of the actors and the orchestra. It was necessary to cross these on our way to the composer's studio. I looked down a moment as we passed, and was delighted to find that while the stage was completely under my cognizance, I myself was invisible to the performers, unless indeed they should take great pains to spy me out. I determined to become acquainted with the musical occupant of this curious region, that I might at will come hither, and, unseen, behold the Thespian. Mr. Bouvier, upon my kinsman's favorable representation of my talents, begged me to write the words adapted to some opera music he was preparing. And thus was I unexpectedly furnished with a reasonable excuse for frequenting the vicinity of the hallowed scene of my favorite's labors.

"The next day, at about noon—the hour I had ascertained she would be at rehearsal—I closed a huge volume of commentaries, snatched up my hat, and, with a beating heart, hastened to the theatre. I entered the private door, passed through the corridors, by the range of dressing-rooms, and, to my joy, encountered no one until I arrived at the top of the stairs, where stood a knot of carpenters, planning some stage device. They stared a little at my appearance. 'Where is Mr. Bouvier's room?' I inquired. 'This way, sir,' said one of the men, conducting me across the apartment to a little door. The moment he retired, I gently closed it behind me, and found myself alone upon the flies. It was some time before, in the kind of twilight which prevailed, I could distinctly behold the scene upon the stage. Near the foot-lights stood a small table, upon which three or four candles were burning amid a mass of papers, two or three books, and a standish. Here sat a portly man who, I afterwards learned, was the prompter; beside him was a lad technically denominated the call-boy; and standing about in

groups, pacing in couples to and fro, or ranged in order and reading their several parts, were the performers. It was only now and then that a phrase or two stole up to my ear from the voices below, but the tones familiar to my dreams arose not.—Suddenly the readers paused and looked round, as if a new personage should appear. The prompter whispered to the urchin at his side, and the boy ran towards the green-room, shouting the name that was to me so sacred. Presently the Thespian entered. I saw her for the first time in the ordinary habit of her sex. Her dress was simple, but becoming in the extreme. Her manner of greeting the performers, and their obvious deference towards her, confirmed me in the idea I had formed of her lady-like demeanor in private life. Hearing some one approach, I glided into Mr. Bouvier's room. But to this post of observation I daily repaired. Thence I watched every movement and caught every tone of the Thespian. O how fleetly sped the hours as I leaned in watchful reverie over the old oaken beam, and gazed down upon the rehearsals! The superiority of my charmer among her mates, her self-possessed dignity under the trying circumstances of her lot—I saw and marked from my aerie, and fondly remembered ever. Sometimes I was tempted to spring down into the midst of the group who were blessed with her presence. At such moments I turned aside and paced the platform, looked down again, and wrestled with my impatience till she departed, and then hurried into the street to catch a glimpse of her beautiful figure, as it glided through the neighboring thoroughfares to her home.

“The fortnight elapsed; the editor returned. It was a fine, clear morning—I remember it as if it were to-day. I was earlier than usual at my post, and judged, from the aspect of things below, that a quarter of an hour would elapse before the performers would assemble. Helen was there. I was at the office of the Post in a trice. ‘Is Mr. — in?’

I breathlessly asked. 'He is,' was the reply, and I was shown into the inner room.

"'Good morning, sir,' I began. 'I am Mr. Graham, the gentleman whom you kindly promised to introduce to Miss ——. She is^{at} the theatre now, sir; the rehearsal has not commenced. Can you conveniently accompany me at once?'

"'Certainly, sir, with the greatest pleasure. I have to see the lady myself. I brought a letter from her brother in Glasgow.'

"How we got to the theatre, I cannot tell. One overpowering idea possessed me. I believed this introduction was the turning point in my destiny. I answered only in monosyllables to the editor's warm eulogiums of the Thespian, and ran along almost dragging him, despite his half-articulated protestations against the pedestrianism of country-bred Scotchmen. Emerging from the glare of mid-day into the shadowy gloom of the theatre, we stopped to take breath and accustom our dimmed vision to the change. My companion taking my hand, drew me between two scenes in about the centre line of the stage, and there we began to observe.

"'Is she here?' I asked faintly. Just then Helen appeared, slowly walking up the stage, intent upon a manuscript. She was dressed in a simple gown of black silk, and over her neck was carelessly flung a shawl of richly wrought lace of the same color. As she walked, the light from a very high upper window fell directly upon her features; and ever and anon, she lifted her full expressive eye from the paper, and repeated to herself, as if to make trial of her memory. When she came parallel with us, my companion whispered her name. She turned towards us; he stepped forward, and was instantly recognized and kindly greeted. A few expressions passed between them, among which such words as

—‘news,’ ‘cold,’ ‘Glasgow,’ and others of import so common-place that they seemed to mock the solemn interest of my feelings, when my companion beckoned me forward. I approached with my hat in my hand and my heart in my throat. ‘Miss ———, this is the gentleman of whom I spoke to you,—Mr. Francis Graham, of ———.’ ‘I am happy to see you, Mr. Graham,’ returned the Thespian, with a smile that thrilled me, and an accent that seemed heavenly. I bowed repeatedly. I looked my veneration and tenderness. I could not speak.

V.

“I had passed the Rubicon, and thenceforth obeyed the impulse of my feelings fearlessly and freely. Every night found me behind the wings. The best oranges that searching could procure in Edinburgh, the fairest roses of the public gardens, did I lay, as votive offerings, on the shrine of my idolatry. Five memorable times I attended the Thespian to her home. On three memorable evenings I sat beside her, in the midst of her family. I was abundantly content. If any thing had been necessary to deepen my interest, it was afforded by the acquaintance I now formed of her character. She followed her profession uncomplainingly, for the sake of those dependent for support upon her toils. During a morning walk to Salisbury crags, I resolved on the succeeding night to offer my hand to the Thespian. I determined to marry her openly ; to lead her before the public on her farewell benefit. As I strolled back to the city, I was composing the poetical address which I determined she should speak on this occasion, when the door of my law-office, which I had mechanically reached, interrupted my muse. I gravely entered, took down the proper volume in course, opened it at the right place, and seating myself before the extended page,

fixed my eyes intently upon it, and was soon lost in—dreaming of Helen Trevor.

“It was a lovely afternoon, the one preceding the evening of my intended declaration. I was in my chamber, cutting the dead leaves from some wild flowers, just brought me from the country. Helen was to play Ophelia that night, and these were destined for her ‘fennels, columbines, and rue, her violets and daisies.’ There was a noise in the passage. A sudden foreboding oppressed me. The door slowly opened, and in walked my old aunt, the Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, my cousin, and Mr. Connington. There was an awful gravity in their countenances. The flowers dropped from my hands ; I was aghast with astonishment and anxiety. The intruders silently seated themselves. ‘Nephew,’ said my aunt, in the old lecture tone, but with unwonted severity of manner, ‘I need not ask for whom those foolish weeds are designed ; I know all, sir. The disrespect you have shown for the honor of your family, my honored kinsman has informed me of. I warned him never to reprimand you, but always to notify me of your misdemeanors. This he has done, in season, happily, to prevent further mischief. Your learned friend, here,’—and she pointed to the professor—‘starts to-morrow for France. We have decided that he shall be the companion of your travels. Prepare to accompany him, sir.’

“Suffice it to add, that I was forced from Edinburgh without being permitted to see the Thespian. Nearly five years have I been on the continent. Knowledge I have devotedly pursued, but I was born to live and joy in feeling. I have never entered a theatre since my departure from home, till to-night, the anniversary of my ‘first play.’ I ventured, and you saw how I was overcome, ay, and lured into repeating, for the first time during my exile, the tale you have so patiently heard.”

"Receive my earnest thanks, and all my sympathy," I replied ; "but what became of the Thespian ?"—"She went to America, and report says she is there married."

"One query more ere you go"—for he had risen to depart—"deep as is your grief, you evidently have a theory that supports you. I have seen you cheerful—what is it ?" He smiled, and taking a miniature edition of *Childe Harold* from his pocket, said, "It is written here ;" then grasping my hand, he repeated with great force and pathos, the following lines :

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms : mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence : not bestowed
In vain should such examples be ; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

AMERICAN SCULPTORS.

"There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno's dome of art's most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies."

CHILDE HAROLD.

ON one of the last afternoons preceding my embarkation, I had sat a long hour opposite a striking, though by no means faithful portrait of Greenough, while one of the fairest of his kindred spoke fondly of him, and charged me with many a message of love for the gifted absentee. On a table beneath the picture stood one of the earliest products of his chisel. I glanced from the countenance of the young sculptor, to the evidence of his dawning genius; I listened to the story of his exile; and thenceforth he was enshrined high and brightly among the ideals of my memory. With rapid steps, therefore, the morning after my arrival in Florence, I threaded the narrow thoroughfare, passed the gigantic cathedral, nor turned aside until, from the top of a long and quiet street, I discerned the archway which led to the domicil of my countryman. Associations arose within me, such as the time-hallowed and novel objects around failed to inspire. There was something intensely interesting in the idea of visiting the isolated sanctum of a votary of sculpture to one who was fresh from the stirring atmosphere of his native metropolis. Traversing the court and stairway, I could but scan the huge fragments of marble that lined them, ere entering a side door, I found myself in the presence of the artist. He was seated

beside a platform, contemplating an unfinished model, which bore the impress of recent moulding. In an adjoining apartment was the group of the Guardian Angel and Child—the countenances already radiant with distinctive and touching loveliness, and the limbs exhibiting their perfect contour, although the more graceful and delicate lines were as yet undeveloped. One by one I recognized the various plaster casts about the room—mementos of his former labors. My eye fell on a bust which awakened sea-pictures—the spars of an elegant craft, the lofty figure of a boatswain, the dignified bearing of a mysterious pilot. It was the physiognomy of Cooper. And yon original, arch-looking gentleman? Ah! that can be no other than Francis Alexander. Surely those Adonis-like ringlets, so daintily carved, belong to one whom it is most pleasing to remember as the writer of some exquisite verses under the signature of Roy. No one can mistake the benevolent features of Lafayette, or the expressive image of the noble pilgrim-bard; or fail to linger in the corridor, over the embodiment of one of his fairest creations—the figure of the dead Medora. In other studios of the land I beheld a more numerous and imposing array; but in none could I discover more of that individuality of design and execution which characterizes native intellectual results.

Coleridge's favorite prescription for youthful atheism was *love*; on the same principle would we commend to the *admiration* of the scoffer at a spiritual philosophy, the unwavering and martyr-like progress of genius toward its legitimate end. In this characteristic, the course of all gifted beings agree. They have a mission to fulfil; and lured betimes, as they may be, by the flowers of the wayside, and baffled awhile, as is the destiny of man, by vicissitude—from first to last the native impulse, the true direction, is every where discernible. In the case of Greenough, this definiteness of aim, this solemnity of determination, if we may so call it, is beautifully evi-

dent. The waxen carriages he wrought in the intervals of school discipline, the wooden cimeters he carved for his playfellows, and his chalk statue of William Penn—the first absolute development of his taste—will serve as the “early indications” to which biographers are so partial. Often did he pay the penalty of tardiness, by lingering to gaze at a wooden eagle which surmounted the gateway of an old edifice he daily passed—thinking, as he told me, how beautiful it must be to carve such a one. But it was not until boyhood was merged in youth, that the deep purpose of his heart distinctly presented itself. Happy was it that, at this critical moment, an intellectual benefactor stood by to encourage and direct the youthful aspirant. Thrice happy for Greenough, that one equal to the appreciation of his mind, and able auspiciously to sway its energies, proved his friend. Such a Mentor he found in Washington Allston. And, in this connection, we cannot forbear hazarding the inquiry—Why did not the liberal discernment of our community give this distinguished artist the power of dispensing similar benefits to others who might equally reward and honor the obligation? Will it not, at some future day, be considered one of the anomalies of the times, that a highly gifted proficient in the philosophy of art was suffered to live, in comparative obscurity, within hail of our richly endowed University, without that institution being favored with the results of his mind on this ennobling subject?

When Greenough arrived in Genoa he was yet in his minority. He entered a church. A statue, more perfect than he had ever beheld, met his eye. With wonder he saw hundreds pass it by, without bestowing even a glance. He gazed in admiration on the work of art, and marked the careless crowd, till a new and painful train of thoughts was suggested. “What!” he soliloquized, “are the multitude so accustomed to beautiful statues that even this fails to excite

their passing notice? How presumptuous, then, in me, to hope to accomplish aught worthy of the art!" He was deeply moved, as the distance between him and the goal he had fondly hoped to reach, widened to his view; and concealing himself among the rubbish of a palace-yard, the young and ardent exile sought relief in tears. "O, genius!" I musingly exclaimed, as I went forth with this anecdote fresh from his lips, "how mysterious thou art! And yet how identical are the characteristics of thy children! Susceptible and self-distrusting, and yet vividly conscious of high endowments—mighty to execute and quick to feel—pressing on amid the winning voices of human allurements, or the wailing cry of human weakness and want—as pilgrims bent on an errand of more than earthly import—ever pilgrims through a night of dimness and trial, and yet ever beholding the star, hearing the angel-choir, and hastening on to worship!"

On one of the most delicious evenings of my sojourn, I accompanied Greenough to the studio where he proposed to erect his statue of Washington. It was a pretty edifice, which had formerly been used as a chapel; and from its commodious size and retired situation, seemed admirably adapted to his purpose. The softened effulgence of an Italian twilight glimmered through the high windows, and the quiet of the house was invaded only by distant rural sounds and the rustling of the nearest foliage in the new-born breeze. There was that in the scene and its suggestions, which gratified my imagination. I thought of the long and soothing days of approaching summer, which my companion would devote, in this solitary and beautiful retreat, to his noble enterprise. I silently rejoiced that the blessed ministry of nature would be around him, to solace, cheer, and inspire, when his energies were bending to their glorious task:—that when weariness fell upon his spirit, he could step at once into the luxurious air, and look up to the deep

green cypresses of Fiesole, or bare his brow to the mountain breeze, and find refreshment ;—that when doubt and perplexity baffled his zeal, he might turn his gaze toward the palace roofs and church domes of Florence, and recall the trophies of art wrought out by travail, misgivings, and care, that are garnered beneath them ; that when his hope of success should grow faint, he might suspend the chisel's movement, raise his eye to the western horizon, and remember the land for which he toiled.

When I first met Powers abroad, he had but recently arrived at Florence, and was known in America chiefly through several busts of distinguished men, which were generally thought remarkably authentic. There were in the appearance, conversation and works of Powers, at this period, the clearest indications of genius ; but they were not of that impressive and fascinating character which the imagination associates with such an idea. No startling wildness of temperament or eccentricity of habits, no delicate susceptibility or extravagant opinions suggested the belief that our subsequently illustrious countryman possessed rare gifts. His eye is singularly large and eloquent, and his head decidedly intellectual. Beyond these, no outward sign gives token of his abilities. But, to a reflective observer, there are more genuine signatures of innate power, than the multitude recognize. Without any winning grace of deportment or brilliancy of discourse, there was visible in Powers a self-possession, a freedom from affectation, and an integrity of deportment that at once conveyed the feeling that he was no ordinary man.

Genius is a vague term ; but in reference to a man like this, it is perfectly intelligible. His force lies within the region of obvious and palpable results. It is clear, legible and bold. It is the energy of a mind conscious of its endowments, not overwhelmed by them. To no mysterious

world of dreams does he look for revelations. In no wondrous realm of imagination are his images created. With the natural world around us, in its simple and existent beauty, does his perception deal. His special faculty is, first of all, to see justly, next to appreciate wisely, and at last to embody faithfully the elements of natural beauty which God has freely scattered over the earth. The eclectic philosopher accepts the fragments of truth he finds in various systems, and unites them into a rational whole. Powers realizes a similar principle in art. He combines and harmonizes what nature has distributed. Accordingly, it is more appropriate to call him real than ideal. He once pointed out to me on the plaster cast of a beautiful child's face, the minutest changes which death had caused, and the manner in which the expression of life could be restored in the marble, with a minuteness that evinced most impressively his intimate acquaintance with nature as existent in the human physiognomy. His casual remarks on the works of art in the public galleries were equally significant.

It appeared to me very natural that he should read scarcely any poet but Burns and be an admirer of Franklin. I should call him more human than delicately spiritual, not impressible so much as sincerely observant. This is an advantage; for it precludes that morbid development so frequent in genius of a different order. Happily there is no painful discrepancy between the conception and execution of Powers. The hand deftly follows the eye, and the eye the mind. It is nature that lends him both inspiration and material. In conversation, I was struck with the fact that nearly all his illustrations were drawn from physical fact. He compared, for instance, the movement of a bird's eye he was describing, to the vibration of the second hand of an old-fashioned clock; and the appearance of an organ in a cathedral, to that of a large wasp's nest he had once seen in a

cave. In a word, it seemed to me that the vocation of Powers, ordained by his organization and idiosyncrasies, is that of an interpreter of nature,—not as to time, or condition, or history, or quality,—but as to form. This he fulfils literally in his busts, and poetically in his statues. The latter are combinations, every detail of which is a genuine transcript ; the genius consists first in seizing the element, and next in harmoniously blending it with its kindred ; thus, as it were, redeeming the fragmentary and perverted shapes of humanity to their primeval glory, by embodying in marble the type of nature as she would assert herself if freed from the conventional blights and boundaries of custom and error. Thus the genius of Powers is singularly healthful. Some lament that it was not earlier developed ; we cannot but regard this as one of the best evidences of its reality. No fatal precocity mars such gifts in their bloom. There is something in the whole career of this remarkable artist which strikes us as eminently American. His powers are of that sustained and effective character which accords with the spirit of our country. They matured gradually, and in the prime of his life they are universally acknowledged by the most competent judges of the old world. We are rejoiced to hear that he retains his simplicity of character and unpretending habits. They accord delightfully with the noble spirit of his art. We trust his country will gratefully avail herself of his fame, and consecrate one of its enduring memorials to her own soil.

Lovers of art, in our northern cities, must have still fresh in their memories the person of the young western sculptor, Clevenger. His career is one of those episodes in the thrifty and monotonous tenor of American life, which need only the enchantment of distance to make them romantic. The cheek of an imaginative European kindles at the idea of a nativity beside the Ohio, as quickly as ours at the thought of first breathing the air beneath Athenian skies, or amid the

hills of Rome. Novelty is an element of the sublime, and the absolute freshness of a scene captivates the fancy as certainly as the most memorable associations. There can be no more striking contrast than that between the primitive beauty of our new states and the olden, classic glories of Italy. Nor may we readily find in the records of adventure a change of life more truly dramatic than that which transforms a humble stonecutter of Cincinnati to the accomplished sculptor of Florence. Human existence abounds in the poetic, notwithstanding all the cant about the utilitarian spirit of the age. The world will never be quite prosaic until love, genius, and death have abandoned it for ever. While these mystic agencies mingle in its strife, the heart can never entirely wither, or the fancy sleep. Voices of sweet pathos and godlike earnestness will, ever and anon, rise above the dull clamor of toil; and events, too solemn or beautiful for careless recognition, will stir the listless tide of routine. I was led into this strain of musing by the recent announcement in the papers, of the death of Clevenger. It seems but yesterday that I bade him adieu at the pier, and watched the lessening sail that wafted him to Italy. He embarked full of the highest and the purest hopes; and as I retraced my steps through the noisy mart, where nothing is heard but trade's unceasing din, a feeling of elation arose in my mind at the thought of him I had thus sped on his way. He was one of the few who, regardless of temporary and selfish ends, yield boldly to the destiny for which they were created. To develop the instinctive powers of his character seemed to him the true end of life. He desired nothing more fondly than to give shape to his peculiar endowment. This was the art of statuary. It was obviously his vocation. A physiognomist would have detected at a glance no little aptitude to deal with form in the marked size of that organ. An uncommon space between the eyes indicated that in this sphere

his might specially lay. A compact and manly figure, with a certain vigor of outline, promised more continuity of action than is often realized by artists. He was no idle enthusiast in sculpture, but an industrious and patient devotee. He did not work spasmodically. There was method in his pursuit. Day by day, with quiet attention, he plied the instruments of his art, and found an enjoyment the voluptuary might envy, as the model gradually assumed the traits of nature. There was an exactitude in his busts that gave assurance of skill founded upon solid principles. The majority of our young artists essay the ideal before they have any just appreciation of reality; and with the presumption, not of genius but of audacity, illustrate imaginary beings while incompetent to exhibit faithfully the tree that overshadows their window, or the friend who praises their talent. Clevenger began in art where all noble characters begin in action—at truth. He carefully studied the minute peculiarities of the living subject, and transferred them with admirable precision to clay and marble. He did not commit the Yankee absurdity of working against time. The gradual and exact process was more native to him than the rapid and hazardous. There was a rectitude in his habits of labor. They did justice to the subject and occasion. He felt that the time would arrive when his confident touch and correct eye would fit him to grapple successfully with ideal conceptions; but in his early efforts, good sense and modesty taught him contentedly to portray the actual, and to feel that therein was no common scope given to the man who could adequately see and feel the infinite resources of nature. The consequence of these judicious views was that Clevenger made continual progress in his art. The eight busts in marble sent home several months since, evince extraordinary improvement; and the very last work of his chisel excited more admiration than any previous effort.

The want of general education was in a measure supplied to Clevenger by the refined associations induced by his profession. Some of the most gifted men and women of the country were the subjects of his art. It is worthy of notice, as illustrating the attractiveness of simple excellence of character, that in nearly every case his sitters became warm personal friends, and manifested a deep interest in his welfare and success. There is a charm in truth that wins more permanently than brilliancy or tact. This genuine son of the West possessed a sincere directness and unaffected tone of mind that widely endeared him. Edward Everett took evident pleasure in unfolding his mental treasury of taste and wisdom to the young sculptor, and ever has been one of his most steady and efficient friends. Allston yielded to his eloquent impulses, while the hand of his new brother in the holy fellowship of art moulded those benign and memorable features. It was interesting to watch the seeds of this high intercourse germinate in the virgin soil of an unsophisticated mind. Clevenger, with the instinct of honest admiration, rejoiced in the new world of thought and humanity to which his talents had introduced him. It was his privilege, day by day, for three years, to commune freely in his studio with men of varied culture and experience. The effect was visible in the high standard which at last became the goal of his desires. The free, social habits of his native region prevented any blind reverence or timid reserve from nipping these advantages in the bud. He frankly exposed his need of information, and in the spirit of genuine improvement, gratefully availed himself of the conversation and suggestions of those he respected. This unpretending and assiduous bearing made him emphatically a favorite. He indulged no weak repining at the small encouragement which pursuits like his usually received. He felt that only by self-denial and perseverance could the garland of fame be won. He

loved his art for its own sake, and looked on all its votaries with cordial appreciation. Those who knew him best will remember with what delicacy and consideration he spoke of all engaged in similar objects. Not with envy did he regard the triumph of others, but rather with the partial judgment of a kindred taste. There was none of the sickly egotism and absurd jealousy about him which are apt to mar the nobleness of ordinary ambition. Clevenger was generous in the best sense of the term. He would not listen to a word that disparaged merit. He cherished true sympathy with all who professed to love what was so intrinsically dear to himself; and conscious of many deficiencies, kept always in view the slow graduations by which lasting excellence is achieved. Ardent hopes and the kindest remembrance followed him to Italy. All who had visited that "pleasant country's earth," augured well of one whose fine gifts and principles were quickened by youthful enthusiasm. The American virtue of sustained and earnest activity was his. Early habits of toil gave promise of vigorous manhood. The presence of a young and affectionate family was a pledge and a motive for industry; and the aspirations of an honest soul seemed prophetic of fidelity amid the novel seductions of a warmer clime. Florence was chosen by Clevenger as a residence for its comparative cheapness of living, the facilities it afforded in the prosecution of his art, and the attraction of his countrymen's society, several of whom are established there as sculptors and painters.

When disease unnerved the arm of the sculptor, and his eye grew dim at the sad prospect around him, it was over the beloved shores of his distant country that his dreams of hope hovered. Gratefully came back, upon the aching heart of the exile, the thought of that encouragement which sent him an ardent pilgrim to the banks of the Arno; and we cannot wonder that at length he resolved, with the delusive expect-

ancy peculiar to the disease that was consuming him, to revisit the land of his birth. Let us draw a veil over that dreary night at sea—the moaning of the billows—the narrow and stifled cabin—the patient sufferer whose dying head was yet pillowed on the bosom of affection! Brief as was the life of Clevenger, it was for the most part happy, and altogether honorable. He has left to his brother artists an important example, and no common legacy of affection, and to his country another name sacred to the cause of elevated and progressive taste.

GENOA.

"The ocean-wave thy wealth reflected."—ROGERS.

"THE beauty of an Italian sunset has not been exaggerated either by the pencil of Claude, or the pen of the poets," I musingly affirmed, while loitering down a long curving declivity, in the twilight of a warm summer evening. The farthest range of hills my eager vision could descry, were bathed in a rich purple, occasionally verging to a dark blue tint; the adjacent sea glowed with saffron hues, while the horizon wore the aspect of molten gold, fading towards the zenith to a pale amber. The pensive whistle of the *vetturino* came softened by the distance to my ear. Before me was the far-stretching road, and around the still and lonely hills. A few hours previous, we had left the little town of Borghetti, and on the ensuing day, anticipated repose within the precincts of that city which, enriched with the spoils of a splendid commerce and brilliant maritime adventure, so long boasted the title of superb; that city whose neighborhood gave birth to Columbus, and who prides herself, in these more degenerate times, in having produced the prince of fiddlers. The wide sweeping chain of the Apennines we had traversed, is covered with rough bushes, the most meagre vegetation, and so rock-ribbed as to have rendered the construction of the road an enterprise of extreme difficulty. For a long distance there is no sign of life, but the venerable looking goats clambering about in search of subsistence, and

the children that tend them, whose air and faces are painfully significant of premature responsibility. Sometimes we came in sight of the sea, calm as crystal, and dotted with a few distant sails. It was easy to realize the bleak and dangerous ride to which the traveller is here exposed in winter. But the succeeding morning displayed a new and richer vegetation. Aloes and fig-trees remind one of Sicily, a resemblance which the vicinity of the Mediterranean enhances. The first part of the day's ride lies along the margin of the water, and afterwards chiefly over verdant hills, which often slope down to the shore. The gulf of Sesto, as you withdraw from it, appears singularly graceful. Its beach has a most symmetrical curve. So placid was the water, that the town of St. Marguerito, seen from above, was perfectly reflected as in a mirror, and the picture resembled a miniature Venice. The scenery throughout the ride is remarkably variegated; and the garniture of the country sufficiently blended between vegetable gardens, olive and fig-orchards, and wild trees, to render it pleasingly various. Several grottoes are passed which are plastered over interiorly, in order to prevent the springs from dripping; but the lover of the picturesque cannot but wish they had been left rough-hewn like those of the Simplon. From the last of these Genoa is seen, far below on the borders of the sea. The view is not comparable with that on approaching it by water. It gives no idea of majesty. Clusters of lemon and orange line the remainder of the way, as well as innumerable villas admirably exposed to the sea-breeze, but as usual, lacking the vicinity of trees—a charm which rural taste can scarcely consent to yield, even though the deficiency is supplied by inviting verandahs.

There are decided maritime features, even upon first entering Genoa. The mixed throng, the sunburnt faces, the garb and even the manners of the lower order, immediately bespeak a sea-port. From the extreme narrowness of the

streets, much of the actual beauty and richness of the city is hid from the gaze. Even the numerous palaces do not at first strike the stranger, situated, as they frequently are, in thoroughfares so confined as to afford no complete view of their façades. Many a pretty garden and cool arbor is placed upon a roof so lofty, or a terrace so secluded, as to be wholly concealed from observation, yet affording retired and delightful retreats, overlooking the bay, and no less attractive to the meditative recluse or the secret lovers, from being far above the crowd and out of sight of the curious,—the country in the very heart of the city, a garden independent of territory! Many of the peculiarities of Genoa are fast losing themselves in modern improvements. The streets are widening every year, and carriages, once quite unknown, are coming daily in vogue. There is something here congenial with the alleged sinister tastes of the Italians. The finest *café* is in an obscure street. One is continually stumbling upon luxurious arrangements, and agreeable nooks, where he least expects them; and the narrow lanes, the hue of the marble, and the marine odors, bring constantly to mind the rival republic of the Adriatic. The churches are far more rich in frescos and marble, than any other works of art. In that of the Scuola Pia, however, there are some exquisite basso-relievos by a Genoese. In one of them the face of Mary is very sweet and graceful. The palaces are the chief attraction of Genoa. In one we admire the profusion of gold and mirrors, with which the lofty saloons are decorated; in another the magnificent staircase; here the splendid tints of the marble floor, and there the fine old family portraits. These noble and princely dwellings, eloquently speak to the stranger of the wealth, luxury and taste, which once prevailed here; nor, judging by one example, should I imagine that their empire had ceased. Having occasion to seek an old baron, well known for his liberal taste, after

roaming over his immense garden, till, weary of peeping into arbors and temples, I found him in a cool grotto at breakfast with a party of artists. His beautiful domain was once an ancient fortress. All the earth was transported thither, and he has spared no pains to make it a paradise. On every pretty knoll he has placed a bower or statue. Busts of departed sages are reared beside murmuring fountains. One little building is appropriated to his library; another to scientific apparatus. One terrace rises above another, bedecked with rose bushes and fragrant shrubs. From this point you behold a beautiful vista, and from that look down on the public walk, around upon the city, or far away over the wide blue sea. I would not recommend an asthmatic person to live in Genoa. There is too much climbing necessary in perambulating the streets. The women are often pretty, and have in general a Spanish look. Formerly they universally wore the long and graceful white muslin veil flowing backward as the Milanese did the black. Many have now adopted the more artificial style of French costume. The *facchini* are uncommonly impertinent, and the people, for the most part, very saving and quiet, rather proud, and generally industrious. Genoa now exports little but silk or velvet, although she continues to furnish the best mariners in the Mediterranean. The Sardinian flag is often seen in the Brazils, and West Indies, though rarely in the East.

Among the by-way oddities of the place are the numerous parrots, and little naval officers arrayed in the costume of adults, although sometimes only nine years old. In the street of the jewellers, there is a very pretty Madonna about two centuries old, the painter of which was killed by his master from jealousy. The jewellers have been offered large sums for this picture, but, considering it as their guardian saint, they will not part with it on any terms. In one of the thoroughfares a tablet perpetuates the infamy of two

traitors ; and at another angle, as if to atone for the shameful record, an inscription upon an ancient palace, sets forth that it was the gift of Genoa to the brave Admiral Doria, in acknowledgment of his courage and patriotism. Opposite to this interesting monument is the church where the bones of the gallant hero are said to repose.

LOVE AND MYSTERY.

AN EPISODE IN FLORENTINE HISTORY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FELICI ROMANI.

I.

It was a September evening—soft and balmy—one of those lovely nights which makes the stranger grow enamored of Italian skies. There was no moon, but the serene air seemed to preserve the reflection of departed day, over the broad and pleasant gardens of Pratolino; that royal villa of the Medici, the gem of the Apennines, the miracle of nature and art, which the love of the reigning duke of Florence had embellished with parks and fountains, verdant alleys, cool grottoes, and peaceful lakes. All was silent; the air itself slept; not a stream murmured, not a leaf rustled. The very beatings of a stranger's heart were audible, as, wrapt in a dark mantle, his face concealed by a large hat, he sat at the base of a statue of Pan, erected near a hedge of roses, and overshadowed by two willow trees, whose pendent branches swept the ground. Who was this stranger? What mysterious hand had opened for him the portals of that forbidden domain, at so late an hour, and in spite of the vigilant *custode*? Eugenio Raggi was a Genoese, descended from a noble and wealthy family. He was endowed by nature with a sensitive heart, a poetical soul, and a powerful intellect. In other times, when the red-cross banner fluttered upon his native

seas, the young Raggi would have been a hero like his ancestors, and by his valor and wisdom attained a distinguished rank. But at his birth, there only remained to Genoa the glory of the past, and the barren solace of remembered greatness. His ardent nature, disdainful of the ease in which it seemed doomed to waste, sought excitement and scope in the regions of fancy, and the pursuits of poetry and the arts. Eugenio was a poet and a painter. He had sung, at the Capitol, the fallen fortunes of the mistress of the world, whose breeze had kissed the laurel with which Petrarch was crowned: he had been warmed with the divine enthusiasm that glowed in the minds of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Rome had applauded the noble flights of the gifted, enthusiastic Genoese, and his youthful head—the bright hair of twenty summers—had been circled by the garland with which heaven decks the gifted. To him nature had revealed herself in all her loveliness, disclosed her various secrets, and displayed her countless harmonies upon the shores of Pausicippo, in the moaning of the waves, silvered by moonlight, and crested by the breeze; in the wild flashes of the volcano; in the murmur of the forest; in the gloom of the snow-covered mountain, and the joyous aspect of the valley, gladdened by the sunshine, and made fragrant with the breath of flowers. But the pencil fell far short of his conceptions; and even the flexible idiom of his native language failed to embody the ideas and images with which his spirit overflowed. Art kept not pace with the rapid movements of his mind; and he was painfully conscious of a void within that he strove in vain to fill, and a goal which he could not reach; and this restlessness, born of the memory of past disappointments, the limited bounds of the present, and the gloomy uncertainty of the future, nurtured in his soul that melancholy arcana which destiny ever bestows, as an inheritance, upon genius; which she has planted upon the tomb of Virgil and Sanazzaro;

inscribed upon the tablet of Dante at Ravenna ; in the prison of St. Anna, and every place sanctified by virtue and misfortune. With such a patrimony of sentiment, in such a condition of mind and heart, he arrived at Florence, to be thrilled by her endearing graces, and nurtured with the memorials of her glory.

II.

ONE day he strolled into Pratolino, allured by the coolness and shade, the murmur of the streams, and the odor of the flowers. He had sketched the immense colossus of the Apennine, the gigantic statue which is there seated like the lordly genius of the scene, severe, majestic and immovable, as if Perseus had passed before him with the head of Medusa, and had transformed him into stone ; and he was just about to begin a drawing of a nymph rising in the midst of a fountain upon her light shell, white as the swan of Leda, and wringing her dripping tresses, like Venus, as she emerged from the foam of the sea. At this moment, from an adjacent grove of plantains, the figure of a lady presented itself to his sight, lightly arrayed, with a veil upon her head, transparent as the rare mist that sometimes covers the silver disc of a star. With downcast eyes, she slowly approached him, evidently unaware of his presence. Her air was melancholy and thoughtful, but wondrous lovely, and fairy-like as the creature of poet's fancy—a being seen in dreams, an image which exists only in the new-born fantasies of one just awaking to love. Eugenio remained fixed in astonishment at the sight of such rare beauty, and in a state of ecstasy, as if it were a supernatural appearance ; he followed her with an earnest gaze through the winding paths ; and when she was no longer in view, continued motionless, like one suddenly deprived of vision. He no longer saw the nymph he was designing ; the pencil dropped from his hand, and his thoughts

followed the footsteps of that beautiful woman. In vain he attempted to discover her path ; in vain he tracked the verdant alleys, and peeped into every labyrinth and grotto. She had disappeared. He returned the next day, and the next; and every day for a week. The beautiful unknown came no more to the grove of plantains ; and the whole garden, to the eyes of Eugenio, seemed deserted and forlorn ; “ wert thou,” he asked himself, “ an illusion of my fancy, or a real being offered one moment to my senses, ever after to afflict my soul ? Art thou an angel made visible to renew my faith in heaven, or a human creature revealed by destiny as a part of myself, whom I should unweariedly seek and never find ? All of the beautiful, the sublime and the poetic, which I have seen in the teachings of nature and the prodigies of art, all, matchless woman, are combined in thee ! Nothing of beauty, sublimity or poetry can I imagine here below, which does not derive its essential quality from thee ! But why dost thou conceal thyself ? Why dost thou not again appear to bless me by a glance, to console me by a word ? Now my very existence depends upon thee. To thee only is my soul attached as to its appropriate sphere.” Thus the enamored Eugenio passed day after day near the fountain, revolving in his mind such thoughts, feeding the flame that devoured him with sighs ; nor did he depart until sunset, when the *custodi*, about to close the gates of Pratolino, came to rouse him from his melancholy reveries. His pencil lay untouched. In vain the morning made radiant the surrounding country, and nature presented to his view her fair and marvellous works. But poetry, in the absence of painting, came to soothe the imaginative lover. He took with him a lute, and poured forth to its melancholy cadence verses prompted by his unhappy passion, and warmed by its fervid desires,—verses which genius alone could never have dictated, verses which are solely derived from love, and which

even that sentiment never inspired in any other man except the lover of Laura. At length, one evening, while slowly and thoughtfully he was leaving the garden, he perceived a woman stealthily follow him. She was not the beloved unknown; she had neither her angelic form, nor her graceful movements. Notwithstanding, his heart palpitated with a presentiment that upon her depended his destiny. Eugenio did not deceive himself. Arrived at a spot shaded by umbrageous linden trees, beneath an arbor of myrtle and cypress, the woman suddenly drew near to his side and stopped. With her finger on her lip, she motioned him to silence, and placing a letter in his hand, quietly withdrew. The letter contained only these words: "At midnight, at the garden-wall, which looks towards the north, at a little door closing upon a balustrade, and shaded by two ancient cypress trees. *Love and Mystery.*" Words cannot express the delight of Eugenio. He repaired to the spot indicated; the silent woman introduced him into the garden; without a word she conducted him to his accustomed seat, and, by gestures, bidding him wait there in silent expectation, she was soon lost to view in the obscurity of the grove.

III.

LIGHTLY as a sylph, suddenly as a spirit appearing to its surviving friend, the unknown presented herself beneath the weeping willows, and stood before Eugenio, motionless as the marble statue at whose base he was sitting. He rose with a beating heart, and extended his arms towards her as if invoking a goddess. In this simple gesture was expressed all that a human heart could feel, overwhelmed with wonder, joy and love. She understood it, and was the first to speak; and the sound of her voice was sweet, subdued and tremulous, like the vibration of a harp gently touched by a timid hand.

"Eugenio," she said, "the step I have taken is proof enough that our souls are affianced; proof enough that mine confides wholly and abandons herself wholly to thine. But love, to which we have both yielded, may be the destruction of both. Hear me," she whispered, observing the alarm of Eugenio, and drawing nearer to the statue, "hear me without interruption, for these moments are precious and solemn. I know you, Eugenio; I knew you from the day you followed me through the grove of plantains, and vainly endeavored to trace my steps. I heard your words, the ardent desires that love inspired—that love which from childhood has been present to my fancy, so long the object of my daily thoughts and nightly dreams. This love, the cherished phantom of my imagination, which I never thought to see realized, I seemed to have found in thee. And then I also began to follow your steps, to secretly examine you, to take note of your disposition, your mind, your habits; there remains still another proof, difficult to grant, and to this proof I would now invite you." She ceased; in her words there was a mingled gravity and sweetness that made the heart of Eugenio tremble with indefinable emotions.

"A proof!" he exclaimed, and in his very tone there was every thing to assure a doubting mind, an expression of fidelity, of complete abandonment of soul to another, and sacrifice of himself; "A proof!" he repeated, and fell upon his knees before the object of his affections, as if to offer her his life.

"I believe you," she replied, making a sign to him to sit beside her upon a marble bench; "yet it is necessary that I should exact a vow. Do you feel yourself capable of obeying the single law which I must impose upon your love?" So saying, she extended her trembling hand; he seized it, and pressing it reverently to his lips, begged her to proceed. "I have said that our love may be the destruction of us both:

I now add that it will certainly be so, unless enveloped in profound mystery. It is absolutely requisite to hide it from every living being, and, if it were possible, from the light of day and the air itself that surrounds us. Swear to me, then, by all that you hold most sacred on earth or in heaven, that, rewarded only by my tenderness, you will never seek to discover me, to see me, to be with me, except when I appoint the time and place; swear to me that you will be deaf to every suspicion, insensible to all curiosity, that you will demand no information respecting my present condition, or my future prospects; swear to me that you will never ask even my name!"

"Not even your name!" interrupted Eugenio with an agitated voice,—“What mystery is this! What can you fear from me?”

“Nothing from you, but every thing for you. Ought I to repeat, Eugenio, that this love of ours may have a tragic conclusion? A terrible fatality governs my life, and it is reflected more terribly on those who are connected with me. Love, love only, an exalted, disinterested, confiding love, a love for which my soul has thirsted from infancy, and which I scarcely believe to exist on earth, such a love might throw a rosy light around the gloomy clouds of my destiny. Alas! this love once seemed to smile upon me, but its smile was as fleeting as the joys of the unhappy. But now, I thought, I once again recognized its beams, more serene and permanent than before; but I was deluded; I am more wretchedly deceived than at first, for I have not even the memory of a happy moment. Depart, then, and forget this interview, this place, this hour.”

. Having thus spoken, she rose to leave him, but Eugenio detained her, and again kneeling, in imploring accents exclaimed:—

“It is not possible! it is not possible! My destiny is

here at your feet, within the sound of your voice. Whoever you are, whatever is the mystery which surrounds you, I yield myself wholly and without reserve to the conditions you have imposed." The unknown lady, unable to support herself, sunk upon the seat whence she had just risen, and bent over the impassioned youth before her, who retained his suppliant posture with his face hidden in his hands.

"O deceive me not!" she murmured, and sighed deeply.

At the sound of that sigh and that voice, Eugenio lifted his eyes. Her veil, fanned by the breeze, had fallen back upon her shoulders, and exposed to view her beautiful countenance pale with passion, doubt and fear. Tears moistened her dark eyes, and glistened in the starlight like dew-drops in the chalice of a violet.

"I swear to all you desire," exclaimed her young lover. "While you love me, while you are mine, of what importance to me is your history or your name? I will believe you an angel sent to console me; and the name which I will give you, shall never be repeated by any lips but my own; yes, I swear it!"

IV.

AND the oath of Eugenio was sacredly observed. He was happy enough, and it seemed to him that any addition to his measure of felicity would mar its perfection. During the calm evenings of autumn, the lovers indulged their mutual endearments at the accustomed hour and in the same spot. Affectionate and impassioned, their interviews were ever tinged with that sweet melancholy which sometimes constitutes love's richest charm. She delighted to hear from his lips the history of his life, of his studies, of his sensations; it was her joy to read the mysteries of that poetical mind, to commune with that ardent and gifted soul; to roam with

him through Italy ; to tread the hallowed soil of Rome ; listen to the gondolier's song amid the lagunes of the Adriatic, and feed her spirit with the sublime conceptions and glorious memories of love.

" Oh, why," she often said, " why is it not permitted us to go forth from these narrow bounds, and, free as the air of heaven, fly from land to land, as doves from nest to nest, and course the sea together like two swans upon a lake ? But here," she would add, in a melancholy tone, " here in our own Italy, is land, and sea, and all things "—and then suddenly smiling exclaim—" but this place is all-sufficient. This is our Eden. Perhaps beyond these precincts, we should only find a desert or a valley of tears. Oh ! ever here, ever here "—and she tenderly clung to him and gazed upon his features as if to detect the possibility of a change ; and reassured by their devoted expression, playfully caressed his auburn hair. He found in her all that his warm fancy had ever pictured of woman. Of her only he thought during the long day when absent ; and her presence made blessed the night. In her were concentrated all the desires and hopes of his mind and heart. If, at times, a doubt disturbed him, it was like a mist before the sun. If curiosity to pierce the mystery of her name and condition, occasionally assailed him, it was instantly checked by a sentiment of reverence, as if he were about to intrude into some holy sanctuary. Poetry, too, came in aid of this kind of religious affection, and imagination clothed his beloved with the attributes of a divinity, felt but never seen. He hailed, in touching verse, the country of her birth as an unknown land, consecrated by the brightest dreams and the noblest associations ; a region, the existence of which the fact could only attest without defining its position. At length the cold rains of winter approached, and the nocturnal interviews at Pratolino grew less frequent and more brief.

" Perhaps I shall go to Florence," said the unknown to

Eugenio—"perhaps for some weeks we shall be divided, and yet another sacrifice I must exact;—move not from this vicinity, and tranquilly expect my return. Promise me this, dear Eugenio—swear it!"

"And will you promise that your return shall be speedy and certain?" demanded her lover, agitated by apprehensions he could not conceal. She was silent a moment, and then seemed absorbed in thought, as if rallying all her powers. At length, extending her hand,

"Hear me," she said; "I wish to say ——" and her voice failed. At that instant, from the road contiguous to the wall near which they were seated, came the sound of wheels, the tread of horses, and the clang of arms. A sudden light illumined Pratulino, and every moment became more brilliant.

"The Duke! the Duke!" exclaimed many voices; "*Viva il Duca!*" The unknown sprung to her feet and gazed around, pale and trembling. "Go! fly!" she said to Eugenio. "Remember your promise. You shall hear from me soon." Without awaiting a reply, she precipitately fled down the nearest path. Eugenio remained like one struck by lightning. He had not force enough to move a step, and the moment she was out of sight, he bowed his forehead upon the statue, as cold and motionless as itself. Eight days passed away,—fifteen,—the whole of November, and no tidings of the unknown reached Eugenio. At first he strove to drive away the misgivings that assailed him, the fears that darkened his heart; he cherished faith in her love, and hope whispered that he would again hear it confirmed by her voice. But when that voice continued so long silent, and he gradually yielded to the conviction of his abandonment, no words can express the grief that overwhelmed him. He reviewed, in his mind, every interview, and argued over all her words. He recalled her glances, her gestures, her very sighs, in evidence of her perfidy and deception. The delicate fears

she had betrayed, now appeared consummate art; art the pallor of her cheeks, and the very tears she had shed upon his bosom. He reproached himself bitterly for being so blind and improvident as to abandon his heart in such a manner to an overpowering sentiment, without even knowing the hand that offered itself as a guide. But the storm of his indignation soon spent itself; and the unhappy youth would have gladly become again a victim to the same illusion. He would have submitted to eternal deprivation, to enjoy but an instant of past delight; to renew, but for a single evening, that delicious communion beneath the willows of Pratolino. His pencils were once more thrown aside, and nature, darkened by the gloom of his despair, attracted not a glance. Even the sacred flame of poetry was extinguished in tears. The unknown had borne away with her, peace and contentment, heart and intellect, imagination and genius. A dreadful sorcery and baneful fascination seemed to have overpowered the poet, the painter and the man, as a poisonous vine sometimes clasps and withers a noble tree. At length, one day, one fatal day, a letter reached him. It was without date, and as follows:

“ Few words, Eugenio, but sad and solemn as the farewell of the dying. We shall never meet again. A horrible necessity divides us for ever. Do not curse me that I have rendered you unhappy. A hopeless and agonized existence will atone for my error. No! do not curse me. The fatality which follows me has made you a sharer in my misfortunes. I ought to have foreseen and provided for this. But my love was stronger than reason; and a fallacious hope, for once, to conquer my destiny, lured me on. Yet, believe me, Eugenio, as I once loved you, I love you still, and will though our separation is eternal. If I have rendered you miserable, spare me the remorse of causing your death. Your life is in peril while you remain in Tuscany, and will be sacrificed unless you escape. Fly, then, at once, to another land, and forget the last three months of your life. A word, a sign revealing the past, will prove fatal; you cannot go to such a distance as to be without the reach of the powerful arm

that divides us. Farewell, beloved and most wretched Eugenio ! Heaven defend and console thee ! Perhaps the earth yet preserves for thee some flowers. Perhaps the glory which adorned thy youth, will again crown thy mature years. Perhaps another woman more fortunate than I, will take that place which the unhappy one has lost for ever."

V.

THE people of Florence had assembled in the great square opposite the Ducal palace ; they crowded all the adjacent streets like a stream which has overflowed its banks ; the air resounded with a thousand voices, a thousand confused and indistinct cries that spread far and wide like the moan of the sea agitated by a tempest. The bells of all the churches proclaimed a festival. The roar of artillery was heard at regular intervals. The martial strains of scattered bands responded to the trumpets and drums of the various regiments winding in view. There were rumors, acclamation, a running to and fro, and an immense concourse, such as for many years had not been seen or heard in that adventurous city, the garden of Italy, the seat of elegance and splendor. They were about to celebrate the nuptials of Francis II, of the Medici, Duke of Tuscany, with Bianca Capello, a daughter of the Venitian Republic. A numerous and magnificent cavalcade approached the cathedral ; it was followed by the carriages of the Venitian ambassadors, escorted by the most celebrated personages of their country, to admire the new Duchess upon the throne, all joyous and festive, as if that throne was about to acquire, and not impart new glory, by the elevation of the fair Venitian. Next in order came the brother of the Duke, the Cardinal Ferdinando, smiling more joyously than any at the applauses of the multitude, and the gayety of the scene ; and lastly appeared the Ducal equipage, glittering with sculptured gold and limpid crystal, drawn by six pair of spirited Andalusian steeds, with difficulty restrain-

ed to a slow pace, champing their bits and arching their superb necks.

"There! there is the beautiful Bianca, our Duchess!" shouted the crowd, thronging the vehicle on all sides more nearly to behold her, and delight their eyes with her radiant loveliness.

"Long live Bianca! long live the wife of the Duke! long live our excellent sovereign!" Somewhat in the rear of the nearest line, in the midst of a circle of youths and jocose citizens, who were bandying wit and playful gestures, one individual did not escape the notice of a stranger, who, despairing of a nearer approach in that pressure of people, stood still and listened to the conversation.

"She is indeed pretty," said one, "in that shining mantle and rich veil; but do you notice how pale and pensive she looks? She appears to take no interest in all this festivity intended for her honor."

"It is not surprising," replied one of his companions, "she was wholly unprepared for her felicity. By the body of Bacchus! a Venitian, of noble origin, perhaps, but a private individual, a fugitive from her family, accustomed to a secluded and roving life, the wife of a common merchant, to spring at one bound to the throne of Tuscany, to find herself the wife of a Medici, to hear herself saluted as Grand Duchess! It is a thing to make any one lose self-possession."

"Yes, yes," added a third, "if she is pallid and thoughtful, she doubtless has her reasons. Do you believe it possible to turn one's back upon the past so suddenly? May there not be unhappy recollections indelibly stamped upon her heart? May not remorse now agitate her bosom? That poor Bonaventuri, that unfortunate husband who died in so tragic a manner!"

"And do you believe she had any thing to do with the

death of Bonaventuri ?" interrupted a fourth, in a suppressed tone, gazing around suspiciously.

"Who knows?" replied the other, shrugging his shoulders.

"Ah!" added another, sarcastically, "if it had been remorse, she would have left it all in the solitude of Pratolino."

The stranger heard no more, but plunged into the crowd. The procession had reached the door of the church. Bianca Capello descended from the carriage in the midst of the knights and ladies who were to assist in the coronation; and the festive shouts were succeeded, at that solemn moment, by a profound silence.

"It is her! it is her!" exclaimed a voice in tones of agony, and a youth, in vain restrained by the soldiers, precipitated himself from the throng, and extending his arms towards Bianca Capello, fell senseless. She turned at that cry; a crimson glow for an instant colored her cheeks; she looked upon the fallen youth with an air of frigid pity, and entered the church.

VI.

On the following morning a curious group had collected on the banks of the Arno, round the corpse of a young man just drawn from the river, and pierced in the breast with three wounds. No one knew the deceased, nor could they discover about his person any indication of his history. A woman, whose dress was that of a simple damsel, stood for a long time contemplating the body immovable, and then departed murmuring to herself "*Eugenio Raggi!*" That name was repeated. It was believed to belong to the unfortunate youth; but whether his death was voluntary, or by the hand of another, was then and always has remained a mystery.

BOLOGNA.

What solemn spirit doth inhabit here,
What sacred oracle hath here a home ?

GALT.

ITALY is a land of contrasts. Its various cities are not only characterized by diversity in the schools of painting and architecture ; but the natural scenery, the climate, and the dialect and manners of the people are, alone, sufficient strongly to identify the different towns. It is not a little surprising in the view of one habituated to the facilities of communication existing in England and the United States, to witness such striking contrasts between places separated by a space of only one or two hundred miles ; and it is to be explained only by recurring to the original distinctions of the different republics, and to the absence of those motives for frequent intercourse which operate so powerfully to equalize and assimilate commercial districts. This contrariety is nowhere more observable than between Florence and Bologna. We leave a city seated in the midst of hills, over whose broad slopes, dotted with gnarled, gray olive trees, are scattered innumerable villas ; where our eyes have grown familiar with the airy architecture of the bridges, the massive dome of the cathedral, and the graceful lightness of the *campanile* ; where flower-girls, loitering pedestrians, and gay equipages, give life and variety to the scene, in spite of the gloomy style of the palaces, and the unfinished façades of the churches. A few hours are passed in winding amid the

Apennines, and we walk the streets of a capital, where long lines of porticos shade the thoroughfares, where a half-barbarous accent destroys the sweetness of the language, and a certain moroseness marks the manners of the people. There is certainly a kind of natural language in cities as well as in individuals, an inexplicable influence, which produces a spontaneous impression upon our minds. Otherwise, why is it that so many continental sojourners feel perfectly at home in the Tuscan metropolis, and quite out of their element in many other cities of Italy, boasting more interesting society, and a more agreeable round of amusements? In the passage of the Apennines, a lover of mountain scenery will not be without the means of enjoyment. The picturesque defiles and wild ranges, the barren peaks and fertile slopes, the pebbly dells and broad undulations, though on a comparatively small scale as regards grandeur, are yet sufficiently pleasing to yield that sweet charm to the imagination which such scenery is fitted to inspire. The only remarkable object of natural curiosity encountered in the route is a species of volcano. It was a beautiful evening when we left the miserable village where we were to lodge, and sought this singular spot. We were in the very midst of the Apennines. The air was cool and bracing, and over the western horizon lingered the rich, rosy glow that succeeds a fine sunset, as if the portals of heaven were half-opened to the longing gaze. Along the rocky path above us, several peasant girls were carrying vases of water on their heads from a favorite spring, singing as they went, and their clear voices came with a kind of wild melody to our ears. The whole scene was calculated to convey that soothing idea of the repose of pastoral life, which, at intervals, fascinates even those least inclined to solitude. We found the object of our search in the midst of a stony soil. Flames, evidently of ignited gas, issued from the ground in a circle of about ten feet in diameter. About

the centre, the largest flame was red, and burned steadily ; but the others were of a pale violet color and quivered incessantly, seeming to creep along the ground as the night breeze swept over them. In truth the appearance of the fire was precisely that which we might imagine of the magic circle of some ancient sorcerer ; and the dreary loneliness of the spot seemed finely adapted to the idea. The flames burn more brightly after a rain, but no one in the neighborhood, recollects any particular change in the volcano. It has never been known to disgorge sulphurous matter, or exhibit any different phenomena than at present ; but ever burns with a constant and apparently inextinguishable fire.

Porticos line all the principal streets of Bologna ; and however convenient their shelter may prove to a pedestrian on a rainy day, it requires no little time for the stranger to become reconciled to the sombre impression they produce. The most extensive line of these arches is that which leads from the city to the church of St. Luke, a distance of three miles. The promenade, on a fine day, displays, at every turn, beautiful views of the surrounding plains ; and the elevated position of the temple of the patron saint of the Bolognese, approached by such a noble range of porticos, strikes the traveller as a well conceived idea. The passion for this style of building has extended to many of the adjacent towns, and the three first tiers of the spacious theatre of Bologna present the same favorite form. The gloomy aspect of this species of street architecture, is enhanced by the solitude that prevails in many parts of this extensive town ; and late in the evening, when the lamps shed a dazzling light at intervals through the long and silent vistas of the less frequented ways, a scenic effect is produced favorable to romantic impressions. I remember being struck, upon entering the city after nightfall by one of its most solitary gates, with the picture formed by a decrepit and withered old woman,

seated at the foot of one of the pillars of a dark portico, roasting chesnuts. The lurid glare of her charcoal fire shot up, in fitful flashes, to the top of the arch, bringing her haggard features into strong relief, while all around was involved in deep shade.

Perhaps the most impressive of the traveller's experience in this unprepossessing city, is the view from the summit of the old leaning tower in the piazza, and two or three of the faces depicted on the inspired canvas of the old masters in the academy. The eye of Raphael's St. Cecilia, the expression of some of the figures in the celebrated "Massacre of the Innocents," and especially the upturned and beaming look of Guido's Magdalen crouched at the foot of the cross, haunt the imagination long after the eye has ceased to behold them. Sir Joshua Reynolds always urged his scholars to make a long sojourn at Bologna. The most annoying feature in the present aspect of this city, is the presence of the Austrian troops, sputtering their gutturals in the *caffès*, parading beneath the arcades, and drawn up in files in the saloon of the theatre. Every where one encounters the insignia of military despotism, and, perhaps, to a liberal mind the most painful associations are derived from the appearance of some of the fine-looking Swiss officers—sons of the mountains and recipients of nobler political influences than their fellows, and yet content to be the hireling oppressors of a foreign soil.

One of the richest palaces in Bologna, belongs to Bacciocchi, who espoused the sister of Napoleon, and there is scarcely one of its splendid apartments unadorned with some memorial of his person or life. Here is a portrait exhibiting the free and fresh expression of irresponsible youth; there the same brow appears shaded by a military cap or glittering coronet; here that extraordinary countenance is exquisitely delineated upon a small surface of ivory, and there elabo-

rately carved in the centre of a *pietra dura* table. In the centre of a richly-curtained cabinet is his bust by Canova ; over the fireplace of a silken-hung bedroom, is his head encircled by rays ; and on the damask walls of the magnificent saloon, hangs his full length portrait, splendidly arrayed in coronation robes. In another apartment, we behold his statue in marble, surrounded by those of his family ; and on a slab, in an adjoining room, we gaze on the same remarkable features, fixed in the still rigidity of death, in the form of a bronze cast taken after his decease. It is enough to temper the eagerness of the veriest enthusiast in pursuit of glory, to wander through this quiet, lofty and elegantly decorated palace, and as his eye rests upon these memorials, call to mind successively the most wonderful epochs of Napoleon's life. He seems almost to move before us, as the drama of his memorable career is acted rapidly out in the imagination. We remember his early achievements, his startling victories, his suddenly acquired empire, the grandeur of his projects, the immense sacrifice attending their fulfilment, and, at length, the waning of his proud star—his fall, exile, and death. How brief a period has sufficed to transfer the deeds of Europe's modern conqueror to the calm sphere of history, and enthrone his terrible name amid the undreaded though solemn past !

Enterprise and genius in most of the departments of human effort meet with so little pecuniary encouragement in Italy, that they almost invariably excite sympathy for the ill-rewarded toil of the votary. An exception to this rule I witnessed in Bologna, in the person of Rossini, the composer, whose operas continue to yield him a handsome income. But a case more in accordance with the prevailing spirit, is that of a Bolognese physician, who, for several years, was attached to the military service in Greece and Egypt. While in Nubia, at great expense, and with incredible fatigue and

danger, he succeeded in excavating a pyramid, and bringing away the contents of a sarcophagus which he discovered within. According to the opinion of the most esteemed archeologists whom he has consulted, this pyramid was erected seven hundred years before the Christian era, by King Tahraka. The collection consists chiefly of ornaments of the finest gold—rings, bracelets, and necklaces, upon which are wrought the various devices and emblems of Egyptian lore. Many of these are exceedingly curious, and different from those previously known. But the most singular circumstance attending this excavation is, that among the articles disinterred is a cameo, representing a head of Minerva, executed in a style altogether beyond the epoch in the history of art, from which the other objects evidently date. In fact, there are obvious indications that the stone is of Grecian workmanship. The only satisfactory solution which has been given to this problem is, that the pyramid, although commenced during the reign of Tahraka, was not completed until after an interval of three hundred years—a supposition which is confirmed by the difference observable in the angles and quality of the stones. This valuable collection still remains upon the hands of the enterprising excavator, although it so richly merits a place in some public museum, for which object it would doubtless be purchased—as the poor physician regretfully declared—if it had been his lot to be a native of England or France, instead of impoverished Italy.

One of the most remarkable of Catholic festivals—called the Day of the Dead—occurred on the loveliest day of my brief sojourn in Bologna. Nature breathed any language rather than that of mortality and decay. The road leading to the celebrated Campo Santo was thronged with people walking beneath the glad sky, in holiday attire; and there would have been one universal semblance of gayety, but for the moaning tones and wretched appearance of the beggars


that lined the way. The numerous arcades of the extensive burying-place resounded with the hum, bustle and exclamations of a careless crowd, who moved about like the multitude at a fair. But for the countless busts of departed worthies, the numberless inscriptions, and the echoes of the mass floating from one of the open chapels, it would have been impossible to believe, that this concourse had assembled ostensibly to remember and honor the dead. To the view of a stranger nothing could be more incongruous or strange than the scene. The cypresses and cenotaphs assured him he was in a burial-place; while every moment he was jostled by a hurrying group, and his ears saluted with peals of discordant laughter, the leering whisper of the courtesan, and the stern reproof of the soldier. And yet in his answer to the inquiries which curiosity prompts, he is told that this day is consecrated to the departed, that this throng have assembled to think of and pray for them, and that these tapers are placed by surviving friends around the tombs of the loved and lost. There was something jarring to every nerve, something that mocked every hallowed association, in this rude contrast between the solemn emblems of death, and the eager recklessness of life. It suggested the idea of inexorable and unmitigable destiny, rather than consoling faith. It was redolent of bitterness and despair. It was as if men would confront the dark doom of mortality with hollow laughter and raillery. So, at least, the scene impressed one spectator, to whom it was new; yet habit, or their peculiar creed, had apparently associated it in the minds of the multitude with no such shocking suggestions. It was affecting to notice, here and there, a monument unilluminated—perhaps that of a stranger, who died unhonored and unsoothed, or the ancient mausoleum of such who could claim kindred with the place and the people, but whose memories inexorable time had consigned to the dark abyss of forgetfulness.

THE CHOLERA IN SICILY.

"The blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke."

HALLÉCK.

IN the modern history of pestilence, there are few records which can parallel, for scenes of horror and ceaseless havoc, the course of the cholera in Sicily during the summer of 1837. For many months previous to the outbreak of the disease, the commerce of the country had been essentially diminished, by a series of rigid and absurd quarantines; and so obstinate are the people in their belief that the complaint is contagious, that they still persist in ascribing its appearance in their capital to the introduction of contraband goods from Naples, where it was then raging. Notwithstanding these precautionary measures, no preparation was made in case they should prove unavailing, so that when the dreaded enemy arrived, the ignorance and poverty of the lower orders, and the utter absence of remedial arrangements on the part of the government, gave free scope to its awful energies. A still more shameful cause of the fatal triumph which it subsequently achieved, is to be found in the pusillanimous conduct of the physicians and agents of police, many of whom fled at the first announcement of danger. For weeks the multitudinous precincts of the city presented nought but the trophies of disease and death. In many instances the bodies were thrown into the streets; and not unfrequently, from the carts which removed them, might be heard the groans of some



poor wretch prematurely numbered among the dead. As a last resort, the galley slaves were offered their liberty upon condition of burying the victims; but few survived to enjoy the dearly purchased boon. The strength of the poor nuns finally became inadequate to transporting the rapidly increasing bodies to the gates of the convents, and these asylums were necessarily broken open by the *becci*. These wretches nightly made the circuit of the deserted streets, by the light of numerous fires of pitch, kept burning at long intervals, with a view of purifying the air. They sat upon the heap of livid corpses piled up in their carts, stopping at each house where a light glimmering in the balcony indicated that their services were required. Entering without ceremony, they hastily stripped the body, and placing it on the cart, resumed their progress, generally singing as they went, under the influence of intoxication or unnatural excitement. Arrived at the Campo Santo, their burdens were quickly deposited in huge pits, and the same course repeated until sunrise. It is remarkable, that of one hundred and fifty-six of those regularly employed in this way, but three fell victims to the cholera.

The low situation of Palermo, surrounded as it is by high mountains, and built nearly on a level with the sea, doubtless augmented the virulence of the disease. During several days in July, a strong *sirocco* wind prevailed; and no one who has not experienced the suffocating and dry heat of this formidable atmosphere, can realize the complete lassitude it brings, both upon mind and body. Engendered amid the burning sands of Africa, even its flight across the sea chastens not the intensity of its heat. It broods over the fertile valley in which the Sicilian capital stands, with the still and scorching intensity of noonday in the desert. The laborers crouch beneath the shadow of the walls in weary listlessness. The nobility take refuge on the couch or in the bath. The paper

on the *escritoir* curls in its breath like the sensitive plant at the human touch ; and vases of water are constantly filled beneath the piano-forte, that the thin case of the instrument may not crack asunder. The fresh verdure of the fields withers before it, and the solitary streets, at the meridian hour, proclaim its fearful presence. The occurrence of a *sirocco* soon after the advent of the cholera, greatly augmented its ravages. Literally might it be said, that the pestilence came on the wings of the wind ; and, unlike its course in other countries, it primarily attacked foreigners and the higher class of natives.

But a few days prior to its appearance, I left Palermo for the other side of the island. The spring had been unusually fine. Daily excursions, at that luxurious season, nowhere more redolent of beauty than in Sicily, had made me familiar with the rich scenery of the "golden shell." The same friends whose society enlivened these excursions, brightened the *conversazione* with pleasant intercourse and kindly interchange of feeling. It was with something of a heavy heart that, on a brilliant day, I gazed on the fast-fading outline of a prospect interesting from its intrinsic beauty, and endeared by habit and association. A young countryman, who had been my companion for many months, bade me farewell at the mole. We parted with many assurances of a pleasant meeting in a few weeks on the same spot, to enjoy together the festivities of St. Rosalia—the great national festival of the Palermitans, and one of the most splendid in Europe. As we glided out of the beautiful bay, my eye ranged along the palaces which line the Marina, till it rested instinctively upon the hospitable mansion of the American Consul—a gentleman whose home-taught probity and application, and whose attachment to the principles of his country and the persons of his countrymen, never swerved during more than twenty years' residence amid the enervating influences of the

South. I knew that in that mansion, there was at that hour a gathering of social spirits, and remembered the kind pleasantry with which the host had interposed his consular authority to prevent my departure, in order that I might make one of the guests. I turned to Monreale, perched so picturesquely on the mountain range above the town, and gazed upon the bold promontory of Mount Pelegrino, rising like the guardian genius of the scene, in solitary grandeur from the sea. With the aid of a telescope, I could trace the neat promenade upon which I had so often walked, unconscious of the passage of time, as the tones of friendly converse soothed my ear, or the passing glance of beauty cheered my sight. And as we were rounding the last point and fast losing sight of every familiar object, I caught a glimpse of the ancient and noble dome of St. Guiseppe, beneath whose shadow was the dwelling of one whose melody had often stirred my weary pulse, and still rang sweetly in my memory. At length the distant mountains covered with mist, alone met my eager view. The night wind rose with a solemn wildness, and the gloomy roar of the sea chimed in with the shadowy tenor of my parting thoughts. But the idea of soon revisiting the pleasant friends and favorite haunts I was quitting, soon so-laced me; and the next morning, when I ascended to the deck, and found our gallant vessel cleaving the blue waters before an exhilarating breeze, and beneath a summer sky, cheering anticipations soon usurped the place of unavailing regret.

A few long summer days, and what a change came over that scene of tranquil fertility and busy life! They whose smiling adieus seemed so significant of a speedy re-union, were no more. The youth whose manly beauty and buoyant spirits I had so often noted on the promenade and in the ball-room—the leader in every plan of social amusement, the first to start the humorous thought, and the last to prolong the

joyous laugh; he whose prime found every energy at the height of action, and life's plan widening with success; and the fair creature to whose meek brow I was wont to look for the sweetest impress of woman's dignity, as her voice was attuned to the softest and most intelligent expression of woman's mind—all, as it were, struck out from the face of the earth—gone from the freshest presence of Nature and the thoughtful scenes of an absorbing being, to the dark and solitary grave!

Of a population of one hundred and seventy thousand, according to the last census of Palermo, within the space of two months, thirty-seven thousand were swept off: and within the city, the number of interments in a single day, when the disease was at its height, amounted to three thousand five hundred. Appalling as is the bare mention of such details, they are less calculated to shock the imagination and sicken the heart, than many of the subordinate and contingent scenes attending the pestilence. There is such a mystery and super-human destructiveness in the rise and progress of a fell contagion, that the mind is awed as at the solemn fulfilment of a divine ordination. But when the unrestrained and savage play of human passions mingles with the tragic spectacle of disease and death, absolute horror usurps the place of every milder sentiment, and we are ready to believe that the pestilence has maddened the very soul, and despoiled humanity of her true attributes. To understand the scenes of violence and atrocity which were almost of daily occurrence during the existence of the cholera in Sicily, it is necessary to remember the circumstances and temperament of the people. Perhaps in no spot of earth do the extremes of civilized and savage life so nearly approach each other as in this rich and ancient island. Scattered over the kingdom, there are countless beings in a state of ignorance and poverty which, but for ocular proof, we should suppose could not coexist with

the indications of social refinement observable in the principal cities. These unhappy victims of want and superstition possess passions which, like the fires of *Ætna*, break forth with exhaustless energy, and when once aroused, lead to consequences which it is impossible to foresee or imagine. Crushed to the earth by exorbitant taxation, and every national feeling insulted by the galling presence of a foreign military, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that when the long-dreaded cholera appeared among them, aggravated in its symptoms by the climate, and every moment presenting the most harrowing spectacles in the streets and by the wayside, they should readily adopt the idea that their oppressors had resorted to poison, as a means of ridding themselves of a superfluous and burdensome population. Nor are there ever wanting in every country, designing men, who, from the basest motives of self-aggrandizement, are ready and willing to inflame the popular mind even to frenzy, if, in its tumultuous outbreak, their own purposes are likely to be subserved. Such men are neither restrained by an idea of the awful machinery they are putting in motion, or the thought of their eventful danger; desperate in their fortunes, they re-enact the scenes of *Catiline*, and few are the epochs or the communities which can furnish a *Cicero* to lay bare their mock-patriotism and bring speedy ruin upon their projects, by exposing their turpitude. Were an unvarnished history written of the outrages which took place in Sicily in the summer of 1837, it would scarcely be credited as a true record of events which actually transpired in the nineteenth century; and while indignation would be deeply aroused against the acts themselves, a new and more earnest protest would be entered in every enlightened mind against the barbarous abuses of political authority—the long, dark, and incalculable evils for which despotism is accountable to humanity.

In many places, the cry of “a poisoner!” was sufficient

to gather an infuriated mob around any person attached to the municipal government, or upon whom the absurd suspicions of the populace could with the slightest plausibility, fix. The unfortunate and innocent individual thus attacked, immediately found himself at the mercy of a lawless crowd, in whose excited faces, flushed with a stern and ferocious purpose, no hope of escape was to be read ; he was frequently struck to the earth, pinioned, and dragged, by means of a long cord, through the streets, the revengeful throng rushing behind with taunts and imprecations. In more than one instance, the heart of the poor wretch was torn out before the eyes of his friends. The fate of one of these unhappy victims to popular fury was singularly awful. He was one of the middle order of citizens—a class among whom was manifested more firmness and mutual fidelity, during the pestilence, than in any other ; for the nobility, pampered by indulgence into habits of intense selfishness, and the lowest order, driven to despair by the extremity of their sufferings, too often entirely forgot the ties of parentage and the claims of natural affection, children abandoning parents, and husbands wives, with the most remorseless indifference. But among that industrious class, in which the domestic virtues seem always to take the deepest root and to flourish with the greatest luxuriance, there were numberless unknown and unrecorded instances of the noblest self-devotion. It was to this rank that the unfortunate man belonged, and his only daughter to whom he was tenderly attached, having been carried off by the cholera, in the hope of saving his own life and that of his two sons, they left the city and fled towards Grazia, a town in the interior. Before they reached their destination, the father was attacked by the disease, and it became necessary to seek refuge in the first convent. Here his sons nursed him for several days, until, being slightly affected with symptoms of the malady, the elder returned to

Palermo in order to procure medicine and other necessities. During his absence, an old woman whom they employed as a laundress, discovered in the pocket of one of their garments several pills composed of rhubarb and other simple substances, which had been procured in the city to be used in case of emergency. She immediately displayed them to the peasants in the vicinity, declaring her conviction that the invalid was a poisoner. This evidence was sufficient. They rushed to the convent, drew the sick man from his bed, and beat him unmercifully. Meantime some of the party collected a quantity of straw and wood, and binding the younger son upon the pile, set fire to it before the father's eyes, whom, having again beaten, they also threw upon the flames, and burned them both alive. Soon after, the elder son returned, having received medical advice in Palermo which entirely restored him. Surprised at finding his father's room vacant, he inquired for his brother of a little boy, who replied by leading him to the spot where the charred remains lay; his violent demonstrations of grief soon attracted attention; his relationship to the two victims was discovered, and nought but the timely interference of an influential individual residing near, saved him from sharing their fate.

The cholera appeared in Syracuse early in July. About the middle of that month, strong indications were manifested on the part of the people of a disposition to revolt; and the public authorities were convened to deliberate on the subject. There is no question that in this place the fears of the multitude were excited by designing men. The shop of a bread-seller was forcibly entered, and several loaves paraded about the streets as poisoned, doubtless with the express purpose of collecting a mob. This was soon accomplished, and the disaffected throng next proceeded to the residence of an apothecary, upon whom their suspicions fell, and having taken him to the public square, murdered him. The Commissary

of Police next fell a victim to their fury. The Intendant, hearing that the mob were approaching, made his escape by a by-lane, and applied to a boatman to convey him beneath the walls of the citadel. The boatman refused, and he was obliged to fly to the country. His pursuers, however, soon discovered the direction he had taken, and, following with bloodhounds, traced him to a cavern called the Grotto, whence he was drawn and dragged into the city, where, after suffering many outrages, he was murdered before the image of the patron saint. The next morning the Inspector of Police, his son, and several other citizens, lost their lives. An old blind man was seized upon, and threatened with death if he did not give up the names of his accomplices. To save his life, and doubtless prompted by some malicious persons, he gave a list of respectable citizens, most of whom were instantly seized and put to death. Meanwhile, similar sanguinary proceedings were making many of the minor towns of the island scenes of outrage and blood; and as the populace of Syracuse grew emboldened by success, they published and circulated a proclamation addressed to their countrymen, commencing "Sicilians! The cholera, that dreadful disease, which has so long been the terror of Europe, has at length found its grave in the city of Archimedes," &c., going on to attribute it to poison, and calling upon their countrymen to eradicate it by removing the government which introduced it.

Towards the last of July, a report was spread in Cantania, that Major Simoneschi, of the *gendarmerie*, had taken refuge in the monastery of the Benedictines, and that he was a distributor of the poisons which had desolated Naples and Palermo. A crowd collected under the direction of several individuals of the rank of lawyers, brokers and mechanics, who assaulted the monastery, but not finding the person they sought, soon dispersed. As no notice was taken of these

proceedings by the civil authorities, the mob were encouraged, and, in the course of a few days, attacked the police and other public offices, in order to possess themselves of the weapons there deposited. On the same day, the manifesto of the Syracusans arrived, was immediately reprinted by the rebel Catanese and sent off to Messina with a band to excite a mob there also. The town, however, was then under the protection of a civic guard; and all attempts to excite disturbances were vain. On the same evening, the Catanese arrested the Intendente, Procuratore Generale, and the commander of the *gendarmerie*, as persons suspected of distributing poison, and confined them under guard in the house of one of their nobility. They then formed a Council of Security, and raised the yellow flag in token of Sicilian Independence. The Intendente and Procuratore were forced to swear allegiance to the new government, and were then set at liberty—although their freedom was all but nominal, as they were kept under the strictest surveillance. The garrison, being small and inefficient, was soon disarmed. An original manifesto was published, declarative of the good deeds and purposes of the rebels. The bells of the churches were taken from their towers to be moulded into cannon. The pictures of the royal family were collected from the various public edifices and demolished, the statue of Francesco torn from its pedestal, destroyed by order of the government, and the revolutionary standard displayed in its place.

The slight opposition with which these movements in Sicily were met by the representatives of the government, indicates the frail tenure by which Naples holds dominion over the island. And when, at length, measures were adopted to quell the disturbances, new scenes of horror succeeded. The Marquis Del Caretto was commissioned by the King to make the circuit of the island, and inflict summary justice

upon all implicated in the recent transactions. This officer appears to have been singularly fitted for his sanguinary vocation. Had the victims to martial law whom he caused to be sacrificed, been confined to the conspicuous among the mob, or even to such as had openly identified themselves with the violent deeds of the populace, we might consider him in some measure justified by the circumstances and occasion, in making such an example as would prevent the farther effusion of human blood.—But many an act of the most aggravated tyranny and cruel proscription perpetrated by Del Caretto, under the pretence of restoring public order, will long be remembered with indignation.

There is a class of educated Sicilians, and chivalrous youth, who have cherished the hope of effecting the independence of their country, by means and at a period altogether different from those, into which the pestilence precipitated the fiery hearts of the less informed and the deluded. In the midst of the various and contending revolutionary elements then convulsing Sicily, there were not a few noble, ardent, and truly patriotic spirits, who saw in the course of events consequent upon the cholera, a still longer postponement of their dearest hopes—a still wider chasm yawning between anticipated and realized freedom. The unfitness of the mass for the boon of self-government was made appallingly obvious. The gradual, healthy spread of liberal sentiment was suddenly checked. The government, long jealous and anxious for an occasion to inspire the people with fear, seized upon this moment to remove the most influential advocates of free principles from the pathway of liberty. If the revolutionists availed themselves of the cholera to excite the multitude against the government, the latter took no small advantage of the excesses of the people to revenge themselves upon the daring, intelligent and quiet promulgators of those truths which lie at the foundation of all successful in-

novation. Many a gifted young man was sentenced to die in two hours, upon the bare evidence of having uttered or written some expression indicating his hostility to foreign dominion ; and not a small portion of the flower of the Sicilian youth were chased by a Neapolitan vessel of war beyond Elba—rending the air, as they flew before the breeze, with the glad strains of the Marsellaise. One of the King's manifestos threatened with death all who should *believe* in poisoning as the cause of the pestilence ; and his indefatigable deputy, who had volunteered to avenge his cause upon the wretched Sicilians, passed rapidly from city to city, holding levees for the adherents of the crown, giving balls to the loyal ladies, confiscating the estates of the refugees, and shooting, after the merest mockery of a trial, all recognized ringleaders of rebellion, and every one who could, under any pretence, be suspected of being a liberal.

One poor youth escaped death only by flight who had been seen to applaud some patriotic sentiment rather vehemently in the theatre ; and the name of one of the best educated and finest young men of the island was placed on the bloody list merely on the dying testimony of one of the victims, wrung from him by the hope of a reprieve. After the lapse of a few weeks, public order was re-established. The pestilence ceased. Del Caretto returned to Naples. But it will be long before the melancholy traces of these calamities will pass from the island, or the solitary places be filled. The King has since visited his subjects, and a reconciliation has been effected. Neither have their sufferings been wholly without political benefit to the Sicilians. Many privileges have been acceded to the different communities. New commercial facilities have been afforded, onerous regulations abolished, and the quarantine system revised. Nor can the conduct of a part of the inhabitants have failed so to impress the government as shall henceforth command for them

more respect, and cause their just rights to be more readily recognized. One scene, of which I was a witness, was alone calculated to produce no transient impression.

As the news of the afflicting events which were desolating the other parts of Sicily, reached Messina, it threw the whole city into mourning. The arrival of the Palermo post was expected with an eager and painful interest visibly depicted upon the face of almost every passer; and at all hours of the day, the Marina was studded with groups whose anxious countenances indicated the one absorbing subject they were discussing. But, on one occasion, the spectacle presented from the balconies, was by no means so quiet. A crowd had collected around the Health Office, which rises directly from the water's edge, and were clamoring to the deputies sitting within, to send instantly away a brig of war which had that moment entered the port from Naples, where the cholera was then raging, having been sent by the King, with clothing for the troops, then quartered at Messina. The circle immediately around the building consisted of the lower orders of the Messinese—porters, boatmen and mechanics—their disordered vestments, shaggy beards and fierce expressions, giving them not a little of a genuine revolutionary aspect. Behind these foremost actors in the scene, stood a multitude of the better class, regarding the movements of the rabble with simple curiosity or secret approbation. The members of the Board of Health thus found themselves in an awkward predicament. On the one hand, they feared to disobey the royal order to receive the clothing, and on the other they were threatened with the vengeance of an exasperated populace. Their reply, however, was indecisive; and so deep and vindictive a murmur followed its annunciation, that the frightened deputies deemed it best to effect their escape. With this view, they sprang from the back door and crowded into the boats which were drawn up on the beach, urging their

owners to push off, and promising their adversaries in the rear that the obnoxious vessel should be forthwith sent away. It was ludicrous to see with what a compromise of dignity their escape was effected. Many of these worthies rushed into the water above their middle, in order to gain the boats. Their assurance of immediately complying with the popular desire, was received with a shout of triumph, and the crowd eagerly watched their progress as they glided on towards the quarantine harbor. When about midway, however, they suddenly veered and moved rapidly towards the citadel, within whose protecting walls they were soon safely ensconced. The rage of the people when they found themselves thus deceived, was beyond measure. They instantly attacked the deserted Health Office with clubs, stones and every obtainable missile, and in a few moments it presented a ruinous and shattered appearance. Scores of boys, half-clad urchins, sprang through the windows like bees from a hive, bearing the records, account-books and files of papers connected with the establishment, which they deliberately tore into fragments, scattered to the winds or threw into the sea, which was soon whitened for yards around with the floating masses. In the midst of the destruction, it was curious to observe the behavior of the leaders of the tumult. One of them carefully conveyed away several of the most valuable articles, and deposited them in the hands of a highly respectable and popular citizen among the bystanders. Another took a silver lamp and threw it far out into the water, that it might be evident that their object was not to pilfer. One climbed to the front of the building, and having calmly cut to pieces the inscribed marble tablet, touched several times the king's arms which were inscribed above, and then kissed his hand, amid the responsive shouts of the multitude; by this salutation implying that they recognized the allegiance due to their sovereign, and aimed vengeance only at the deputies. He

then posted a small engraving of the Madonna in the place of the marble slab, thereby indicating that for the preservation of the public health, they trusted wholly to Heaven. Meanwhile, another leading spirit had raised the royal banner at half-mast, at the opposite corner, to suggest that the king mourned over the maladministration of his officers. At length the municipal authorities fearing the consequences of further opposition to the public will, ordered the brig to depart, and presently she stood gallantly out of the harbor before a strong breeze. The exultation of the populace at the sight of this movement was without bounds. They abandoned the work of destruction upon which but a moment previous they had been so sagely intent, and ran along the shore beside the ship, brandishing their sticks and shouting *fuóre!* (away!) until she had doubled the adjacent cape and disappeared. It was a scene of no ordinary excitement; the steady and swift course of the armed vessel silently gliding from the bay under a cloud of canvas, and the eager crowd, with victory gleaming from their eyes, rushing on to hail her exit. Never was a popular triumph more complete.

VENICE.

“ Queen of cities !
Goddess of ocean ! with the beauty crowned
Of Aphrodite from her parent deep !
If thine Ausonian heaven denies the strength
That nerves a mountain race of sterner mould,
It gives thee charms whose very softness wins
All hearts to worship.”

EARLY on the day succeeding my arrival in Venice, we were reclining upon the cushioned seats, and beneath the little dark awning of a gondola, and were thus carried along through numberless canals; the stroke of the oar, and occasional salutation of the gondolier, alone breaking upon the impressive quietness. Passing by the old and seemingly deserted habitations which line the less public ways, we silently but thoughtfully contemplated the surrounding scene. One moment gliding beneath one of the many short but massive bridges, another sailing noiselessly under a window whence some listless observer was gazing, now coming almost in contact with a passing gondola, and again occupying the solitary waters of a minor course. The steps and lower portions of the buildings, green with humid vegetation, the mouldering walls, the sad repose of neglect, and the palpable evidences of Time's corroding finger, were circumstances too unique not to be observed, and too interesting to be unimpressive.

We were introduced by the *custode* of the Tribunal of Justice, upon the Bridge of Sighs—the lofty and covered archway connecting the prison and palace. We found it an

exceedingly massive structure, consisting of two passages, the two entrances communicating with the general prison, one of the two leading into the palace being closed up. By examining the locality, I soon perceived the error which has been justly ascribed to Byron, that of supposing that a passage from the palace to the prison was a fatal path. On the contrary, he who was so happy as to escape the condemnation of "the Ten," was acquitted, or remanded to his former cell, instead of being consigned by the private staircase to the secret dungeons beneath. Hence to him, in either case, the path was joyful rather than sad. Well, however, may such a heavy and short way between the tribunal and the jail be called the *Ponte di Sospiri*; for it must full often have re-echoed the heavy sighs of innumerable sufferers. Descending by the golden stairs, so called, we were guided to the awful prisons beneath, and examined the rude inscriptions and bloody stains still existent in the gloomy vaults, so long the secret scenes of suffering and destruction.*

Landing near the church of St. Georgio Maggiore, we admired, for some time, its architectural neatness and simple grandeur. Next proceeding to the Chiesa di Carmelitani, we were much interested in examining the numerous precious marbles which line its interior. Much time was consumed in viewing some of the most important churches, and in perusing the peculiar architecture of many of the crumbling and blackened palaces bordering the main canal. I remarked that the former edifices were much lighter, and the marbles more vivid than is the case with most of the churches, out of Lombardy, which I had previously seen. In one of these we were occupied in viewing the monument to Canova;

* As we crossed the square of St. Marks we remarked that the pigeons did not fly hastily at our approach, and remembered with interest, that they were privileged natives of the place, having been, during and since the republic, under the special protection of government.

one of the sculptured figures which adorn it carries an urn containing the heart of the great artist. The Academy of the Fine Arts engaged much of our attention. In what has been called Titian's master-piece—the Assumption—there seemed to me exceeding richness without corresponding effect; but in the Marriage of Cana, by Pardonino, I deemed the countenance of the bride one of the most beautiful faces I had seen upon canvas, with the exception of Raphael's Madonnas.

The more I saw of this peculiar school of painting called Venetian, the more was I captivated with its unrivalled richness and depth of coloring, and the more regretful of its frequent lack of powerful expression. This latter quality seems pre-eminently requisite for the production of any thing like permanent impression upon the mind of the spectator. When I recall some of Raphael's works, the sentiment embodied in the picture is before me, and strongly identified with his unequalled images; but even after a comparatively short interval, many of the larger pictures of the Venetian school were merged, in my imagination, in the splendor of their own gorgeous hues.

We next disembarked at the Rialto, interesting from its Shaksperian associations. Alas! no rich Venetian merchants are now to be seen upon its still bustling walk, though every traveller will find something of the Shylock spirit lingering yet. A subsequent object was the Arsenal, where the antique statues before the entrance, the various instruments of war and torture, and the models of the old barques, proved quite curious, and worthy of attention. Several fettered workmen, prisoners, passed to and fro in the extensive yards, and the appearance of active business was striking for this part of the world.

We walked through the lower hall, and up the deserted staircase of the Palazzo Barbarigo, with a sentiment of mel-

ancholy sympathy for the changes which time and events have wrought within and without it. Here are the very rooms which were graced with the presence of a venerable ancestry of Venetian nobles, which had been the home of a Doge, the studio where some of Titian's best efforts were completed, and the final scene of his being. Long did I sit in the front room, in one of the old gilded chairs, gazing upon his Venus and Magdalene, but especially up at the weeping, yet lovely countenance of the latter, looming upon the air through the encrustment of three hundred years of time and neglect. I turned, too, frequently, to look upon the painting of his daughter in the embrace of a Satyr, and that member of the illustrious family who patronized his young genius, and whom he has so graphically depicted in his ducal cap. The old Turkey carpet beneath my feet, the ancient portraiture around me, the musty odor of the apartment, and the deep quiet which prevailed, forced me to feel that I was indeed in the palace of an old Venetian, and that this very room had echoed the voice and witnessed the anxious labors of one of the most admired of the old masters.

We proceeded to a scene of observation anticipated with feelings much more deep than had been aroused by other similar expectancies. We were about to enter an old and peculiar fabric, around which some of the strongest associations of the place are clustered. In Rome there is great generality in the spontaneous interest with which we regard her antiquities. Here an individual action, and there a remarkable event, hallows the locality or the architectural fragment. One may have his favorite scene of history, or select from the scattered mass a single object; but the principle in human nature, which is the true spring of enjoyment in such observations—the principle of association—is linked with the whole site of an ancient city's greatness and decline; and the Forum, Coliseum, Tombs, Pillars and

works of art, while they realize more perfectly the local ideas of the observer, do not, for that reason, dissever them from their general object—from Rome as a whole. But here, there is one comparatively small, and therefore intensely interesting point, where are concentrated the various historical associations, from the brightest to the most mournful; there is one scene teeming with the dream-like memory of that peculiar government, and of those thrilling events, which render the very idea of Venice so richly attractive to the imagination and the heart.

And upon this spot we stood, amid these shadowers forth of the past. The dark gothic form of the Ducal Palace was before us, and we slowly entered the main portal, ascended the marble stairs, and were upon the very spot where the successive Doges of the republic were crowned, and where Marino Faliero was decapitated; before us the richly wrought marble gallery of the Senate, and at our right, the apertures to which the lions' heads were attached, into whose extended jaws so many fatal messages of destruction were dropped. I thought of the grave, richly-robed forms of the Venetian Fathers; of the trembling hands and wandering glances of the anonymous accusers; of the gay peopling of those silent corridors on the day when the new Doge entered upon his office; of the happy, yet dignified bearing of the patriarchs themselves, when they were thus ushered into the highest station of the republic; of the sad sternness of the old war-stricken soldier, who died ignominiously where his fairest laurel was won; of his young and despairing wife, and of the outcry of the impatient multitude at the gate—

“Slave, do thine office!

Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse;
Strike—and but once!”

A few moments elapsed, and we were within the Grand Council Chamber, upon the immense walls of which are pictured, in tints which time has only mellowed, some of the most illustrious incidents in Venetian history. There they are, enclosed in heavy, rich gilding, as when the wise men of a free and victorious city looked to them for inspiration. Above are hung the portraits of the long line of Doges, exhibiting scarcely a face which does not bear marks of strong mind and venerable experience. Here, too, is the gloomy interruption to the singular corps—the black veil and its sad inscription—*hic est locus Marini Faleri decapitati per crimine*. I tarried successively in the chamber where were wont to convene the Senate, the Councils of the Ten and the Forty, and the reception-room for ambassadors, even the seats of which remained unviolated but by decay. In the second, while studying the paintings, a bat fluttered to and fro among the cornices—a fit living accessory of such a scene. Here, too, the line of portraiture is again broken, not by any insignia of crime, but by that of abrupt cessation, the places prepared for succeeding Doges presenting but a void.

An hour's gondola sailing brought us to St. Lazarus, a pretty island about two miles from Venice; and our application to view the very interesting convent there situated, was very politely received by one of the venerable and worthy brotherhood, Padre Pascal, who, in his dark robes and long gray beard, looked like, what indeed he may justly be called, an apostle of learning. Under his kind and intelligent conduct we viewed this delightful institution; the lovely and tranquil situation of which, the neatness and order displayed in its interior arrangements, and the works of useful and happy influence going unassumingly on within its consecrated walls, attracted our earnest sympathy and respect. In the beautiful library we found books in all languages, and a fine bust of the founder of the institution, by Canova.

At the table upon which this stood, our conductor had given lessons in Armenian to Lord Byron, who frequented the convent for that purpose, and assisted his teacher in preparing a grammar of the language. In a smaller library I was shown many interesting works printed in the convent ; among others, a prayer book in twenty-four languages, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Rollin's *Ancient History*, translated into Armenian by the learned padre. Having looked at the press below, and enjoyed the fine view from various parts of the building, we took our leave, eminently gratified with this visit to one of the seemingly most admirable institutions extant. Its objects are primarily the instruction of Armenian youth, the general dissemination of knowledge, and the cultivation of literature in connection with theology. Its members, strictly speaking, are Armenians, but education is afforded to others, through visits to the island. Brethren are continually sent forth ; our good friend himself had been a considerable traveller, and I could readily believe his assertion, that in all his wanderings, he had found no spot like this.

The day was drawing to a close when I embarked for a final excursion, and, having reached the Lido, passed a pleasant hour in promenading the Adriatic shore, with that beautiful expanse of water stretching beyond the limits of vision, and soothingly laving the sands at my feet. Upon returning, the sun was below the horizon, and the deep, noble outline of the Tyrol rose commandingly in the distance ; a rich glow suffused the face of the western sky, and the evening star gleamed peacefully. The still waters of the gulf reflected with beautiful distinctness the spires and adjoining buildings, and the few vessels in the port lay perfectly tranquil upon its bosom. At that hour, when the associations of Venice are so earnestly excited by its own quiet beauty, my old gondolier grew communicative. To-morrow, he said, was the anniversary of one of the most splendid festas of the republic.

On that day, fifty years ago, the Doge, senators, nobility, and distinguished strangers embarked in the golden barge, and when arrived at the Lido, the former dropped a ring into the sea, and then the whole company repaired to a neighboring church to celebrate a solemn function, after which a grand fete was partaken of at the palace, and innumerable comfits distributed upon the piazza ; thus, yearly, were observed the nuptials of the Adriatic. He had been in the service of Byron for three years and a half, and during that time, had daily, after dinner, transported the poet to the shore, where he rode along the sands for some hours ; and often had he followed him with the gondola as he swam or floated for miles upon the calm surface of the bay. The little white house to which the curious repaired to see him mount his horse, and the convent which he daily frequented, were pointed out ; and as an instance of his lordship's generosity, the bargeman bid us remember that when the printer whom he employed in Venice, lost his establishment by fire, he privately sent him a hundred louis d'ors. As an evidence of the fallen fortunes even of the gondoliers, he declared that immediately prior to the downfall of the republic, he received forty francs per day from two *Signori Inglesi*, for fifteen days, besides a *buonamano* of a suit of clothes ; while an eighth of that sum is the present stipend. I induced the old man to sing a stanza of Tasso, as I thus approached the city. The evening gun resounded, a band of music struck up, and silently contemplating the realization of my dreams of Venice, I touched the steps of the quay, and emerged from that quiet solemnity upon the illuminated and gayly occupied Piazza of St. Marco—to feel with him of whom I was just conversing, that

“ Beauty still is here ;
States fall, arts fade, but nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear.”

THE CAPUCHIN OF PISA.

"Gray was his hair, but not with age."

ANON.

FOR one inclined to a studious life, there is no more desirable residence in Italy than Pisa. The calls of pleasure and society which so constantly assail the student in the capital cities, are far less numerous and exciting here. Boasting the oldest university in Tuscany, Pisa, with the downfall of her commercial importance, lost not the attractiveness which belongs to an ancient seat of learning. The reputation for military prowess, gained by her brave citizens in the crusades, and the maritime consequence she enjoyed in the primitive era, when small vessels only were in use, are distinctions which have long since ceased to exist. She sends forth no fleets of galleys, as of old, armed with bold mariners panting to destroy the Saracenic pirates. The Islands in the Mediterranean, once tributary to her arms, now acknowledge another master. Bloody feuds no longer divide her citizens; nor has she ventured to dispute the empire of the seas since the close of the twelfth century, when she suffered a memorable defeat in a naval combat with the Genoese, under Admiral Doria. So great was the number of her distinguished people who, in this and previous battles, fell into the power of her formidable rival, that it was a common saying in that age, that, "whoever would see Pisa, must go to Genoa."

The edifices upon the right bank of the Arno, many of them rich in architectural decorations, are built in the form

of a sweeping curve, admirably exposed to the sun. In these buildings are the best winter lodgings; and the broad street forms a delightful promenade. Here the invalids stroll at noon or evening, completely sheltered from the wind; while about the adjacent bookstores the literati lounge in the sun, to con a new publication, or discuss some mooted point in science or belles-lettres. Sometimes on an autumn evening, when nature is in her balmiest mood, and the walk filled with students, the several bridges reflected in the river, and the *avè Maria* stealing on the breeze, the scene is delightfully significant of calm enjoyment. On a pleasant afternoon, as I noted this picture from beneath an awning which surmounted the door of a *caffè*, my eyes encountered those of a Capuchin friar, who was sitting on the parapet opposite, occasionally enjoying the same pastime, but more frequently engaged in turning over the leaves of an old folio. The members of this fraternity usually seen in Italy, are very unprepossessing in their appearance. Their brown robes generally envelope a portly person, and the rough hood falls back from a face whose coarse features bedaubed with yellow snuff, indicate mental obtuseness far more than sanctity. This Capuchin, however, had an eye which, at the first glance, seemed beaming with intelligence; but, upon inspection, betrayed an unsettled expression, such as might pertain to an apprehensive or disordered mind. But the most striking peculiarity in the monk's appearance, as he sat with his cowl thrown back to enjoy the evening air, was the remarkable contrast between a face decidedly youthful, and hair that exhibited the gray of sixty winters. An effect was thus produced similar to that observed on the stage, when a juvenile performer is invested with one of the heavy powdered wigs of the last century. It was as if youth and age were miraculously conjoined in one person. The adolescent play of the mouth, the freshness of the complexion, and the care-

less air, bespoke early manhood, and were in startling contradiction to the thick locks blanched almost to snowy whiteness. The friar noticed my gaze of curiosity, and advancing towards me with a good-natured courtesy, proffered the curious volume for my inspection. It was truly a feast for a connoisseur in black-letter and primitive engravings—one of those parchment-bound church chronicles which are sometimes met with in Italy, filled with the most grotesque representations of saints and devils. The Capuchin, it appeared, was an amateur in such lore; and this, his last prize, had just been bought by a broker in similar objects, who had long watched for him on the promenade as a sure purchaser of the worm-eaten relic. Most patiently did he initiate me into the mysteries of the volume, apparently delighted to find so attentive an auditor. I observed that it was as an antiquity, and especially on account of the pictures, that he prized the book; and my wonder was increased by the general knowledge and worldly wisdom displayed by this member of a brotherhood noted for their ignorance. Perhaps he interpreted my curiosity aright, for when we had turned over the last leaf, he proposed an adjournment to his convent, that I might view his collection of ancient tomes, an invitation I was not slow to accept. His cell was at the corner of the monastery, and commanded a fine view of the surrounding country on the one side, and of the river and city on the other. It was neatly furnished, and not without ornament. He pointed out several book-shelves, and evidently enjoyed the surprise with which I read the titles of works usually found in the libraries of men of taste, but seldom known in the dormitory of the priest. At length, he raised them *en masse*, and what I had deemed a little library proved but an ingenious imitation. Beneath the painted boards was disclosed the veritable collection of the poor Capuchin—a few vellum-bound volumes, chiefly referring to the theology of

his sect. I was not a little interested in the quiet humor thus displayed by this singular brother of a gloomy fraternity. His cheerful eye was at variance with the dark, rough robe, and coarse rope which bound him. His little room was furnished with a view to the enjoyment of the occupant; and, judging by the fine old Malaga with which he entertained me, not without the means of indulgence. I could not but fancy the feelings which must sometimes visit him as he gazed from his secluded nook upon the world he had renounced. When, at dawn, he has seen one of the many equipages start from the adjacent square, bearing hearts intent upon re-union with the loved in the place of its destination, or youthful spirits eager for the excitement and adventure of a distant tour, has he not sighed for a share in the blessed ministry of the affections, or panted to throw himself into a more expanded sphere of experience? or, if sincerely deeming all earthly friendship vain, and all knowledge of the world unholy, in musing at sunset over the richness, the silent and varying beauty of that lovely landscape, has he not momentarily caught the inspiration of nature's freedom, and felt that the breezes of heaven are not less chainless, by Heaven's ordination, than the spirit within him? The Capuchin understood and interrupted my reverie.

"Signor," said he, "I perceive you are surprised at the obvious want of harmony between my character and my destiny. You think the friar's garb does not altogether become me, and wonder how it is that so youthful a brow should be shaded by hoary locks. I will endeavor to explain the apparent anomaly, if you are disposed to listen to a brief recital. A Corsican by birth, I reached the age of sixteen without clearly understanding the word—responsibility. My life had flown on beneath the paternal roof, unmarked by vicissitude, unembittered by sorrow. My education was intended to prepare me for a naval life, and, as far as theoretical know-

ledge is important, perhaps it was not valueless. I had acquired, too, some dexterity in the management of such small craft as ply about the Mediterranean coast. But no duty had ever been imposed upon me, which my own inclination had not suggested ; and if, at times, I was deep in mathematical studies, or intent upon displaying my nautical skill when a storm had lashed our bay into a foam, it was my native love of excitement rather than any settled principle of action, which prompted my exertions. I was regarded as a spoiled child, and the rebukes to which I was, in consequence, subjected, aroused my indignation more deeply than corporeal punishment often does that of less ardent beings. On one occasion, when smarting inwardly from a taunting reproach my father had bestowed, I suddenly resolved to fly, if it were only to prove that I could depend upon myself, and be indeed a man. Such resolutions doubtless abound at that age, and are not unfrequently acted upon. With a few louis-d'ors in my purse, I embarked for Marseilles, and after a few weeks' stay in that city, found myself without money or friends, and prevented by pride from revealing myself or my situation to any one. Want, however, was fast undermining my resolution ; and one bright morning I walked towards the quay, hoping to discover some Corsican captain who would convey me home. As I stood near one of the docks, glancing over the shipping, I observed a man whose vestments were those of a dandy mariner, rapidly pacing the wharf. His keen gaze soon fell upon my person, and, at the next turn in his promenade, he abruptly clapped me on the shoulder, and, pointing to a neat brig with Sardinian colors in the offing, asked my opinion of her build and appearance. As I had been an observer of vessels from early boyhood, I answered him with frankness, introducing some technical phrases, which seemed to convince him that I was no novice in such matters. When I had concluded, 'My lad,' said he, 'I am

the supercargo of that craft. Ask no questions, navigate her to Corsica, and this is yours,' shaking a purse before my eyes. Without hesitation I accepted the proposal. Mindful of my immediate necessities, and elated at the idea of entering our harbor the recognized commander of so fine a vessel, I banished all doubts of my capacity, trusted to fortune to carry me safely through the enterprise, and springing with alacrity after the supercargo, into a boat, soon stood with all the pride of youth mantling in my cheek, upon the quarter-deck of the *Maria Teresa*. Several Jews were clustered about the mainmast, awaiting our arrival to secure their passage. They offered to make up what was deficient in the cargo, by shipping several cases of *liqueurs*, and agreeing to pay liberally, the bargain was soon closed. It was arranged that we should sail at sunset; and leaving the supercargo at his desk in the cabin, I hastened on shore to atone for my recent abstinence. The commencement of our voyage was highly prosperous. After several days, having been blest with clear weather, and favorable, though light breezes, I began to congratulate myself upon my success, when, one afternoon, there appeared along the horizon, indubitable tokens of a coming storm. I knew not precisely where we were, though I had concealed my doubts on the subject; and, as night approached, a strange feeling of melancholy came over me. I leaned over the bulwarks, watching the ominous masses of clouds, and listening to the heavy and solemn swell of the sea. All at once, a sense of the responsibility I was under, began to oppress me. Misgivings crowded upon my hitherto resolute mind; and, at length, a presentiment of evil took entire possession of my fancy. Inexperienced, and prevented by false pride from exposing my fears, I bitterly repented of the task I had undertaken. I felt, however, that it was now too late to retreat, and observing an old sailor casting an eye of curiosity upon my anxious countenance, I

suddenly determined at all hazards, to maintain the character I had assumed. The wind increasing, before dark every thing was snug on board, and at midnight it blew a tempest. The brig, heavily laden as she was, ploughed wearily through the waves, every timber creaking as she flew before the wind. Sometimes it seemed impossible she should rise after a plunge so convulsive, and a pause so awful. My heart beat with agonizing suspense, till I felt the quivering fabric slowly lifted again on the billow, to dive once more madly on her way. The mast fell with an awful crash, and for a second, the crew stood astounded, as if the vessel herself had burst asunder; but, when the extent of the mischief was discovered, they worked on assiduously as before. We were scudding under a reefed jib, and I stood braced against the companion-way, awaiting, with mingled feelings of awe, perplexity, and hope, the crisis of the storm. Encouraged by the firm bearing of our gallant bark, I began to think all would eventuate happily, when a flash of lightning revealed to me the old mariner on his knees by the forecastle, the other sailors standing in terror and dismay about him, and the Jews huddled together apart, regarding them with looks of fear, which even the raging elements seemed not to divert. At the same moment a strong smell of sulphur filled the atmosphere. Conceiving a thunderbolt had struck the brig, and scare knowing what I did, I rushed forward, and seizing the foremost Jew with a savage grasp, 'base Israelite!' cried I, 'are you the Jonah?' Trembling, he sunk upon his knees, and implored me for the love of Abraham, to spare his life, confessing they had stowed a quantity of *aqua fortis* in the hold. The mystery was explained. The jars of sulphuric acid had broken in the heavings of the vessel, and their contents mingling with the silks and woollen stuffs, produced combustion. The sailors already abandoned themselves to despair. In vain I ordered, supplicated and reviled. They lay in su-

pine misery, calling upon the Virgin, and giving themselves up as lost. O the excitement of that hour! Years appeared concentrated in moments. I seemed endowed with an almost supernatural energy, and firmly resolved to stretch every nerve and sinew for preservation. With no assistance but that of the cabin boy, who alone listened to my orders, I threw off the hatches. A tremendous cloud of steam rolled up in thick volumes. Half suffocated, we proceeded to throw boxes and bales into the sea; saturated with the acid, they fumed and hissed as they struck the water. Our hands and clothes were soon terribly scorched; yet with breathless haste we toiled on, while the lightning flashed with twofold vividness, and the gale raged with unabated fury. The sailors finally came to our aid; and after many hours of incessant exertion, the traces of fire were removed, and we sunk exhausted on the deck. The darkness was intense, and as we lay, still tossed by the tempest, a new and horrible fear entered our minds. We apprehended that we were drifting towards the Barbary coast, and should be thrown on shore only to be cruelly murdered. The horrors of such a fate we could too easily imagine, and with torturing anxiety awaited the dawn. It was then that I vowed, if my life was spared, to dedicate it to St. Francis. The horrible scene of that night had revolutionized my nature. The danger passed liked a hot iron over my soul. My previous life had been a pastime. This first adventure was replete with the terrible, and its awful excitement penetrated my heart. An age seemed to exhaust itself in every passing moment of our painful vigil. We gazed in silent suspense towards the east. There an ebon mass of vapor hung, like a wall of black marble. At length, a short, deep, crimson gush, glowed through its edge. Slowly the sun arose, and displayed to our astonished and gladdened eyes the farthest point of Sardinia. How we entered the harbor unpiloted, was a mystery to us

as well as the hospitable inhabitants. From the vessel we hurried to the church, to render thanks to the Virgin for our deliverance. I threw my cap upon the pavement, and knelt at the first shrine. My companions uttered an exclamation of surprise. The intense care and apprehension of that night of terrors, had sprinkled the snow of age amid my locks of jet."

MY HOME ABROAD.

" Ah ! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find ?
For all around without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness favoring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view."

How much to be commiserated is he to whom not a line of the poetry of human nature has been directly revealed ; who has never been lured from the sterile pathway of isolated pursuit by a flower that smiled up to him, or a murmur that fell soothingly upon his ear ; whose mind has never been charmed into blessed self-forgetfulness, by the consoling activity of native sentiment. It was but the impulse of inalienable human feeling which led Sterne to stay, that if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress ; and baffled, indeed, must be his spirit who has wandered to and fro in a peopled world, and found no child of humanity whose companionship and affection could recall the simple joyousness of early and unsophisticated being. How much does the pleasure of a sojourner in the fairest lands depend upon the position whence he gazes forth upon their attractions, upon the immediate social influences by which he is surrounded—upon his home abroad ! How different will be the aspect of external nature, and the impressions of social or moral phenomena, to the wanderer who looks forth from his own solitary consciousness, and to him who views them through the loop-holes of a domestic retreat ! This is not a merely speculative suggestion, as I propose to illustrate, if the reader will but pass, in fancy, to

the favorite city of Italy, once the scene, and at present the witness, of Lorenzo de Medici's authority and enterprise.

The high and dark buildings which line the narrow and flag-paved streets running from the Piazza di Colonna to the Mercato Nuovo, render its general aspect peculiarly sombre ; yet at the season when the fiery solar influence is at its height, it is truly refreshing to turn from the dazzling heat of the open squares into these shady by-streets, so characteristic of the cities of southern Europe. The second range of apartments of one of these edifices was occupied by a family whose fortunes received their downfall under the Napoleon dynasty. The comfortable and quiet seclusion adapted to their condition, succeeded a more brilliant, but perhaps less happy establishment. At the close of a winter's day spent in the delectable employment of inspecting "lodgings for single gentlemen," I found myself settled in one of the front rooms of this building—the domicil I had at length decided should be my temporary abode. As I sat musingly before a cheerful wood fire, my reverie was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door ; and scarcely had the *entrée* passed my lips, when it quietly opened, and the presiding goddess of that little world was before me. Her countenance exhibited features so beautifully regular, that even when in perfect repose they would bear the most critical perusal. But it was when lit up by a cheering smile, playing over and enlivening their bland expression, such as they wore when she thus broke in like sunlight upon my misty day-dreaming, that the witchery of her eye and the pleasantry of her air exerted their full power. In the sweet accents of her native tongue, she bade me good-evening, adding that she thought the Signor might feel solitary, and had brought in her muslin work to sit an hour with him. How thankfully he accepted the proposition need not be related. The converse of that evening sufficed for our mutual understanding. For, be it known to you,

kind reader, that the social, like the physical atmosphere of Italy, is wonderfully insinuating: one discovers his adaptation at once. The Italians seem to know intuitively the latent points of sympathy between themselves and those with whom they come in contact; a short time serves either to convince them that their acquaintance never can become a friend, or to make him so almost immediately. Nor is this all. Let a genuine Italian discern but the glimmerings of congenial sentiment, and you have his confidence; and if there be aught noble within you, the very alacrity with which you are trusted, will secure it from abuse. My fair *padrona* was betrothed to a countryman then in Britain, and her mother had resigned to her the duties of housewife, while she, Italian-like, devoted her more mature years to the exercises of religion, and to basking in the sunshine of imaginative enjoyment.

The Countess was a genuine specimen of a Tuscan lady of the old school. She still retained sufficient matronly comeliness to attest her youthful beauty, and her habits and conversation clearly evidenced the cultivation of a naturally good mind, and the urbanity of a kindly spirit; yet withal there was the strict devotion of the Catholic, and the never absent enthusiasm of the Italian. There was a dignified earnestness and grace in her manners, which almost insensibly inspired respect and interest. I could not but mark the different results of a convent education upon the mother and daughter. The faith of the former was fixed thereby; while the latter used to tell me that, until her twelfth year, having lived chiefly in a nunnery, she was truly *un'angiola*; "but," she added, "when I came into the world, I saw that much of what I had been made to believe was *una bagatella*; I saw I had been imposed upon, and so I don't think much of the whole matter." A commentary this upon any thing like hood-winking in early education! The mother

earnestly sympathized with the past. Her *nobiltà*, the shadowy remnant of former days, was her much-loved and constant theme. Her early and affectionate interest in me was at first unaccountable, until I learned the romantic sentiments with which the very name of American was associated in her mind. Her ideas on this subject were derived, in no small degree, from the novels of the *Seconda Valter Scott*, as she called Cooper, the translations of which she had eagerly pondered; and prejudice not a little strengthened her partiality, for she declared that the Italians were abused by the French, and despised by the English. But there was yet another cause for the good lady's maternal regard; she had conceived the idea of making me a Catholic; and if she failed, I was taught a beautiful lesson in the art of proselytizing, worthy of the pure spirit of Christianity. Methinks I see her now, that ardent votary of the church, as, her eye lighted up with fervent feeling, she poured forth, in measured and liquid accents, her eloquent appeals. Nor can I recall but one instance when zeal betrayed her into an impatient expression. A Franciscan friar drew crowds to the cathedral, for many days of the holy week, and his harangues were the subject of general eulogium. His whole appearance betokened the practical devotee of the Romish faith. His coarse robe was girded about his waist by a rope, and the cowl being thrown far back, displayed a countenance upon which care had traced, in withering lines, the marks of premature age; the hair fell thinly over high temples, which shaded a face incessantly wearing an expression of anxious despondency. He would walk to and fro, in the marble pulpit, ever and anon prostrating himself before a crucifix, and imploring inspiration, or lean over and earnestly address his audience. To this priest the Countess would fain persuade me to repair, that I might inquire and be enlightened. She described his benignant spirit, his self-sacri-

ficing piety, and finally, his literary attainments. To evade the suggestion, I spoke of my comparatively slight acquaintance with the language, and my consequent indisposition to attempt controversy with so finished a scholar. She surveyed me intently, and at length, half mournfully, half reproachfully, exclaimed, *Ecco il diavolo*. But the usual tenor of her efforts was so disinterested, and marked by such delicate consideration, that I respected, spontaneously, her advocacy of the views she deemed so vitally true and important. Indeed, I loved to listen to the voice of so gentle a controversialist, modulated by the true spirit of human kindness, and inspired by an unaffected interest in a stranger's welfare.

There was a delightful characteristic in these specimens of woman in Italy; taste was subordinate to sympathy. With all their love of the beautiful—the idea of suffering most immediately and permanently awakened their affections. They were never weary of descanting upon my predecessor in the occupancy of their apartments; and I soon discovered that it was that view of his tears shed over a letter, which revealed to them the cause of his prevailing sadness, that first drew forth their kind regard. My quondam friend was one of that most curious species of the genus *homo*, found in Italy—an artist, who had nurtured a natural propensity to silent musing by three years of loitering in the sunny air of Italia. Inexplicable to them was what they called his *mel-anconia*, and vain my asseverations that it was merely a constitutional habit; no—children of emotion as they were, it was confidently referred to some disappointment of the affections, and all their kindly energies were bent to win my moody *amico* to hilarity. Nor were their efforts in vain. My lodgings soon became his favorite resort; and few things drew him so effectually from his abstraction as the vivacious chat of my affable hostesses.

I have ever taken a kind of Epicurean delight in the observation of my species; but here, it was intellectual character which had been prominently displayed; there, I learned many a beautiful lesson in the chapter of human sentiment and feeling. The icy partition of cautious reserve through which one is frequently obliged to mark the heart's workings in colder latitudes, is, in that genial region, dissolved by their very intensity. I could sometimes almost fancy myself gazing through the vista of years upon a kind of primitive humanity, in beholding the responses of feeling vibrating so directly to the spell of music, the eloquence of art, or the impulse of poetic sentiment. I recognized, as never before,

“ That secret spirit of humanity,
Which 'mid the calm oblivious tendencies
Of nature, 'mid her plants and weeds and flowers,
And silent overgrowings, still survives.”

How have I seen them start and turn pale, as the solemn chant of the *morté* or the toll of the *Campanile* broke indistinctly upon the ear, amid the cheerfulness of our evening coteries!—how have I read the varying scenes of a drama typified in the meaning and rapid changes of their expression! Under their guidance did I wander through the verdant precincts of the palace garden, and gaze upon the ceremonial and the fete, and they interpreted to me the local characteristics of the place and the people. And so weeks and months glided on—how swiftly! Twice, in preparation for departure, was my portmanteau taken from its dark corner; but it would not do. The Countess started back when she beheld it, with a sorrowful exclamation, and it was consigned to its former repose. At length the spring had fairly opened, and there was no excuse for delay. And shall I attempt to describe the feelings with which I left “my home

abroad?" No, it were a vain endeavor; but, while all this is waived in detail, it is embalmed in memory; yet not altogether in vain, gentle reader, will you have taken this glimpse, if it serve to brighten in your mind severer portraiture of the Florentines of the nineteenth century.

RAVENNA.

Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ONE gloomy evening, I found myself crossing the broad plains contiguous to the ancient city of Ravenna. These extensive fields serve chiefly for pasturage, and their monotonous aspect is diversified only by a few stunted trees and patches of rice. Nearer the Adriatic, however, the eye is relieved by the appearance of a noble forest of pines, which extends several miles along the shore. The branches of these trees, as is common in Italy, by repeated trimmings, have been concentrated at the top ; and most of them being lofty, a complete canopy is formed, beneath which one walks in that woodland twilight, so peculiar and impressive. The effect is enhanced here, by the vicinity of the sea, whose mournful anthem or soothing music mingles with the wind-hymns of the forest aisles. As we emerged from a magnificent church that stands in the midst of this solitude, the interior columns of which were transported from Constantinople, no living object disturbed the profound repose of the scene, but a group of fine cattle, instinctively obeying the intimations of nature, and slowly returning to their domicils. I found no difficulty in realizing that this scenery, when arrayed in the dreamy influences of such an hour, should prove congenial to the poetic mood, and wondered not that Byron, during his long residence at Ravenna, found so much pleasure

in coursing through this quiet country, and along the adjacent shore.

The old city, like Venice, to whose triumphant arms, after so many fierce wars, it was at last subjected, rose from the marshes, and, although apparently at a considerable distance from the sea, presents, even at the present day, abundant indications of its marine foundation; and among them, the traveller observes with regret, the obliterating traces of a humid air, in the discolored and corroded frescos of the churches. One of the most valuable of these, however, has been singularly well preserved, considering it has withstood the combined effects of dampness and removal from its original position—a process involving no little risk. This beautiful specimen is at present fixed in the sacristy of the cathedral. It represents the angel visiting Elijah in the desert; and dimmed as are its tints by time and moisture, no one can gaze on the sweet face of the angel, radiant with youth, and contrast it with the calm, aged countenance and gray locks of the sleeping prophet, without recognizing that peculiar grace which marks the creations of Guido. Happily, some of the most ancient vestiges of art discovered at Ravenna, exist in the more durable form of mosaics. Several of the churches, particularly the baptistry, and the sepulchral chamber of Galla Placida, are completely lined with this curious species of painting, evidently of the most primitive order.

But by far the finest antiquity, is the edifice called the Rotunda, which, like almost every similar relic in Italy, with equal disregard of taste and propriety, is fitted up as a modern church. This building is the mausoleum of Theodoric. It is without the walls, and approached through an avenue of poplars, whose yellow leaves rustled beneath our feet, or whirled in wild eddies over the grass. The cloudy sky and the solitude of the spot were also favorable to the associations of the scene. The form of the structure is circular,

and the dome is considered a curiosity, being constructed from a single piece of marble. It is likewise remarkable, that all attempts to drain the water collected beneath the building, have proved fruitless. A flight of steps leads to the interior, long since denuded of its ornaments; and the porphyry sarcophagus which surmounted the structure, and contained the ashes of Theodoric, has been removed, and imbedded in the walls of the old building supposed to have been his palace. I could not but remark, as I afterward noted this ancient urn, the singular combination which seems to attend memorials of past greatness. The side presented to view, was covered with the notices of public sales and amusements, a purpose it had evidently long subserved, while the mansion itself has been converted into a wine magazine.

The fortifications of Ravenna, obviously constructed on no ordinary scale, have fallen into decay. Traces of but two of the many towers designated on the old charts, are discoverable; and a city, whose obstinate and prolonged conflicts with the Venetian republic are alone sufficient to vindicate the warlike character of its ancient inhabitants, now furnishes the most meagre evidences of former activity and prowess. The few soldiers now seen in its deserted streets, serve not, alas! to defend the town or enlarge its possessions, but minister to the ignoble purpose of draining its wretched inhabitants of their scanty resources. About three miles from one of the gates, a column commemorates the fate of Gaston de Foix. This brave knight, notwithstanding his extreme youth, had won so high a reputation for invincible courage and address, he was intrusted with the command of the French troops, then struggling for the possession of Italy. When De Foix attacked Ravenna, it was vigorously defended by Antonio Colonna, who, in anticipation of his design, had entrenched himself with an effective force within the walls.

After a warm conflict on the ramparts, whose crumbling remnants still attest their former extent and massive workmanship, during which not less than fifteen hundred men perished in the space of four hours, the invaders were compelled to withdraw. The instant the young commander was rallying his troops for a second assault, he was informed of the approach of the general army. They were soon fortified about three miles from the town, and the French warrior found himself in a situation sufficiently critical to damp the ardor of the best tried valor. Before him was his old enemy, of whose prowess he had just received the most signal proof, and near by, a fresh and vigorous army, while his position was utterly destitute of those accommodations requisite to recruit his forces, or afford the necessary provisions for men or horses. In this exigency, he formed the resolution to force the army to a general conflict. Unfortunately for the Italians, the leader of their Spanish allies differed from the other officers as to the course to be adopted; one party wishing to remain within the entrenchments, the other advocating a general rally and an open attack. The former prevailed. The adverse armies continued to cannonade each other for a considerable time, and the balance of success was evidently in favor of the allied army, when the Duke of Ferrara brought his highly efficient artillery to bear from a very advantageous position in flank. So unremitted and annoying was the fire, the allies were at length obliged to rush from their entrenchments, according to the sanguine wishes of De Foix, and try the fate of an open battle. On that memorable day, the eleventh of April, 1512, occurred the most tremendous action which for a long period had taken place on the war-tried soil of Italy. As one wanders over the mouldering bastions and solitary campagna of Ravenna, and pictures the spectacle on that occasion here beheld, the contrast between the retrospect and the reality is singularly impressive. The shock of

the meeting of those two mighty bodies is described by an historian of the period, as abounding in the awfully sublime. The action was sustained with a relentless fierceness, that soon laid the flower of both armies in the dust. More than once, the impetuous valor of the Spanish infantry threatened to decide the fortune of the day ; but the Italian forces were at length compelled to fly, leaving Cardinal de' Medici, other illustrious prisoners, and all their artillery and equipage, in the hands of the enemy, besides nine thousand of their number dead upon the field. The French loss was computed still greater.

But the most lamentable event of the day, was the fate of their gallant leader. Flushed with victory, he pursued the panting squadrons of fugitives with unremitted ardor, when, as he flew over the hard-fought field, at the head of a thousand horse, he was surrounded and killed. There is something peculiarly touching in the fate of this young chieftain. He had scarcely attained the age of manhood, and was already regarded as the flower of the French chivalry. Glowing with the enthusiastic though mistaken zeal of the period, he had just led his soldiers to a victory eminently fitted to increase the fame of his arms. After a season of suspense, which must have appeared an age to his impatient spirit, he had met the opposing forces on the open field. Long, desperate, and dubious was the contest ; but at length his gladdened eye saw, through the smoke of battle, the retreating ranks of the enemy ; his enraptured ear caught, above the din of war, the victorious shouts of his soldiers. What visions of glory must have gleamed before his imagination, as he spurred his charger over the conquered field ! How sweet must have been the gratulations of his country, heard in exulting fancy ! Lasting trophies of valorous renown were already won, and he was but in the morning of life. The wreath of chivalric honor, which his early ambi-

tion had pictured as a far-off boon, was already his. Yet, in that moment of triumphant emotion, when he felt the wreath of victory pressing his flushed brow, and heard, perhaps, the greeting of her whose smile would be the sweetest flower in his garland of renown, the fatal rally was made, and the gorgeous visions of gratified ambition were suddenly obscured by the mists of death! He fell, not at the fearful onset, when despair of success might have reconciled him to such a fate; not in the midst of the struggle, when the influence of his example, or the desire of revenge, might have urged on his followers to yet fiercer effort; but at the close of the fight, when the day was won, at the instant when the clouds of doubt broke asunder, and the joyful beams of success blessed his sight. At such a moment, fell the young and valiant Gaston de Foix.

In the academy at Ravenna, there is the statue of a warrior carved in white marble. The name of the sculptor is not well authenticated; but the work seemed to me remarkably well calculated to deepen the associations which environ the memory of the French knight. The figure is completely encased in armor, and stretched in the solemn repose of death. The visor of the helmet is raised, and the face presents that rigid expression, which we cannot look upon without awe. The very eyelids are cut with such a lifeless distinctness, as to be eloquent of death. Thus, thought I, fell the veil of dissolution over the young soldier, whose bravery was here displayed. How affecting, with the story of his valorous energy fresh in the memory, to gaze upon such an image, and to feel that thus he became in the very hour of his triumph! Erroneous as were then the ends of youthful ambition, yet is there enough of nobleness in the associations of that epoch, to hallow its ornaments to our imagination. Comparing them with the selfish and narrow ideas which too often mark the manners and demean the

characters of our day, we must sometimes lament, that if the ignorance and barbarism of more warlike times have departed, so has also much of their high and almost universal spirit of honor, gallantry and disinterestedness.

Like most secondary Italian cities, Ravenna wears the semblance of desertion. At noonday, the stranger may often walk through streets deficient neither in spaciousness nor noble dwellings, and yet encounter no being, nor hear a sound indicative of life, far less of active prosperity. This was the case, to a remarkable degree, on the day of my visit, as it occurred during the month of October, when, according to the Italian custom, most of the nobility were at their villas; and the sanitary restrictions established on account of the cholera then raging in some parts of the country, had greatly diminished the usual numbers of passing travellers. In the piazza, at some hours of the day, there is a little life-like appearance, from the assemblage of buyers and sellers, and, at early evening, the principal caffè exhibits the usual motley company collected to smoke and talk scandal, or to pore over the few journals which the jealousy of the government permits to find their way into the country. These restricted vehicles of communication consist of little else than an epitome from the French journals, of the most important political and other passing events, collected and arranged with as little reference to order and connection, as can well be imagined. It is owing to the garbled and confused notions derived from these paltry gazettes, to which many even of the better class of Italians confine their reading, that there prevails in this country such profound ignorance of the most familiar places and facts. Some of the ideas existing in regard to the United States, afford good illustration of this remark. A retired merchant, who was travelling in very genteel style, once asked me if Joseph Bonaparte was still king of America. A monk of Genoa, who was my companion in a voiture in Lom-

bardy, opened his eyes in astonishment when informed that it was more than half a century since we had ceased to be an English colony; and another friar, whose ideas of geography were in rather a confused state, observed that he considered mine a very aristocratic country, judging from what he had read of our president, Santa Anna. A young Tuscan, of respectable standing, inquired if one could go from Italy to America, without passing through Madagascar; and a *signora* of some pretensions begged, in a very pathetic voice, to know if we were much annoyed with tigers!

Life, for the most part in these reduced towns, accords with the limited scope of the prevailing ideas. The morning is lounged away in listlessness; the ride after dinner, and the *conversazione* in the evening, being the only ostensible occupation, except during the carnival, when some theatrical or other entertainment is generally provided. Those of the resident nobility who can afford it, usually travel half the year, and economize the remainder. And if, among the better class, there are those whose range of knowledge is more extensive, or whose views are nobler, the greater part soon reconcile themselves to a series of trifling pursuits, or idle dissipation, as the appropriate offsets to their hopeless destiny. Sometimes, indeed, a rare spirit is encountered, superior to the mass, and incapable of compromising either principle or opinion, however objectless it may seem to cherish them; and there are few more interesting characters than are such men, in the view of the thoughtful philanthropist; beings superior to their associates, and worthy of a better fate; men who, amid degrading political and social circumstances, have the strength and elevation of mind to think and feel nobly, and seek by communion with the immortal spirits of the past, or by elevating anticipations, consolation for the weariness and gloom of the present. Occasionally, too, in such decayed cities, the stranger meets with those

who, cut off from political advantages, and possessed of wealth, have devoted themselves to the pursuits of taste, and their palaces and gardens amply repay a visit. Such is the case with the eccentric Ruspini, one of the Ravenese nobility, whose gallery contains many valuable and interesting productions of art.

At an angle of one of the by-streets of Ravenna, is a small building by no means striking, either as regards its architecture or decorations. It is fronted by a gate of open iron-work, surmounted by a cardinal's hat—indicating that the structure was raised or renovated by some church dignitary, a class who appear invariably scrupulous to memorialize, by inscriptions and emblems, whatever public work they see fit to promote. A stranger might pass this little edifice unheeded, standing as it does at a lonely corner, and wearing an aspect of neglect ; but as the eye glances through the railing of the portal, it instinctively rests on a small and time-stained bas-relief, in the opposite wall, representing that sad, stern, and emaciated countenance, which, in the form of busts, engravings, frescos and portraits, haunts the traveller in every part of Italy. It is a face so strongly marked with the sorrow of a noble and ideal mind, that there is no need of the laurel wreath upon the head, to assure us that we look upon the lineaments of a poet. And who could fail to stay his feet, and still the current of his wandering thoughts to a deeper flow, when he reads upon the entablature of the little temple, '*Sepulchrum Dantis Poetæ*?' It is not necessary that one should have solved the mysteries of the *Divina Commedia*, in order to feel the solemn interest which attaches to the spot where the bones of its author repose. It is enough to know that we are standing by the tomb of a man who, in early boyhood, loved ; and cherished the deep affection then born, after its object was removed from the world, through a life of the greatest vicissitude, danger, and grief, making it a

fountain of poetic inspiration, and a golden link which bound him to the world of spirits ; a quenchless sentiment, whose intensity vivified and hallowed existence. It is sufficient to remember, that we are near the ashes of a man who proved himself a patriot, and when made the victim of political faction, and banished from his home, wrapped himself in the mantle of silent endurance, and suffered with a dignified heroism, that challenges universal sympathy and respect. It is sufficient to reflect that the people who had persecuted the gifted Florentine when living, have long vainly petitioned those among whom he died, for the privilege of transporting his revered remains to the rich monument prepared for them ; and that a permanent professorship, to elucidate his immortal poems, is founded by the very city from which he was ignobly spurned. It is enough that we see before us the sepulchre of a man who had the intellect and courage to think beyond and above his age, who made more significant and beautiful a splendid but undeveloped language ; who fully vindicated his title to the character of a statesman, a soldier, and a poet ; and in a warlike and violent age, had the magnanimity to conceive, and the genius to create, an imperishable monument of intellectual revenge.

KITTY MAYO.

"I often came where I did hear of her."—*MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

"WILL you go?"

"If possible, but I cannot promise."

"Well, if you do not, may you meet Kitty Mayo!" So saying, Thornton waved his hand, and turning his horse's head towards the Chiaja, left me in the midst of the crowded Toledo. He had been arguing for a quarter of an hour, to induce me to leave Naples with him, the next morning in the steamer for Civita Vecchia, and happy should I have been to secure such an agreeable companion, but it was so doubtful whether I could obtain the requisite signatures to my passport, and despatch a variety of parting arrangements, that I steadily refused to give my importunate countryman a more decisive answer. A curious malediction, methought, after we had separated, "may you meet Kitty Mayo!" What can it mean? Probably nothing more than one of Thornton's jokes, broached for the very purpose of mystifying me. Before night, I had reason to congratulate myself on my non-committal reply, as I found it desirable to linger for several days more within the beautiful precincts of Parthenope. Indeed, so fully occupied was my time the next day, that I did not reach the quay soon enough to bid my friend farewell, which I regretted the more as he was on his way home. The steamer was still visible, however, and as I watched her recede, the thought of the mysterious penalty annexed to my stay, came freshly to mind, and revived my curiosity, so that

the name of "Kitty Mayo," uttered in Thornton's mock-heroic tones, rung in my ears all the morning.

Some weeks after this incident, S——, our excellent consul at P——, stood by the carriage window in the act of handing me some letters of introduction, when his confidential porter came up, and drawing him aside, whispered a few words which instantly brought a cloud to his brow. He expostulated for several minutes in a subdued voice with the man, and as he withdrew cried out to him, "Tell her I am gone to America, tell her any thing, but get rid of her by all means."

"You need not smile," he added, as we shook hands, "it is of no forsaken beauty of whom I speak."

"Who, then," I asked, "can have excited such aversion in so friendly a heart?"

"Kitty Mayo," he replied, and before I could obtain an explanation, the postillion cracked his whip, and we were dashing noisily along the pavement. I solaced myself by resolving to write for a solution of the problem, as soon as I arrived at my journey's end; but the execution of this purpose was indefinitely postponed, and months glided by before my latent curiosity was gratified. I was taking my first walk in Malta, under the guidance of Lieutenant H——, whose gallant frigate had been ten days in the harbor of Valletta; long enough to initiate a keen, observing man into the chief wonders of the island. We had paid our devotions at the tombs of the Knights at the church of St. John, enjoyed the fine view from the ramparts, caught the glance of many a dark eye from the balconies, and were now threading the street that leads from the Nix Mangare stairs, amid a swarm of beggars whose tattered garbs and haggard features contrasted strangely with the ample silk mantles of the Maltese ladies, and the gay uniforms and rosy cheeks of the English officers. In the midst of our lively discourse, while the viva-

cious lieutenant was unfolding, in his spirited way, a rich stock of anecdote and by-way comment, he suddenly grew silent, and casting a searching look along the line of pedestrians, hastily whispered, "Excuse me, and come and dine at five." The next moment he had dexterously wound through the crowd, and disappeared at the first corner.

The best hotels in Malta were the palaces of the Knights in the palmy days of their order. The lofty and spacious rooms, floored with marble or polished stucco, and arched by elaborately painted ceilings, have an air of undecayed magnificence. It was in such an apartment that I sat at dinner with H——. The weather, though Christmas was close at hand, breathed the cool softness of spring. It was what a celebrated authoress terms a crystal day. The west wind that played through the open window, scarcely stirred the rich curtains, while the horizontal rays of the sun caught from them a crimson glow that touched every goblet with a ruby hue. The vase in the centre of the table was filled with the richest flowers; and on the sideboard was temptingly arranged a dessert, consisting of grapes, pomegranates, prickly-pears, and that truly Maltese luxury, the China orange. A scene so redolent of the balmy south, was too captivating to our northern imaginations, not to induce corresponding associations, and accordingly our talk was of the clime, and music, and fair women, and the dreams of youth. But, when twilight stole upon us, the sudden chill of the air, and the duskiness of the vast chamber, altered our mood at once; and we were glad when the landlord had closed the ponderous shutters, and lighted a fire in a grate at a corner of the room. When seated beside the cheerful flame, with a Turkey carpet beneath our feet, and the circular slab between us adorned with an urn, throwing up its "steamy column," flanked by a row of bright candles, we naturally thought of Cowper and domestic life, tea and sleigh-rides, newspapers and home. My

naval friend, like most brave men, was of a kindly temper, and this new train of ideas seemed to recall to his mind his abrupt desertion in the morning.

"Can you imagine why I quit you in such a hurry?" he asked.

"Why, no," said I, "if I did not know your aversion to debt, I should have supposed you saw a dun approaching, and were it not for your most unprofessional love of peace, I could fancy you suddenly recollected an affair of honor to be settled at noon."

"You are wide of the mark. I was frightened away by the sight of a yellow shawl, and a straw bonnet trimmed with faded green. A singular antipathy, you will say, but I have a better reason for my fancy than Shylock gave for his. It was not the costume so much as the wearer that I was fain to avoid, though I discovered afterwards it was all a false alarm."

"If it is no secret, pray who was the supposed monster whose very effigy could thus annihilate such gallantry as yours?"

"Kitty Mayo."

"How fortunate!" I exclaimed; "now for the long-desired explanation. Know, my friend, that a meeting with the mysterious personage you have named, has been assigned me as a penance. Who is she? What is she? Where is she? Shall I ever see her?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied the lieutenant, looking round as if he expected an apparition to start from the shadows of the opposite wall; then deliberately lighting a prime Havana, he drew nearer the fire, and composed himself to talk like a man who is conscious of that inspiring presence, a good listener.

"There is more than one elderly gentleman in Philadelphia, whose heart, lapped in a life of comfortable routine,

yet warms occasionally at the thought of Catherine Mayo. She was the prettiest Quaker girl of her day, and an heiress besides. There was a schism among the Friends, and she joined the reformers. In a year the meek and silent Quakeress became a restless and zealous sectarian. The spirit of independence once raised in one whose existence had been so formal and constrained, knew no bounds. First she cast off the bonds of the church, then those of her family, and finally the ties of country became wearisome, and she embarked one day in a London packet, and for twenty years has been roving by herself about the Mediterranean. Her kindred have grown weary of interfering with her movements, her beauty has long since vanished, but her money she hoards with miserly care. Being thus afloat upon the world, she claims the protection and services of every American she meets, with a pertinacity that cannot be refused. She clings to a compatriot like Sinbad's old man of the sea, and keeps reappearing to the same individual as often as Monsieur Tonson. She has no taste, no delicacy, no consideration, and no tact, and yet she is neither crazy nor wicked. She is forever making blunders, and placing herself in ludicrous dilemmas; and whoever from motives of benevolence or patriotism befriends her, is sure to come in for a share of the consequences. She neither dresses nor talks nor acts like any other of her sex. You see her straying along, with a yellow shawl, straw bonnet trimmed with faded green, and a little old fur muff, under cover of which she clasps her purse. Kitty has persecuted the consuls in these regions well-nigh to death, and darts upon every unsuspecting traveller from America, like a hawk on its prey. Every one who has ever experienced her exactions, shuns her as if she were a poor relation. Her victims are numberless, and the history of their individual sufferings would make a series of tragic comedies. The first time I saw Kitty was one fine morning,

when we were anchored in the bay of Naples. She made her appearance at the side with the yellow shawl, straw bonnet and muff, and called for me. I found her seated in a leaky boat, towed by a decrepit old man, who brought her for half price. She insisted upon coming on board, notwithstanding the wet decks, and urgently requested a private interview on business of importance. My brother officers turned aside to hide their smiles, and I led the way to the cabin. She began a rambling tirade against mankind in general, and her countrymen in particular, and set forth the decline of gallantry in no measured terms, concluding by adjuring me as an American and a gentleman, to procure her a ticket for the court ball that night. In a fit of good nature, I promptly acceded to her request, and agreed to call for her at a seasonable hour. It was impossible for the carriage to enter the narrow street where she lodged, and it was with no little difficulty that I picked my way to the door, and mounted three flights of stairs. I found her attired in a white gown, very long in the waist and very low in the neck, with an old blue ribbon for a sash, after the primitive manner of country girls at home. Indian moccasins and a necklace of enormous black beads completed her costume. I was confounded at the idea of ushering such a figure into the palace, and, as a desperate expedient, dropped the extra ticket unperceived, into a chafing-dish that stood on the floor, and then, as politely as possible, informed Kitty that I had no ticket, and trusted she would take the will for the deed, and give up the idea of the ball. 'By no means,' she exclaimed; 'it is just like all you men, but I'll go in spite of you.' I bowed, and expressing my regret for her disappointment hastened away. An hour afterwards my whole attention was absorbed by the lovely Contessina Monti. A long cherished wish was that evening gratified. I had been introduced to that beautiful creature, and was in high spirits,

playing the agreeable to both mother and daughter, and quite the envy of half the men in the saloon, when our attention was attracted by the announcement of the master of ceremonies, the Prince Mantini, General Noto, and the Signora *Non Importa*. The last name (literally, no matter) caused us to look towards the door, when who should I see but Kitty herself, in the same detestable plight, with the addition of a perfect mop of yellow curls upon her head. She advanced simpering, curtseying and looking about her, and, as it were by instinct, caught sight of me immediately. In vain I endeavored not to recognize her. She came towards us with the most complacent familiarity, and exclaimed with no little triumph, 'You see I've kept my word,' and passing her arm within mine, declared she never was so delighted to see any one in her life. Imagine my chagrin and confusion. I seemed to feel the dark eyes of the Contessina burning my very heart with a gaze of mirthful curiosity. Kitty seemed totally unconscious of the notice she was attracting. 'Let a woman alone for invention,' said she. 'How do you suppose I got admission? Why, I made my hair-dresser bring me to the door in his cab, and waited till I saw the Prince Montini and General Noto, and walking up stairs before them, pretended to faint. They, supposing I had become separated from some party, came to my assistance, and accompanied me to the door, so that I entered in their wake, only that stupid fellow, when I told him it was of no consequence about announcing me, must needs bawl out *Signora Non Importa*.' The Contessina, meanwhile, pitying my embarrassment, had engaged her mother in conversation, and now, suppressing her inclination to laugh at the ridiculous airs and attire of my companion, addressed her in Italian, and inquired if she danced. Kitty was all agog at this voluntary politeness, and essayed to inform the Contessina that she could not dance, in consequence of having struck her foot

against a stone the day before, but instead of *una pietra grande* she said *Pietro il grande*. The idea of such a figure coming in contact with Peter the Great was too much even for her gravity, and I was fain to lead Kitty away, amid the half-suppressed titters of the company. Our envoy at Naples at the time was D——. The moment we encountered him, Kitty demanded as an American to be presented to the queen, which the ambassador with obvious reluctance consented to, provided she could manage to appear in a proper dress. Mrs. G——, our amiable countrywoman, at that moment approached, and, with the most superfluous kindness, sent Kitty to her own house in her carriage, with a line to her sister, and in an incredibly short time, she reappeared in an appropriate costume. D—— gently insinuated that after the presentation, custom merely required her to bow to her Majesty, and pass on. But this was too great a sacrifice for her ambition, and she smirkingly told the queen that 'she was very happy to make her acquaintance.' This speech was too unique not to fly from mouth to mouth, and as Kitty had resumed her hold upon my arm, I was obliged, for three hours, to stand the battery of a thousand eyes, directed with no little amazement at my eccentric companion. There I stood in a cold sweat like a martyr, and you may be sure it was a full year before that evening ceased to furnish jokes aboard the frigate. Do you wonder the very idea of the woman is alarming? But your cigar is out, and much as I love the fragrant weed, I would rather never smoke another than have you meet Kitty Mayo."

MILAN.

“ And now farewell to Italy—perhaps
Forever ! Yet, methinks, I could not go,
I could not leave it, were it mine to say
Farewell forever ! ”

ROGERS.

MILANO ! why is thy very name suggestive of so many and such affecting associations ? The luxuriance and fertility amid which Napoli is reared, the mellow air of antiquity that broods over the Eternal City, Firenze's picturesque beauty, Venezia's unique aspect—these attractions are not thine. Assuredly in thy sister cities there is more to interest, more to admire, more to delight a retrospective ideality. True, at the coming on of evening, one may gaze unweariedly upon the equipages of thy nobility and the beauty of thy daughters, as they pass in dazzling succession along the Corso, and wonder not that thy modern conqueror called thee his second Paris. True, thy splendid marmoreal cathedral, with its clustering spires, its countless statuary adornments, its magnificent proportions and gothic solemnity—true, thy cathedral is a tabernacle wherein to linger, rejoice, and feel ; and the richly-wrought chapel beneath, with the corse of Carlo Borromeo, in its crystal coffin, is a marvellously gorgeous sepulchre ; and the broad white roof above, whence the eye glances over the blue range of distant mountains and verdant plains of Lombardy, is no ordinary observatory. And then, again, one who loves to lose himself in mystic musings, may stand in the bare and deserted refectory of *Santa Maria*

della Grazia, and ponder the mouldering remnant of Leonardo's genius,—tracing the fretted outlines of the forms and faces revered, that are clustered around the "Last Supper;" and if it rejoice one to behold the very poetry of physical life radiated from inanimate matter, he may note the sinewy forms, nervous limbs, distended nostrils, and arching necks of the bronze steeds at the Simplon Gate; ay, and one may beguile an hour at the Gallery of Art, were it only in perusing the countenance of Hagar, as she turns away from her home at the bidding of Abraham, as depicted by the pencil of Guercino; or study the relics preserved in the Ambrosian Library; or sit, on a festa day, beneath the spreading chesnuts of the public gardens, surrounded by fair forms and gay costumes, while the air is rife with the inspiring instrumental harmony of the military band. But is it the memory of such ministrations alone that makes the thought of thee, Milano, what it is to me? No: I revert with fondness to thy level precincts and mountain-bound environs, because there the air of Italia was last inhaled—there her melody died away upon my ear—there was my last sojourn in Italy.

The lapse of a few hours in Milan sufficed to indicate that something unusual was occupying and interesting the public mind. The *caffés* echoed the tones of earnest discussion; shrugs, nods, and expressive gesticulations were lavished with even more than Italian prodigality; dark eyes beamed with expectancy; the favored votaries of amusement had something like a business air about them; the tradesmen loitered longer in by-way converse; the journals teemed with eloquent and controversial articles; pamphlets were distributed, and placards posted. You might have deemed that the period so vividly described by Manzoni, when the Milanese were agitated by the factions which contended so long and warmly years gone by, about the price of bread,

had returned, but that the prevailing language of the present popular feeling was that of pleasure—of enthusiasm, rather than passion—of common anticipation, rather than discordant interests. An American might have augured, from the signs of the time, that a strongly contested election was proceeding ; and a Parisian would probably have discerned the incipient elements of a revolution ; but the cause of the excitement was such as could produce similar visible effects nowhere but in Italy ; and no one but an Italian, or a familiar denizen of the land, could perfectly appreciate the phenomena. The title-page of one of the newly issued publications reveals the ostensible circumstance which is at the bottom of the social agitation ; “ *La Malibran à Milano* ”—yes, the renowned Malibran had been unexpectedly engaged to give three representations of an opera, in which Pasta, the beloved of the Milanese, had been performing with what they deemed inimitable excellence. Long before the period designated, the boxes of the Scala were secured ; and many an ardent sojourner, and unprovided native, anxiously awaited the period when the other parts of the house would be thrown open for general and indiscriminate appropriation.

When at length the eventful evening arrived, the descending chandelier revealed an impatient multitude that, five hours previous, had taken possession of the *parterre*. Maria Louisa was a prominent occupant of the court box ; and Pasta, in the intense interest of the occasion, leaned over, and followed with a keen gaze the form of her rival, till it disappeared behind the scenes. Throughout the brilliant assemblage convened in that splendid edifice, there was alternately profound silence or resounding acclamations ; and five times, at the close, did the *bravissima donnina* obey the call, and come forth to receive their rapturous plaudits. It was with a melancholy emotion, almost oppressive, that I remembered, on leaving the house, at the close of the last evening, that for

me this beautiful magic was to cease. I felt that harmony, such as never before blessed my ears, was to enliven me no more ; that, like a summer breeze, it had borne its cool refreshment, it had wafted its odorous perfume, it had awakened its note upon the harp of the spirit, and had flown on to cheer some other and more distant sojourner.

Awhile before the diligence started, I once more entered the cathedral. The noonday sun was streaming through the stained glass of the windows, and a few priests were chanting at the altar. Seating myself beneath one of the lofty arches, and viewing again the gothic grandeur and rich trussil-work around me, I yielded to the overwhelming reveries of the hour. I could not but feel that a few days of rapid movement would take me, perhaps forever, from a land which had calmly but deeply ministered to my happiness, and gradually but surely gained upon my love. There was an earnest reluctance, a rebellion of the strong desires, a painful intermission in the cherished train of emotion, at this renouncement of objects endeared by taste and habit. But especially did my thoughts cling sadly and tenaciously around what previous ideas and native sentiment had prepared me most readily and fervently to love—humanity. I felt that if the social activity and predominance of mental endeavor which characterize my own country were wanting here, yet that I had known and experienced much of the true spirit of fraternity, much of intellectual enthusiasm and generous sentiment. I thought of the many hours of quiet and memorable enjoyment, the instances of social kindness, the offices of sympathy, and the spirit-stirring song, which had each and all opened fountains of living joy in my heart. I realized in this hour of parting, how near and dear the scenes and gratifications of Italy were to my heart. The weakness and errors of the land were not, indeed, absent from my mind ; but, with the thought of them, came also that of their

causes, their palliations, and hopes for their reformation under more auspicious circumstances.

At about mid-day we departed, and were rapidly carried along the rich plains, looking greener and more fertile as we approached their termination. Towards dusk the mountains rose sublimely in the distance, and the beautiful and still surface of Lago Maggiore was brilliantly revealed in the light of a full moon; this landscape, indeed, feasted our eyes during the early part of the night's ride, and fled only when the broken slumbers obtainable in a Diligence, veiled or rendered introspective our visions. On leaving Domo d'Ossola, a scene was presented in every respect a contrast with what the preceding day's ride had displayed;—rugged mountains, snow-capped and rock-bound, now rising abruptly and now gradually declining, here unclothed with aught umbrageous, there supporting the clinging firs; sometimes moist with dripping springs, and at others, exhibiting a dry unbroken surface of granite. The cold bleak points, hoary with snow, were ever above us, the murmuring of falling water continually audible, and some new combination of crude and aspiring mountain, winding vale, and chainless rock, ever and anon attracting the eye. Attention, too, was often and irresistibly withdrawn from this chaotic scenery to the immense product of human art, of which we were so securely availing ourselves. The precipices on either side, the rough-hewn grottos through which we passed, the ever-varying and yet ever wild and solitary aspect of all around, evidenced that we were upon the Simplon. For some time after the moon had again arisen, the foaming waters of the Rhone were seen glancing, like molten silver, in her beams. After leaving Martigny, the Pissevache Fall was in view; its misty and graceful form, even at that early hour, crowned with rainbow hues; and beyond St. Maurice, another beautiful object appeared—a long fleecy cloud, resting, spirit-like,

upon the centre brow of a lofty mountain. Ere long, the broad and blue waters of Leman were in sight, and our course lay along its shore, by the castle of Chillon, and the villages of Vivey and Lausanne. From the succeeding dawn until our arrival at Geneva, we were riding in view of the lake, rich and flower-decked meadows, beautiful villas, and far away, white and towering, the "awful and sovran Blanc" met the eye, to kindle imaginative visions of grandeur ; to transport the beholder into the beautiful valley at its base, within hearing of its waterfalls, and in full view of its congregated sublimity. So magic-like did the versatile and effective images collect and pass upon the mind's camera, that it was not until the contrasted and magnificent insignia of Switzerland thus completely environed us, and the impressions thence derived became continuous and absorbing, that I felt that the staff of my pilgrimage was indeed re-assumed, and my sojourn in Italy ended.

THE BRIDGE OF THE BETROTHED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF FELICE ROMANI.

"It is truly a pathetic story, but you should have heard it, as I did, from the lips of the aged Bertha." "And who is she?" I inquired. "She is the mother of the youth about whom you are so curious," replied my host, "and she comes every day to the little chapel, which you see there in the centre of the bridge that spans the torrent. She remains there till nightfall, praying, spinning flax, weeping, and asking charity of every passenger for the soul of poor Lorenzo. He was her only son, and often to those who stop on the bridge to ask the cause of her tears, she repeats the melancholy story. It is now but a few days since her sighs have ceased to mingle with the voice of the waterfall, for she has fallen ill, and the good pastor of the village has caused her to be removed and placed in the care of a charitable person—" "But the story," I exclaimed, fearing the long digressions of the landlord, "the story of Lorenzo, and not that of his mother, I am waiting to hear." And he proceeded: "I knew Lorenzo. He was the handsomest youth in all the country round, the most frank and spirited ever born at the Good-Fountain.* No one was more expert with the gun, stronger at a wrestling-match, more agile in leaping the precipices, or more nimble at the dance on Sunday evenings in the square,

* A fertile valley of the Genoese territory among the mountains. It contains about thirty-six villages, in which are found the most hardy mountaineers of Liguria.

to the music of the bagpipe. And he was not ill-provided with the good things of fortune. That little cottage which you see below, on the side of the mountain, was his, and his the adjacent orchard, and the chestnut grove that shades the left bank of the torrent. In short, he had every thing necessary to happiness, and yet became the most wretched of men. He fell in love with the girl of whom I spoke to you, and from that time there was no peace for him. Agatha, as I told you, was a poor shepherdess, the daughter of a drover in the employ of a rich landholder of Lavagna, but beautiful beyond imagination; her complexion was as white as milk, and glowing as the rose that springs up in the hollows of the cliff. Alas! beauty of person unaccompanied by beauty of soul, is an unhappy gift to her who possesses it, and most fatal to him who yields to its fascinations. The heart of Agatha did not correspond with her face. She was capricious as the vainest *belle*, flattered by every attention, and ambitious of elevating her condition. Her only study was to adorn herself in a manner wholly unbecoming her station. She spent hours twining flowers for her hair, and watching her image in the fountain. She sat by the way-side to receive the compliments of the passers, and sung such strains as her mood suggested, in order to display her sweet voice, and see the villagers collect about her to listen. Lorenzo more than all was attracted by her charms. Night and day he roamed about her dwelling. He followed her upon the mountains, among the chestnut woods, and along the border of the river. He wove garlands at every place where she was accustomed to rest during the noontide heat in the shadow of the elms. Sometimes he accompanied her rustic ditties with his flageolet; at others he went in search of her stray lambs, and every day placed beside the fountain where she loved to repose, a basket of the choicest fruit the season afforded. Agatha finding herself the object of such

tender solicitude, began to turn her thoughts towards Lorenzo. She knew that she was envied by all the peasant girls of the vicinity, and that it was scarcely prudent to let slip so favorable an occasion, and she began to smile upon her young lover. Then was Lorenzo indeed entranced. 'What a beautiful pair!' we used to say, as we passed them on their way to mass or to the fair. 'What a happy life is before them!' Not so thought Bertha, who from the first saw deeper into things. 'My poor son!' she exclaimed, whenever congratulated on Lorenzo's fine prospects; 'I would give my life had, he been enamored of another!' And when I inquired, 'Good Bertha, will this marriage soon take place?' 'Yes, 'Giulio,' she replied, with a sigh, 'if it please heaven.' Oh! there are in a mother's heart presentiments revealed to no other. Mysterious voices warn her of evil to come, as the atmosphere foretells the tempest to animals by signs which man does not recognize." Master Giulio paused a moment to wipe away a tear, and I was impressed with his feeling manner of speaking. His heart was in his tones, and made them full of simple eloquence. At length he resumed: "Pardon my emotion; it will be justified by what I have to relate. The day was fixed for the marriage, and the pastor had already once proclaimed the banns, when there arrived at the village a nephew of the rich laudholder of Lavagna, who came in consequence of the death of his uncle, to take possession of the estate, to which he was heir. Among the peasantry who collected from all parts of the valley to honor the arrival of the new landlord, was the drover, the father of Agatha, accompanied by his daughter. She was, as I have said, very beautiful, when arrayed only in her native graces; but most lovely was she on that day, dressed in her holiday garb, her hair confined by silver bodkins, and her neck adorned with a golden necklace, the gift of Lorenzo. The young heir was captivated by such beauty; he could not

keep his eyes from her, and sought by every pretext to have her near him. He managed that every day she should bring him the milk for breakfast, the butter for dinner, or the cream for supper. Accustomed as he was in the city to all the tricks of the flatterer, the acuteness of Agatha more than matched the arts of the citizen. She manifested a respect towards him, and a modest reserve which made him despair, and replied to every protestation of love, 'The poor Agatha is unworthy of your regard.' The young man struggled with his desires; he would have given any sum to conquer her coldness but for a moment, and when he learned that she was about to marry Lorenzo, he was ready to die of grief. 'And do you love this Lorenzo?' he asked her one day; 'do you love him so much that the sighs of your master are of no importance?' 'He is my betrothed,' she replied, blushing; 'I ought not to love any one but my betrothed.' 'And if I would marry you, Agatha, would you leave your Lorenzo?' 'You marry me, Signor! it is impossible; you are too rich for me; I am too poor for you;' and so saying she left him with a sigh. The young man's passion was so increased by these repulses, that at length it conquered every consideration of wealth and station, and he determined to wed her." "And Lorenzo?" I interrupted. "Lorenzo was ignorant of these proceedings. He had gone to Genoa, where a miller, one of his neighbors, had involved him in a lawsuit, on account of a water-privilege. Lawsuits among us are prolonged to a degree quite inconsistent with the relative importance of the question at issue, so that sometimes many months elapse before some trifling difficulty is adjusted. At length a compromise was signed and Lorenzo returned. He had written to Agatha and Bertha the day and hour when he might be expected. 'She will come to me,' he said joyfully to himself, and almost flew along the road, fancying that in every distant object he beheld Agatha impatiently

extending her arms towards him. Arrived at the summit of the mountain from which the village is discernible, he saw the path deserted, and stood still, agitated by a mournful presentiment. The sun was setting, and the evening came on chill and cloudy; it seemed as if the heavens would fain warn him of coming misfortune. A woman appeared slowly approaching, and she came towards the declivity where Lorenzo sat with his head resting on his arm, lost in a painful but vague reverie. It was Bertha. 'My mother! and alone!' he murmured. 'Where is Agatha?' 'Agatha is engaged elsewhere,' she replied with a trembling voice. 'Elsewhere? How? With whom?' and he rose in astonishment. Poor Bertha fell upon his neck and wept. 'Be calm, my son; it is the will of God that these nuptials should not take place.' 'Heavens! Agatha is dead, perhaps!' 'Dead—yes—dead to thee!'

"At that moment, the flash of a cannon appeared in the direction of the village; a bright reflection glowed along the misty atmosphere; the light of a bonfire revealed the little square opposite the church, crowded with people, whose acclamations resounded through the valley. 'It is a marriage festival!' exclaimed Lorenzo, with a suffocating voice; 'and Agatha'—'will marry to-morrow the heir of her landlord,' sobbed Bertha, straining her son to her bosom. He fell as if struck by a thunderbolt." "Dead!" I cried. "Not dead," replied mine host; "grief does not kill at once. Now it is necessary, signor," he continued, after a pause longer than the first, "that I should narrate the conclusion of this melancholy tale, after the manner of those authors, whose words flow with spontaneous propriety from the pen, always adapted to the passion, or the fact they describe." "Of such authors," said I, "there are few, Master Giulio, who can lay claim to the merit you speak of; and, at this moment, I would not exchange with one of those few."

Master Giulio acknowledged the compliment, and fortifying himself with a glass of wine, proceeded as glibly as one of Walter Scott's landlords translated into Italian. "The morning succeeding that miserable night, at the first glimmering of dawn, as I descended, wrapt in my cloak, from my vineyard on the mountain, flying from the rain which had overtaken me, I encountered Lorenzo slowly walking in an opposite direction, bareheaded, his hair in disorder, pale as a ghost, and immersed in gloomy thought. It rained torrents, it hailed, it thundered; there was a frightful confusion of the elements. He noticed neither hail, lightning, nor wind, but passed on without perceiving me, or answering my call. He seated himself on a knoll overlooking the valley, motionless, absorbed, his hair and garments dripping with water, like one of the statues placed amid the fountains of a garden. Thence he could see the drover's little cottage, and the path leading to the villa of his rival. Notwithstanding the flood, I stood still, watching him with compassion. I heard a step and heavy breathing; and, turning, beheld Bertha, who had followed, from a distance, the footsteps of her son. She knew me, and made a sign towards Lorenzo, without speaking, but with an air and glance of which I cannot convey an idea. We retired to the shelter of a rock, shaded by a wild pine, intent upon observing the wretched youth. 'Good God, have pity on my son!' exclaimed the afflicted woman. 'Let me not lose the only support of my age, by reason of that wicked girl!' She turned to me, all pale and tearful, and placing her head on my shoulder, broke forth: 'Are not my misgivings verified? O! a mother's presages never deceive.' 'Take heart,' I replied; 'the unhappy cannot at once master the force of the first sorrow.' 'He will sink under it,' replied Bertha. 'The wound he has received is too deep. What a night, what a terrible night was that of yesterday! As soon as he

recovered from the fainting fit into which the first announcement of Agatha's infidelity had thrown him, he ran to the village like a madman, and I with him. The storm had put an end to the illumination, and extinguished the bonfire. The dances had ceased; the songs were mute. You would have thought that heaven condemned festivities founded upon the despair of a human creature. The people were scattered here and there, and Agatha, leaning on the arm of the complacent landlord, and followed by her father, who could not contain himself for joy, was hastening to the pastor's house, to escape the threatening storm. At that moment Lorenzo presented himself to her view, pale, wild and disordered. "Save me from Lorenzo!" she cried, throwing herself into the arms of her new lover. "Save thee from *me*, traitress?" exclaimed Lorenzo; "do you then feel remorse for your crime?" "O! save me, save me!" she continued to scream. The crowd pressed around her, the pastor drew near, the people of the rich signor were posted in the midst. Lorenzo was drawn to a distance from Agatha, and the doors of the church closed behind the perjured girl. A few friends conducted my son home, and attempted to comfort him; the good pastor came and reasoned with him. He would hear nothing, he would see no one. He raved, and grew hot and delirious with fever. All night he remained in this state, and would not listen to my counsels, nor be moved by my tears. With his arms crossed upon his breast, he paced the chamber with rapid strides, vouchsafing no response to any entreaties, as if it was not his mother who wept and prayed. At length at the approach of day, he rallied. "I must see her once more," said he, "and then let that befall me which heaven destines;" and he suddenly went out.' Whilst the good mother thus spoke, the rain ceased; the sun began to irradiate the heavy masses of clouds; the-vine dressers came forth to their usual labors, and scattered themselves among

the verdant ranges; the shepherds collected their flocks, driving before them the bleating lambs; and new life was diffused through the valley. Lorenzo arose, looked forth, and listened. The church bell announced a festival, and joyful voices at a distance responded to the call. 'There,' he cried, so loud that he was heard afar, and began running down the vale. 'My son! my son!' exclaimed the mother, hastening after him as fast as she was able; and both were hidden from my sight, by the windings of the path. The bride, at the sound of the bell, left the cottage, accompanied by her father, and a party of neighbors. She was tastefully arrayed, and lovely to behold, but evidently ill at ease. It was obvious that sad auguries were busy in her mind. The path to the church crossed the torrent, but its volume was so increased by the recent storm, that it was necessary to turn aside from the road, and pass the little bridge of wood, suspended above the foaming abyss. Lorenzo had taken his station at the right extremity of the bridge, just as the bridal party reached the opposite end. She gave a cry of surprise at beholding him, and then stood still. Lorenzo fell on his knees and extended his hands towards her. The pastor, and all the company, paused in wonder and silence. 'Hear me! Agatha,' said the youth, 'hear me for the last time. I still love you. Notwithstanding your treachery, I love you desperately. Are you resolved to carry out your infidelity? tell me, are you resolved?' 'Lorenzo,' replied Agatha, with a visible effort, 'things have now reached such a pass, that I cannot retrace my steps. We were never intended for each other.' 'And your promises, O cruel girl! your vows! the banns proclaimed at the altar! the ring! *my* ring, which you still wear upon your finger!' She grew deadly pale at these words, and looking upon her hand, beheld Lorenzo's ring, which, she knew not how, still remained there, and she began to draw it from her finger. 'I return

it to you,' said the ungrateful girl with a trembling tone, and she handed it to him. Just then gay voices were heard behind Lorenzo, and in the midst of an applauding crowd, his fortunate rival approached the bridge to meet his bride. 'You have time, you have yet time to repent,' said Lorenzo; 'one word, vouchsafe one word, Agatha, and save me from despair.' 'Agatha,' cried the young signor, stepping upon the bridge, and confounded at the sight of Lorenzo, still on his knees at her feet. Then Agatha took courage. 'Leave me, Lorenzo; it is now too late. Take back your ring,' and she threw it scornfully before him. The ring struck the plank of the bridge, and bounded into the torrent. 'Take it back!' repeated the wicked, heartless creature; and she made a single step to free herself from him. 'Come and take it back with me!' replied Lorenzo, springing to his feet, and with flashing and distended eyes throwing himself upon her. 'Help!' cried Agatha, to the pastor and friends who were hastening to her assistance; but in vain: Lorenzo's movements were like lightning. They fell together into the rushing waters. All expedients were fruitless. The furious torrent bore them aloft for an instant, and then closed over and swept them away. The consternation of the villagers was beyond description. No words can paint the mother's anguish. The bodies were found still clasped together, and buried in the same grave, in a lonely spot, without the precincts of the cemetery. The wooden bridge where this tragedy occurred, has since been rebuilt of stone; and upon it was erected the little chapel, in memory of the betrothed, and for the peace of their souls. The wretched Bertha, having lost her reason from sorrow, has passed twenty years of misery, relating to the passengers the melancholy fate of her departed son."

THE OPERA.

"Can it be said, that there is such an art as that of music for those who cannot feel enthusiasm? Habit may render harmonious sounds as it were a necessary gratification to them, and they enjoy them as they admire the flavor of fruits or the ornament of colors; but has their whole being vibrated and trembled responsively, like a lyre, if, at any time, the midnight silence has been broken by the song, or by any of those instruments which resemble the human voice? Have they in that moment felt the mystery of their existence, in that softening emotion which re-unites our separate natures, and blends in the same enjoyment the senses and the soul?"—MADAME DE STAËL.

WERE it only that the opera, like every national entertainment, is typical of the general taste, and in Italy affords the most free arena for talent, to an observant traveller it must be highly important; but it is by the strong constraint of earnest sympathy that I dwell upon its character and influences. In point of excellence, simply as a popular diversion, it is unrivalled; and the chief, if not the only exception, which can be made to its detriment, springs from the deficiencies, not of the amusement, but of those to whose good it is designed to minister. For the want alike of that physical organization upon which the pleasure derivable from music depends, or of the sentiment and feeling, according to which that pleasure is bounded, must equally be denominated deficiencies, since they bar a species of gratification as refined as it is rich and absorbing.

But it were indeed unjust to truth and human nature, to regard the opera, in its genuineness, solely as one of those means which the selfish ingenuity of man has contrived for occupying or even solacing the intervals of active existence. Its origin and legitimate intent are far higher and better; and

although many may avail themselves of it for purposes of convenience, or at the suggestion of that restless craving for fashionable baubles, which is the besetting sin of the thoughtless, there are, and must ever be, better spirits to whom justice will refer its claims.

As a subject merely of speculation, the opera might be deemed an unphilosophical representation of humanity. As her master passions are ever developed at once and fervently, the idea of exhibiting them through the regular and measured medium of song, would seem essentially unnatural. Yet, as it is impossible in the drama to render the illusion complete—as in the most perfect efforts of the dramatist and the actor, the *unreal* is palpably evident—in adopting a more deliberate and predetermined form of expression, nothing of imitative excellence is lost, while, in general effect, much is gained. In the opera, art and nature unite in their highest excellence. There is all the power of stage effect, the language of gestures and expression, the conventional paraphernalia of the theatre, with the superadded power of the most expressive melody—that of the human voice exerted to the highest point of its natural capacity, and cultivated by the intervention of one of the most scientific and arduous of studies, to a degree almost incredible.

If speech is the readiest means of moral expression, and what has been termed the natural language the most unstudied and apposite, music, the breathing forth of the spirit in song, is the most spiritual, and therefore, more beautifully and delicately typical of the varying emotions which inspire it. To this form of expression we turn not, indeed, in the most passionate moments of experience: but when to these the calmer mood has succeeded; when love begins to assume the settled and deep character of a passion; when the shock of grief has given way to its calm sadness, and kindling hope slowly lessens the early heaviness of disappointment; when

the quiverings of indecision have become composed into clear fixedness of purpose, and the sense of overwhelming joy is fast losing itself in the deep peace of conscious happiness—in such ultimate stages of the passions, when their restless elements have become, in a measure, tranquillized, and their language more deliberate, then is it wont to pour itself forth in measured, but moving song. And if, in the opera, the limits of this natural order are occasionally exceeded, what is it but an exercise of that poetical license, upon which even philosophy must contentedly smile?

The opera is the grand result of a general and discriminating passion for music. Without such a proximate cause, its existence is truly impossible. It is this which gives rise to and sustains, not only the institution, but that remarkable and scarcely appreciated talent which is its vital principle. It has ever been more or less the custom, even in the most civilized communities, to regard those individuals whose lives are devoted, and whose present happiness is involved, in thus ministering to the general pleasure, with any sentiment rather than that of grateful respect. The evidence of this is to be found in the actual moral rank assigned to such a profession, and its cause is too often, doubtless, attributable to want of character in the members, and to that proverbial caprice which society ever evinces in relation to those professedly devoted to its diversion. The actual sympathy and respectful consideration cherished and manifested by the Italians for their favorite entertainment, and its worthy children, is most agreeably obvious to a stranger. It is, too, delightful to observe the conduct, the effect, all the phenomena of an Italian opera. Evening after evening we beheld the same countenances intently studious of the performance, the same votaries luxuriating in melody, criticising intonations—Epicurians at the banquet of Euterpe. So well regulated is the police, and so genuine and universal the taste for music, that

order, attention and quiet are effectually secured. The audience, indeed, go thither to partake of an habitual gratification. No sound but a *brava* spoken, as by one deep voice during a momentary pause, or the full burst of general approval, interrupts the pervading silence.

And what the general will of a people supports, equally in the way of amusement as in the graver concerns of life, must bear the impress of national character, and for this, if for no other reason, should merit respect. This is singularly true in relation to the opera. Happy is that people whose taste has induced, whose discrimination has improved, and whose characteristic interest well sustains this refined, beautiful entertainment.

To define justly the surpassing charms of Italian vocal music is indeed impossible ; and yet, if in so entrancing a pleasure as that derivable from this source, self-analysis be practicable, perhaps it will be discovered that in this, above most other species of melody, all the faculties are gratified. The ingenious combinations and intricate art delight the mental perceptions, its unanticipated variations and indescribable power and facility of development, captivate the imagination ; while passion is excited by the imperceptible encroachments of its enchanting harmony over the empire of the heart. There is indeed a kind of universality in this singular, this unequalled vocalism. The heart often beats with eager enthusiasm, when the notes of martial music swell upon the air ; an elevated sense of grandeur is awakened by the deep tones of a sacred choir ; and a national air or household stave, by the force of association, will electrify the auditor. Yet something of all these effects, and something beyond and above all of them, can faithful introspection detect in the bosom agitated, soothed, inspired by the higher efforts of an Italian professor.

To the susceptible student of its influences, the opera, in

its perfection, is a poetical representation of the deep things of life—of those passions which operate most powerfully and universally in the human heart—of that mysterious and intricate connexion between motive and action, sentiment and thought, imagination and truth, which, in its development, constitutes the living poetry of our being. Such a one understands the mental experience of Alfieri, who says that the plots of some of his best tragedies were conceived while listening to the grand opera. And what medium like music—music with all its depth and pathos, all its subtlety and infinity of expression, all its spiritual magnetism—for portraying to the heart its own indescribable capacity of feeling? And what an order of talent is that, which can successfully wield the power of expression requisite for a genuine opera performer!

The votary of imaginative and intellectual happiness finds in this pleasure a satisfaction similar in kind, though much more exalted, to that which the lover of physical science discovers in analyzing and combining the elements of matter. There is the same eager delight, which springs from the vivid knowledge acquired only by searching and successful experiment; but it is experiment upon self—not that which develops the anatomical relations of the body, but that which lays open, by a beautiful process of excitation, the delicate machinery of the inner and unseen being; it is the yielding up of one's native sentiment to the heavenly sway of the deepest melody, till its elements dissolve and combine in all the purest and most perfect forms of emotion. How palpable to the heart becomes its capacity of love, in all its endless modifications, and how keenly brilliant to the imagination shine its own magic energies, when both are bathed, excited, dissolved within the limitless scope of deeply undulating music!

THE SAD BIRD OF THE ADRIATIC.

"I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart."—BYRON.

No complacent hero of chivalric times ever sallied forth from his castle-domain with a more free or self-sustained feeling, than Giovanni Deltini left the Monforti palace—the abode of a branch of his family—on a calm summer evening, at a period subsequent to the era when knightly enterprise was rife in Europe. It had been a day of festival in Venice ; of which the young man was reminded by the unusual number of passing gondolas, indicating that their various occupants, wearied with the amusements of the Piazza, were hastening, at an unwontedly early hour, to enjoy the more rational delights of the *conversazione*. The exhilaration or rather hopefulness of his mood was not unobserved by one of his associates, whose gondola slowly approached the palace, while he stood in momentary hesitation upon the steps,—then pointing the expectant gondolier toward the grand canal, wrapt his light cloak about him, and disappeared beneath the awning. The aspect of Giovanni would not, indeed, have excited the notice of a less circumspect or interested observer ; but this cavalier was not unread even in the conventional signs of success, and his own mind being filled with the image of the lovely heiress of the Monforti honors, it was not surprising that the happy aspect of his friend, as he made his egress from that lady's portal, should awaken his passing

and perhaps painful attention. He remembered, also, Giovanni's habitually serious if not sad expression—a characteristic which in boyhood had obtained him the appellation of *Signor Pretè*, and contrasting it with his present cheerfulness, he immediately, in accordance with his Italian philosophy, ascribed the miraculous change to the magic influence of the same passion which now possessed his own bosom. And a shade of displeasure darkened his brow, as his former intimate returned his formal greeting with familiar affability. Utterly without foundation, however, were the jealous thoughts awakened in the breast of the Signorina Monforti's suitor by this casual meeting. No rival of his was Giovanni; not having even seen or sought to see, on the present occasion, the fair denizen of the palace. His frequent visits thither, however, were not without an object and an interest. His favorite recreation was discussion with Father Teodoro—the old confessor whom the Duke of Monforti had, many years before, adopted as a friend and counsellor. Giovanni had been early attracted to the old man's side by the fund of story which he pictured out with dramatic effect, to the ardent imagination of the enthusiastic boy; and the fountain which had quenched his childish thirst for novelty, now ministered to his manly appetite for knowledge, and excited into pleasurable activity, the reflective sentiment, which was the deepest resource of his nature.

Giovanni had resided for several years in Padua, and at the then flourishing university of that city, had obtained an education beyond that which many of his elders could boast, since it had subserved the acquisition of habits of mind and the formation of tastes of a high and felicitous character. He had been but a few days in his native city; and his family being at their estate on the borders of the Brenta, the young Venetian freely devoted the hours to reviving his acquaintance with the varied haunts of earlier years. With the ex-

ception of the good padre's society, his enjoyments had, thus far, been chiefly of a solitary kind.

The converse of this evening had been peculiarly happy. The young Deltini had passed the morning in attending the *regatta* sports and church ceremonies. He had entered cheerfully into the spirit of the day—for he was neither unsocial nor morose, although thoughtfully inclined, and ideal in his tendencies. The friend to whose companionship he had trusted, for his chief pleasure, during the festa, deserted him with a hasty apology, to follow in the train of a rich senator whom Giovanni despised for his arrogance. And the youth had passed the remainder of the day in a listless and dissatisfied state of mind, and retired from its festivities with scarcely an inkling of the alacrity which was fresh and eager within him at the morning hour. In a word, the sad reflection which the susceptible as well as the unrefined must endure, had begun to dawn—we should rather say lower—upon him, even from what the unthinking would call the trivial experience of a day. He had felt, almost for the first time, the solitude of a crowd; he had deeply recognized the selfishness of the world. He was an incipient misanthrope. And yet, from communion with a kindred but more mature spirit, he came forth with the bearing of one who had something to live for, and much to hope. His Mentor had vividly suggested to him the idea of philanthropy, and excited a consciousness of personal capacity. A splendid vista was opening to his mind's eye; a beautiful spirit was rising from the subsiding tide of past emotion; a rich vision was shaping itself from the mists of futurity, and the sun of Hope was arraying it in its golden hues. And the outward scene marred not the world of musing; for the gondola had quietly shot out from among the buildings, and was gliding, almost alone, upon the moon-lit bay of Venice.

The epoch which preceded the downfall of the Adriatic

Queen, although it witnessed the gradual resignation of her foreign conquests, was not, for a considerable period, marked by any prominent indications of decay within the boundaries of the Ocean City. The immense riches which the enjoyment of such noble commercial facilities had induced, still filled the coffers and displayed itself in the magnificent establishments of the Venetians. And their wealth was probably never more apparent to the stranger, than when the inactivity occasioned by the loss of external advantages, and the cessation of war, had prepared the way for that dire foe against which even the powers of imperial Rome proved unavailing—insidious Luxury. No entertainment commanded so high a price in proportion to its intrinsic excellence, or was more universally sought and enjoyed, than music. The fondness for the art which characterizes the Italians, was gratified to an extent easily imagined, at a period when the means of procuring it in perfection were so abundant among the wealthy children of the Sea-Cybele. Many a family who could not boast of a *palazzo* on the Grand Canal, or whom circumstances had precluded from sharing the perils and profits of commerce, thanked the Virgin for the *dolce voce* with which one of its members was endowed, whereby the handsome support of all of them was secured.

Giovanni was not, therefore, surprised to see a small gondola, propelled by a single gondolier, pass the silvery track several rods in advance of his prow. The size and equipment of the little bark, and the evident aim of the oarsman to keep at a short distance and in the line of the breeze, prepared him to expect a serenade, for which he was not, indeed, disinclined. His bargeman almost involuntarily slackened the sweep of the oars, and even repressed, as far as possible, their measured breathing, when the first notes were audible. The precise words of the *cavatina* may not, indeed, be given; but the idea has been happily embodied in a more modern form:—

Senza pace, e senza speme
Con un cor che troppo sente,
Io vedro l' eta ridente
Consumarsi nel dolor,
Ah ! per me non v'e piu speme,
Non v'e pace non v'amor !

These words, chanted by a voice modulated to the sweetest intonations, found its way directly to the hearts of the listeners. The oars were suffered to trail till the gondola became almost stationary. Giovanni leaned from the little window, and when the song ceased, cleared his gaze to mark distinctly the fair musician. The inimitable pathos of the vocalism had moved him deeply, and he was sensible of a spontaneous and respectful interest in the songstress. He could only discover, however, through the blinds of the opposite gondola, the folds of a white garment. Giving the signal to approach, and throwing a coin into the proffered cap of the gondolier, he bade him ask the sweet vocalist to come forth, that he might thank her for a more congenial melody than had blest him for years. That personage replied to his request only by a grave movement, intimating the impossibility of acceding to it ; yet there was so much gentleness in the decisive refusal, that even one less kindly disposed than Giovanni, could scarcely have been irritated thereby. The manner of the gondolier, therefore, only served to excite his interest more deeply ; and now, for the first time, he bestowed upon him the attention his appearance was well calculated to awaken. He was somewhat above the medium height, and his figure so well proportioned and lightly framed as to convey the idea of youth—an impression which his white hair and the bland seriousness of his face at once dissipated. Instead of the decorated jacket, gay sash, and tasseled cap of the craft, his habiliments were of a dark hue ; and but for his embroidered vest and the evidence his complexion and

thin but muscular arms gave of his avocation, one might have taken the old man, as his form was half concealed in shadow, for a member of the present Armenian fraternity, as readily as for a gondolier of Venice in the days of her prosperity. Having surveyed him a moment, he was about to renew his request, when he was startled by the hurried whisper of his own gondolier at the stern. "Pardon, Signor," said he, "you are a stranger in Venice; we had better away."

"*Pazienza*, Pietro," replied his master. "Old man," he continued, addressing the aged oarsman, "I would see the melodist beneath the awning."

"Thou knowest, signor, the finest warblers have not the richest plumage," quickly again whispered his officious adviser. "*Signor mio*, this parley is dangerous. St. Mark protect us!—ah he is off!"

"Follow!" was the reply; and the gondolas continued side by side.

"Speak, I pray you," said the young man; but the veteran answered only by a sad smile and a gaze of anxious scrutiny directed toward the distant and fairy-like city.

"He is dumb, signor," said one of the boatmen with obvious awe.

"*Poverino*," exclaimed Giovanni; "friend, I desire to behold thy precious charge, because it would bring pleasure to one familiar with sorrow, to look upon the only vocalist, among the many whose voices have echoed beneath this sky to-day, whose music has proved a balm."

A pause followed, broken only by the gentle splash of the oars, and the muttered invocations of those who manned the gondola of Giovanni. "Father Teodoro was right," at length he murmured; "I must learn to be distrusted;" and he threw himself back upon the cushions, with the intention of directing Pietro to abandon the useless pursuit, when a slight

noise made him hesitate : the oars were simultaneously lifted, their bearers hastily made the sign of the cross, and the gondolas swayed gently apart, and were at rest. Giovanni noted not these phenomena. That low rattling sound so well known to his ear, was now electrical ;—it was produced by slipping aside the blind of the opposite gondola. Thither, as to a revelation of wonder, his eyes were instantly turned. The face which appeared, produced, at first, simply a strong impression of surprise. He had anticipated the sight of beauty ; and though his quick fancy had but vaguely imaged its details, the half-formed portrait which that active limner had already created, was naturally instinct with the peculiar species of loveliness that most commonly greeted him. He had unconsciously endowed his invisible consoler with eyes eloquently dark, and hair of the same hue. But these Italian characteristics he failed to discover. The hair of the sweet melodist was, indeed, dark, but not deeply so, and the eyes were Italian only in their expressiveness—so deep, full, and varying, that the idea of ascertaining their color never obtruded itself upon his mind ; all that was distinctly realized was their witchery—their mystic and moving power. Giovanni was, at the first glance, only surprised that they were not jet-black, like the eyes of the Padua ladies he had heard sing, or the eyes of his sisters, who were doubtless then singing on the banks of the Brenta. It was not remarkable that fine vocalism and black eyes were nearly associated in his mind. Fond as he was of analyzing his feelings, and predetermined as he had been to make his gaze a searching one, the recurrence of those tones sent a thrill to his heart, and banished his newly regained self-possession.

“ Heard I not the name of Father Teodoro, signor ? ” asked the stranger.

“ Thou didst, sweet lady.”

“ Dost thou know him ? ”

"He is my friend—and perchance thine."

The inquiry seemed to awaken her to a sense of indiscretion; for she compressed her lips, seemed inwardly chiding herself, and moved as if about to cut short the interview. Giovanni hastened to check even the latent intention, and with respectful earnestness, thus addressed her:—"Lady—for it is in vain that thou appearest pursuing an avocation generally followed by peasant girls from the shore, or plebeians of the city—lady, let me thank thee for so sweet a serenade, and pardon one who deeply sympathizes with the sorrowful spirit thy melody indicates, for asking what motive induces thee thus richly to minister to the by-way pleasure of Venetians, when thou shouldst grace the innermost circle of their patrician society."—She who was thus addressed, as the kindly words were uttered, leaned from her gondola, and the clear moonlight rendered beautifully apparent her regular features, calm and finely arched brow, the sweet smile which stole upon her lip, and the grateful tenderness which spoke in her eye. An instant elapsed after he had spoken, when in the same touching voice she pronounced the brief but meaning reply, "The love of my mother." Then gracefully waving her hand, she drew back the lattice; and while Giovanni, completely lost in his own feelings, looked listlessly on—her light barge swiftly sped away in the direction of the nearest shore.

As his gondola approached the city, Giovanni emerged from beneath its sable covering, and leaning upon the framework, applied himself to elicit from Pietro intelligence which interested him to a degree of which he was, as yet, quite unaware. "Thou wast wont to be faithful to me, Pietro, when thy fidelity was of little importance, and my favor of no advantage to thee; and methinks that now thou canst scarcely prove otherwise."

"Will the signor question his noble father as to Pietro?"

asked the old gondolier, with the confidence of one unjustly suspected.

"No, Pietro; 'tis needless. I did but try thee. But hasten to inform me respecting the mysterious occupants of yon strange bark."

"It is little more than a year, signor, since aught was known of them on the Quay or in the Piazza. She is called the Sad Bird of the Adriatic. One of those melancholy serenades which so much delighted you to-night, equally pleased one of the senators who encountered her gondola on his return, about this hour, from Fusina. His efforts to obtain a sight of her were without success, although it is said he proffered a treble salary if she would join his palace band. Many, after this, sought and enjoyed her music; but all attempts to invade her *incognito* were avoided from the fact which was promulgated that she was performing a vow, being under the special protection of the church. Hence she is revered by every one. Her gondola glides about between the Lido and Quay from sunset till dawn, in weather like this. She never enters the city. Where she abides we know not; although many say at St. Lazarus. Her *buonamano*s are very great, and I think this night, for the first time, has her face been seen on these waters. Ah, signor, I tremble for the consequences of this adventure. Nicolo, the most daring gondolier in Venice, is undergoing severe penance for having pledged himself to track out her retreat. St. Mark grant it may bode us no evil!"

"Amen," exclaimed Giovanni; "and remember, Pietro, this meeting is a secret."

"Deep as mid-ocean, signor."

"But the knaves yonder"—pointing to the other barge-men."

"Signor, they are mine!"

Pietro had merely imparted the tale which circulated

among his fellows. Camilla Goretti, for such was the true name of the "Sad Bird," was the only daughter of a Tuscan lady of noble origin, who had, a few months before the date of our story, followed her husband to Venice, to await with him the result of a commercial speculation—the last of a series of attempts to amend their fallen fortunes. The experiment totally failed; and the depressed nobleman sank slowly to his grave. The fair mourners had since sojourned in one of the retired islands in the vicinity of Venice. The mother's afflictions and feebleness were obviously subduing her vital powers; and the daughter, in the pure spirit of filial devotion, with the aid of the mute gondolier, who had been in the employ of the church, adopted the scheme we have seen she managed so successfully, and by this means ministered to her parent's every comfort, and yet preserved the seclusion so congenial to her sorrowing heart and native delicacy. She had but one relative in the neighborhood, of whose welfare she managed to keep herself informed, but whose society the stricken family had not sought since their arrival. He, therefore, remained ignorant of the abode of his relations, though aware of their misfortunes. Camilla was consoled by the title and story which the superstitious fancy of the Venetians had attached to her name, since they threw around her the protecting halo of a sacred mystery. She was only surprised that the mournful strain with which her oppressed feelings forced her to begin her enterprise, should have proved so effective, for she was well aware of the gayety of the Venetian temperament. She might have understood the charm, however, by reverting to the peculiar interest which the human mind takes in deep feeling, however sad—especially when the prevailing language which addresses it is of a superficial kind, as was then the case in Venice. But unacquainted as she was, with the cause which rendered her airs so attractive, she rejoiced that it was so,

since she could thus sing from the heart. Joyful music was but mockery to one who was watching the departure from the world of the only being with whom she could claim near alliance. "The love of her mother"—the beautiful motive she had designated as her inspiration—she believed the last which would excite her to effort on earth. It was not, however, the destiny of her house, that its last hope should be so speedily extinguished. And when a few months passed away, and the orphan lifted herself from the first despair of bereavement, she found one lingering and saving sentiment shining up, like a gem of light, from the troubled depths of her soul. Obeying its impulse, after weeks of lone mourning, a new day dawned upon her. But of this we must speak anon.

To a common observer, the life of the young Deltini, after the return of his family, was of the same tenor as that of the generality of noble Venetians whose youth prohibited their engaging in the state duties of the period, and whose frivolity rendered permanent mental application of any kind equally onerous. Giovanni was often encountered, at the usual hours, on the promenade beneath the arcades of St. Mark, and his gondola occasionally seen moored to the steps of the Rialto or at the entrance of one of the superior edifices. None of his gay acquaintances, however, were sufficiently interested to notice the regularity and length of his evening excursions; and if the thoughtfulness of his demeanor, now and then, drew a gaze after him, the spectator, if young, only thought what a marvel it was, that one so recently arrived should not be joyous in festive Venice—and, if old, shrugged meaningly at the idea of the early involvement in her political intrigues which the anxious though unruffled brow denoted. Giovanni lived only between morning and evening twilight. The setting sun called him to conscious and glad being. The long summer day was to him a season of dream-

ing ; not that the levee, the feast, or the duties of citizenship were neglected ; but their formal routine was formally gone through with, and gladly escaped. But the farewell rays of the orb of day seemed to awake the spirit of the Venetian, as they did, of old, the latent harmonies of Memnon's image. With the eagerness of a light-hearted boy, he entered his richly-adorned gondola at sunset, gazed fondly over the waters, and flitted from point to point, seemingly on the wings of caprice. But his erratic course was guided by Love and Prudence. He kept almost ever within sight and hearing of Camilla, and without seeming to do so. Thrice only had he approached sufficiently near, to throw a bunch of orange blossoms upon her awning ; but these experiments had so evidently induced the venerable gondolier studiously to avoid him, that he long remained contented with nightly hearing, in common with others, the melody of the stranger, and watching her gondola till it disappeared in the gloom at midnight, or was veiled by the morning mist.

At length Giovanni declared to the alarmed Pietro his determination to seek a second interview, at all hazards. The evening selected was unfortunate ; gondola after gondola skimmed athwart the bay ; each lingered as the voice of Camilla floated by ; and from each her dumb boatman received tribute tendered without query or comment. Giovanni awaited comparative solitude till his patience was exhausted. Then motioning his gondolier to fall into the wake of a senatorial barge, he was soon within hail of the vocalist. Never did her voice sound so rich and moving. He longed, when it ceased, to hear the broad sweep of the oars before him ; but they fell gently, as if beguiled by the strain ; and looking around, Giovanni beheld the calm surface of the water dotted with various craft, and heard the long nervous strokes of the dumb man's paddle. "*Stati!*" he exclaimed, but the skiff was soon contiguous to a long

line of advancing prows. Giovanni, in despair, could only hurl his signet ring through Camilla's lattice, before twenty eyes were marking his movements.

Weeks passed away, and the mysterious melody which had charmed Venice was hushed. No one beheld the sacred frequenter of the Adriatic waters; and conjecture was busy in weaving fables which should explain, without accounting for her disappearance. The gondoliers doubted not that her vow was completed, and that she had gone home; many sagely suggested that she had descended into a marine abode; and not a few believed that her mystic bark was riding, under the protection of St. Theodore, upon other and far distant seas. But all that was known was the fact of her departure; and like every event of joy or sorrow of terrestrial occurrence, when wondered at a little time, it was seemingly uncared for and forgotten.

"Now Heaven grant that my learned cousin be not fearful of crossing the Bridge of Sighs to-night!" said the vivacious heiress of Monforti, as she encountered Giovanni in the corridor.

"And why should my fair Ellena dream of such a catastrophe?" inquired the youth.

"For want of any more probable way of accounting for thy sober visage," she replied, in a rallying tone.

"Thou art ever thus sportive, *cara*," he returned, observing her with interest; "*Felice voi!*" "Come to the saloon, after consulting yon reverend oracle, Giovanni, and perchance my guests or poor self can cheer even thee."

He smiled his thanks, and passing on, entered the cabinet of Father Teodoro.

"My son," said the priest, after greeting his visitor, "knowest thou how it fares with Foscarini now?"

"The fever has left him, I am told," answered Giovanni.

"*Grazie a Dio!*" ejaculated the old man, as he drew

aside the heavy folds of a curtain, and admitted the chastened light and soothing breeze of even-time into the apartment, "but Giovanni, thou art ill," he continued, regarding the flushed countenance and troubled expression of his young friend; "beware that thou art not added to the list."

"Only fatigued. If I remember right, we were speaking yesterday of sympathy. Father, I have thought much, in the night-watches, of thy theory. One is not to expect to be understood by the multitude; some will be even misinterpreted by the few, thou sayest. I know how different thou art from thy brethren in many things, and therefore will I venture a question: Is what is called love-at-first-sight, one of the dreams of which thou spoke?"

"What is thus called, Giovanni, is often but a fancy."

"But is there a foundation for such an experience in the soul?"

"My son, there is deep affinity between spirits, even when humanly embodied. When two beings thus pre-united meet on earth, they spontaneously recognize their unity; and this is love in its purity and power."

"And, father, suppose, from the intervention of circumstances, they follow not out the intimation; suppose they remain disunited, dissevered?"

"They irretrievably wrong themselves; their being wants completeness; there remains a void in their bosoms; wealth and honors may occupy, qualified affection amuse, but neither can satisfy them."

"But, father, are the indications sure?"

"Infallible to the unperverted; not indistinct to any who can feel or will think."

Filled as was the breast of Deltini with the spirit of meditation, and necessary as repose had become to his languid though fevered frame, he was mindful of his cousin's invitation, and wished not to leave her palace without indicating at

least his remembrance of her wishes. Yet was he greatly indisposed for general society, and hoped, by stealing in at a side door, to hold a moment's parley with her, and retire. The first sound which struck his ear, as he entered unobserved, was his father's voice. He hesitated, and saw that a group, among which he recognized a brother of the sick Foscarini, and several senators, were engaged in a conference of great apparent interest. "Yes, signor," said the elder Deltini, addressing the former personage, "Giacomo's convalescence is truly a subject of congratulation among all who hold Venice dear. The time is coming when she will need the unimpaired energy of all her children. In the strength of her nobility at home, we are to trust, and not in the extent of her external possessions. With more care than ever should we consolidate the patrician power. I am already negotiating an alliance for Giovanni, which even thou, signor, wilt deem no small effort of state policy."

The individual most interested in this newly-broached design, paused only to note the complacency and determination with which the duty of the parent was thus lost in that of the patriot, and then hastened to cool his throbbing temples in the night air, and still, if possible, the tumult in his bosom.

* * * *

The gray light of early morning revealed the kneeling figure of an aged servant of the cross, with his face buried in the drapery of a couch, on which one, stricken with disease, was restlessly extended, in the chamber of a Venetian palace. "It is as I feared," said the priest, rising. "Giovanni, thou hast the infection!"

"Art thou still beside me, father?"

"Yes, my son, and if earnest prayers can carry thee safely through this trial, thou art safe."

"Desire it not, father, as thou lovest me. Hear me ere this heated brain refuse its just office. Life is not desirable

to Giovanni Deltini. I love ; but days, weeks, months have past, and these eyes have not beheld the only being they can fondly contemplate. The weariness of disappointment has induced this malady. The same hour that revealed to me the justice of my passion, assured me it had been cherished in vain. Thy blessings and thy prayers, father, before this creeping lethargy overpowers me. I have thus spoken, that one may shed a tear over the tomb of the Deltinis for its new occupant, who knoweth something of the woes which reconcile him to death."

From the deep sleep that succeeded the attack of this peculiar Levantine epidemic, the sole heir of the honors and wealth of the Deltini family, awoke with a degree of physical energy, and an absence of unfavorable symptoms, which warranted the medical attendants in asserting that the prospect of his recovery was flattering. Their disappointment, however, was extreme, at finding no apparent improvement, after the lapse of several hours. The recurrence of strength and expressiveness, which had occurred at a similar stage in other instances, appeared not in this. Giovanni, indeed, gave evidence of consciousness, but the morbid apathy of sickness was alarmingly obvious. Meantime the sudden illness of his child, the alternations of hope and fear, the mournful tone of the invalid's ravings, and the settled indifference to life which he evinced in lucid intervals—the course of the malady—the expected catastrophe—all combined to work a revolution in the father's heart. He knew his son for the first time. He heard from Father Teodoro the last rational words he had uttered, and solemnly pledged himself to consult only the peace of his child, should he recover. Of this, however, there seemed less and less probability. And the afternoon of the third day since the cessation of the fever, found the inmates of the palace in the same state of quiet but deep despondency. The affectionate *padre* was in attend-

ance while Count Deltini slept. He had musingly watched for an hour the play of the chequered light upon the variegated and marble-like floor, when the voice of Pietro caused him to raise his head. "Father," said the old servant, "there is a youth in the hall—a Paduan, I think—who would fain look upon the face of our young master. Vainly have I told him that he is nigh unto death, and cannot be seen. He demands admittance as a near friend of Signor Giovanni."

"It matters little," replied the priest; "the poor youth will soon be beyond the reach of disturbance. Let the Paduan enter."

So intent was the afflicted confessor upon his own thoughts, that he was again lost in reverie in the lapse of a few moments, so that the visitor's steps first aroused him to a consciousness of his presence. Notwithstanding the obscurity of the apartment, and the sadness of his spirit, the priest was struck with the gracefulness of the stranger's mien, and the delicate contour of his form. He bowed as the father turned toward him, but without doffing the cap of black velvet which shaded his face. Stealing, with an easy but subdued air, around the head of the couch, and taking a taper from the table, he slipped upon it a jewelled ring, and gently separating the curtains, passed it through upon the pillow, directly before the eyes of the sick man. The alarmed father had moved forward to check the proceeding, but was startled by a sudden movement and exclamation; and with no little surprise beheld his patient raise himself on his elbow, and glance inquiringly about the apartment.

"Thank Heaven! my son, thou appearest somewhat like thyself; what dost thou desire?"

"Father, are we alone?"

"There is a young man present—one of thy Paduan friends; but thou art not able to converse"——

"Good father, leave us, for a moment."

His careful and devoted friend hesitated ; but re-assured by the bright gleam of intelligence visible in his eye, he entered an adjoining oratory, there to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon the reviving son of his adoption.

The sound of the count's earnest voice recalled him to the sick room. And there a scene presented itself which would have been rife with inspiration to a true votary of the rainbow art. The invalid was in a half-sitting posture, his cheek slightly colored, and his brilliant eye bent upon the rich tresses of one who kneeled beside the couch. His father stood by, glancing benignantly from one to the other figure. Upon the damask covering lay the taper, upon which glistened the signet ring of the Deltini. And the flush of sunset threw over the dark furniture, rich paintings, and polished floor, a variety of mellow tints, which enhanced without generalizing the combined effect. The "Sad Bird of the Adriatic" had folded her wings in despair, and brooded over her desolate nest. The mother whose love sustained her was no more ; and ere she followed her to her long rest, she went forth to behold once again the being of her dreams. Hoping to accomplish her object without being known, she sought him, in disguise, in the public places of the city ; but learning his sickness, and not doubting its fatal issue, she hastened to assure him how speedy would be their reunion. She had proved an angel of mercy. Count Deltini had joined the hands of the lovers. And on the succeeding moment of delight, the priest had intruded. "It is a vision !" he exclaimed—"the daughter of my poor sister, and the son of my adoption !" He read an explanation in their eyes. "My children," he continued, "my prayers are granted, but no part was allotted me in their fulfilment."

"Father, thou errest," exclaimed Giovanni ; "thy lecture on the affinity of spirits revealed to me my love."

“And,” said Camilla, “at the name of Father Teodoro, I slipped the blind of my gondola.”

It was the unhappiness of Giovanni to behold, and of his immediate descendants more nearly to realize the wane of Venetian glory. Yet many of his brother patricians, with less than his patriotic sensibility, as they walked away the night hours in their gorgeous halls, lamenting the vain sacrifice of their most individual prerogatives to ambitious policy, ardently longed for the lot of Deltini; for the grief of the citizen was neutralized by the happiness of the man; and many an hour of joy was won to him by the melody and companionship of the then blithe Bird of the Adriatic.

A REMINISCENCE OF SHELLEY.

FROM THE PAPERS OF AN ARTIST.

I PASSED the spring of 1819-20 at Rome. A recent affliction, the news of which reached me at Florence, rendered solitude not only agreeable but almost necessary. I had quietly slipped away from a circle of gay companions, whose society in happier times had enlivened my sojourn at the Tuscan metropolis, and hastened to soothe my grief amid the pensive associations of the Eternal City. A previous visit of some duration had made me familiar with all the interesting localities and wonders of art. I had therefore no occasion to mingle with the crowd of strangers who frequented the Vatican and St. Peter's; and, having obtained a lodging in a retired quarter, soon found myself leading a life as secluded and visionary as a hermit of the East. "The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,"—says Byron in his fine apostrophe to Rome; and perhaps there is no spot in the universe, better fitted to solace the wounded spirit of an imaginative man. For several hours every day, I roamed about the Campagna and the Palatine Hill, or followed the road around the old walls, until weariness prompted me to return to my peaceful room. The window overlooked one of those half-deserted sections of the city which appear so desolate in contrast with the cheerful villas and the lively, bustling Corso. For hours I sat musing upon this scene, and when darkness settled over the landscape beyond, and not a mountain or cloud was longer discernible, I prolonged the pleasing

melancholy of my mood, by reading Petrarch or Alfieri. For more than a month I indulged in this kind of vague existence, and then the old desires of my art revived. I was surprised to find with what enthusiasm I projected a work intended to reflect the poetry of Roman scenery. I had sketches already in my portfolio which would furnish all requisite material for the foreground. My immediate object was to study the atmosphere and sky—that peculiar effect which every observant traveller has felt in the very air that seems to brood over the seven hills, but which has been so infrequently caught by the pencil since the days of Claude. Absorbed in this purpose, I was one day stationed upon a heap of brick-work amid the ruined baths of Caracalla, when the noise of some one clambering along the stony fragments, caused me to peer over the pile at whose base I was seated. I perceived a slender figure making its way with remarkable vigor over the scattered remains. In a few moments he reached a flat stone at the summit of an archway, and taking off his hat, stood calmly surveying the prospect before him. I was completely sheltered by the rude mound at my back from the stranger's observation, unless he had taken particular care to espy me,—a movement which seemed highly improbable, as his attention was completely occupied. If he had been standing for his portrait, the light and shade could not have been more effective. I improved the opportunity, not indeed to sketch, but to peruse his features; and never has the vivid impression they made upon me been effaced. I see him as distinctly in my imagination at this moment, as if it were but yesterday since the incident occurred. Indeed the whole scene remains in my memory among those which cherished associations have endeared and rendered permanent. The very hue of that morning's sky, the thin haze of the atmosphere, the dim yellow light of the sun struggling through a leaden cloud, the peculiar softness of the air, a

clump of weeds that grew at my side, bright lizards glancing to and fro among the loose stones,—every little circumstance is still before me. But at the moment, my whole mind was engaged with the stranger. I think I should have passed him in the street with little notice. It was the time and place, and perhaps the state of my mind, which induced the gaze of scrutiny of which he was the unconscious object. Not that his appearance was common or unimpressive, quite the reverse; but his was not a countenance to strike one at a mere glance. There are strong, keen faces, a glimpse of which makes us turn and ponder. There are others we may pass with indifference, but which, when once carefully regarded, prove full of interest. Such was the one before me. It was small, and would have been perfectly classical, but the upper part was not regular. The mouth and chin and indeed all the lower lines were delicate and beautiful. There is a head of Antinous in one of the collections of Europe, that in this respect is almost a counterpart. The complexion was very fair and a slight color glowed in the cheeks. Hair with a rich wavy flow just sprinkled with gray, and eyes full of life and very large, completed a physiognomy in which power and gentleness were wonderfully blended. At times there seemed to beam in the expression a kind of angelic sweetness such as we sometimes see in the St. John and Virgins of the old masters. The picture, however, of which I was at once reminded, was the portrait of Raphael by himself, in the Florence gallery. There was the same mildness, but a more piercing intelligence. Especially in the eyes a profound and clear meaning seemed to dwell. When you met their glance, it was like looking into a transparent fountain. The stranger's figure was above the average height and seemed attenuated by illness, and bowed somewhat at the shoulders. As I leaned forward in my eagerness to contemplate this apparition, a piece of brick was jostled

down, and the sound of its fall broke his reverie. He cast a look toward me, and, although I turned aside instantly, hastened away like one who would avoid observation. Again I was struck by the rapid and firm step with which so slight a form made its way over a mass of rude and heavy fragments. Here, too, was evident the same mingling of strong and delicate organization. There was a kind of nervous energy and vital spirit about the man that wholly redeemed his appearance from the charge of effeminacy, which his small features and graceful mould might otherwise suggest. I sat long after he had disappeared,—speculating upon his probable country and profession. I doubted not he was a man of genius, and the interest with which he studied the landscape, led me to hope that he was a painter. I trusted he would return, and with that anticipation, lingered around the Baths, until the chilliness of nightfall warned me to depart. Several days after this encounter, I was sketching one of those noble ranges of aqueduct which form so impressive a feature in the Campagna of Rome, when a decrepit woman, almost black from exposure to the sun, and withered to premature age by the *malaria*, came moaning to my side. I had become so accustomed to every species of mendicancy during my residence in Italy, that for several minutes I continued my occupation, quite regardless of the suppliant. Something peculiar, all at once, struck my ear in her petition, and I found she was interspersing the usual phrase, *per amore di Dio*,—*un bioch*,—*per carità, Signore*—with the mention of *un forestiere malato*. I regarded her attentively and asked the meaning of her words. The poor creature was almost imbecile, as is the case with too many of the victims of the fatal atmosphere that desolates the adjacent fields, and it was not without some difficulty that I, at length, discovered from her incoherent expressions, that some one was either ill or dying beside the road, several rods distant. She pointed to a group

of boys, and, throwing her a small gratuity, I hastened to the spot. Upon the turf lay a well-dressed man, apparently in a fainting fit. Two ragged urchins were gazing curiously upon him, and one came tottering towards them with an urn of water. As I bent over the prostrate form, three or four slight convulsions agitated his frame. I knelt down, and lifting his head gently upon my knees, pressed my hand upon the forehead. Imagine my surprise to find myself thus supporting the stranger whose appearance, a week before, had so fascinated my gaze. The change of position evidently gave him immediate relief. I had frequently been soothed when suffering from severe nervous headaches, by animal magnetism; and a friend who had no little faith in that science afforded me great comfort by the simple pressure of his hand on my temples. I tried the experiment in the present instance as the best remedy at hand. Not a human being was in sight at the moment but the little mendicants, whom I had instantly despatched for a carriage, and they were now racing across the plain with a zealous emulation which, under other circumstances, would have been amusing. With a concentrated will and an intense sympathy, I continued to manipulate the sufferer's brow. He soon became tranquil, his features resumed a natural expression, and upon my raising him to a sitting posture and turning his face to the breeze, he revived; and presently sighing, like one that awakes from a dream, courteously thanked me. I knew well what it was to suffer from illness, though not precisely in this form, and as I before said, my feelings had been recently chastened by grief. I was prepared therefore to act with delicacy on this occasion, and did not annoy my companion with any inquiries respecting either himself or his sudden attack, but quietly awaited his pleasure. I fancied he read my thoughts, for two or three times I met his eye, and a smile of gratitude seemed to illumine his countenance. I pointed to the approaching

carriage and inquired if he felt able to ride. He indicated his assent with renewed acknowledgments; but protested against my joining him, and glancing at my drawing apparatus that lay upon the ground, remarked that he would, by no means, take me away from my employment at so desirable a part of the day; and then, seeing my disappointment, added that I need feel no concern at leaving him alone, as there was no danger of any speedy return of his illness. He rewarded the boys very liberally, and in the most kindly manner asked one of them, whose black eyes sparkled with joy as he grasped the coin, if he was not from Albano. The child seemed quite offended at the inquiry, and throwing his rag of a cloak over his shoulder with as much dignity as a Spanish grandee, replied—"no, Signor, io sono Romano." The stranger seemed perfectly charmed with this little outbreak of nature. It appeared to give a new direction to his thoughts, and he regarded the sensitive young citizen with a smile of the purest benevolence. In the meantime I was gathering up my portfolio, which had become somewhat disarranged, and he caught a glimpse of the unfinished sketch of the aqueduct. He asked me to allow him to inspect it, and after some pleasant remark upon its correctness, wrote a line on the back and returned it, saying—"There is my address, and there is one at home who will gladly join me in thanking you for your kind attention; but you will find ours a melancholy house, I fear." The carriage drove off. I stood watching it for some time, and then eagerly turned to the paper in my hand. The stranger's name was Percy B. Shelley.

How often since that meeting, have I regretted that, at the time, I was so ignorant of his genius and history! Those who know what an artist's life is in Italy will not, however, be surprised that his name awakened in my mind no particular interest. I had rather avoided than sought the

English while abroad, not from any prejudice, but because accident had early thrown me into a circle of Italians, with whom they seldom associated. Besides, my time had been given to my art. I had no taste nor leisure to join the crowd of fashionable travellers, and my reading had been confined to Shakspeare, Milton, and the Italian classics. I took little interest in current literature ; and the news which enlisted my sympathies was what related to my own country. In fact, with the exception of a regular correspondence with home, I lived more in the past than the present. The daily events, the arrivals and departures of foreigners, the prevailing topics, political and literary, were to me of so little moment, that I had grown behind the world in all such knowledge. I had become quite incurious, and shrunk from new acquaintances as from so many impediments in the way of my dreamy and independent life. In a word, I had gradually narrowed my tastes into a little world of my own, which it was as unpleasant to quit as for a dormouse to leave his winter's nest. This feeling led me continually to postpone availing myself of Shelley's invitation. I had conceived a deep interest in the man, not from any thing I knew of him, for, as I have said, I was quite ignorant of his claims to attention ; but from an undefinable charm in his looks and manner, a speaking grace, a gifted and noble expression that appealed at once to my love and my curiosity. Circumstances made it necessary for me unexpectedly to return to America ; and, after completing my arrangements, it was with a pleasure not unmixed with sadness, that I improved a lovely morning to make a farewell visit to my favorite haunts. Early in the day I proceeded to the Forum. The usual knot of women were spinning in the sun, and a single open carriage stood by the Temple of Peace. I strolled around with more than common interest, feeling how probable it was that I should never enjoy such an opportunity again. Under the

arch of Titus I met Shelley. He was intently examining the bas-reliefs sculptured upon its inner surface. His greeting was prompt and cordial. In a few moments I had explained my intended departure, and he at once entered into the feelings which induced me to linger away my last hours at Rome, amid the monuments of her past glory. He proposed joining me in the day's excursion, and after we had visited the Capitol, called the coachman, and insisted upon my taking a seat in his carriage. Never shall I forget that day. We were together several hours, sometimes riding from place to place, and at others pacing the aisles of a church or standing beside a statue. The subjects of our conversation were so many and various that I despair of recalling half of them. My companion's remarks were so interesting, and his manner of speaking often so affecting, that when we parted my brain ached with excitement. Shelley's voice at first did not strike me agreeably. His chest was narrow, and the volume of breath seemed inadequate to expression. There was something sharp and cracked occasionally in his tones, but some of them were very sweet and musical, so that, as I became more familiar with them, I found more and more that was touching in every accent. Every thing he said was either suggested by an observation or inquiry of my own, or naturally sprung from the object before us. From such desultory remarks, it is difficult to select any specimen which would give the least idea of the overflowing of Shelley's mind. He seemed full of ideas and fancies. It was not easy to decide whether he was the greater thinker or dreamer. Sometimes acutely reflective and at others brilliantly fanciful, now uttering a bold hypothesis and now a beautiful metaphor, his language was like a stream, at one moment sparkling in sunshine, and the next gliding beneath the quiet stars. At the church of San Pietro in Vinculi, we encountered a funeral ceremony.

"Death," said Shelley, "is a great mystery. We know so little of it beyond the visible phenomena, that it seems to me a kind of sacrilege to make it a civil punishment. We know not what we inflict upon a criminal when we condemn him to death. We have no right deliberately to thrust a fellow-creature into a condition of being of the laws of which we are wholly ignorant. The more earnestly we believe in immortality, the less are we justified in taking human life. It cannot be that minds that conceived these triumphs and erected these temples to their own abstractions, have utterly perished, nor can we imagine that the centuries which have elapsed since their departure, have witnessed no progress, no elevation in their scale of being. Until we know the absolute relation between this life and that which succeeds death, the latter should be ever an event sacred, as far as may be, from all human interference." Shelley spoke with enthusiasm of Italian literature, and dwelt particularly upon the merits of the Tuscan writers of the fourteenth century. For Dante he appeared to feel a deep reverence, and referred to the third Canto of the *Paradiso*, which he had recently perused, to illustrate some felicities of diction. He said that Dante was to his mind the great connecting link between ancient and modern genius, and expressed much surprise at the objection so frequently made as to his want of pathos. He quoted some lines of the episodes of Francesca and Ugolino, and declared that, in his view, they contained a world of tenderness that filled the imagination with a kind of thrilling melancholy. Tasso and Ariosto did not appear to have interested him in the same degree. He admired the lofty strain of the former, and thought the latter a poet only at intervals. The Orlando was not enough sustained for his taste. "Boccaccio," said he, "caught the very buoyancy of a Tuscan landscape. There is an exuberance of life in some of his descriptions which cheers the heart. One im-

bibes from his pages a kind of social delight. It is like the greeting of a cordial friend." But the trait which seemed chiefly to interest Shelley in the fathers of Italian literature, was their philosophy of love. He considered the allegory by which Beatrice conducts her lover to heaven, as one of the most sublime inventions of poetry. "Custom and worldliness," said he, "constantly desecrate love. It is rarely worshiped and followed as a holy instinct whereby the soul can become free from selfishness and sensuality. The higher bards preserve this view of love as a sacred tradition, and hence it is that they teach us, even from our care-worn and fragmentary life, to draw sublime hopes and ideal revelations." I mentioned my conjecture that he was a painter. "No," he replied, "I do not even understand your art,—that is, I have never learned to distinguish the different schools. I am too fond of comprehensive inferences to busy myself much with details. I believe, however, I am sensible, to the fullest extent, of the delicate beauty of Raphael's creations. I enjoy them deeply. But I am more at home in sculpture, partly from my love of Greek literature, and partly because it is an art which deals solely in form, and is free from the perplexing conditions of color." He then commented, with the nicest taste and the most pure enthusiasm, upon the Niobe, Venus, and several other statues. Michael Angelo he thought overrated, deeming his excellence rather anatomical than ideal. I expressed my regret at leaving Italy in warm terms. "Yes," said he, "it must be very painful for an artist to tear himself from this region. Independent of the physical attractions of the country, I believe there is a kind of magnetic influence in true genius, both in its possessors and its fruits. An atmosphere exists here favorable to the pursuit of art. The number and variety of its trophies—the multitude of its devotees—the associations of the land as the home of so many gifted spirits—all combine to render

Italy, and especially Rome, the nurse of art. Men of other professions I do not think so likely to develope here, as in countries where more social excitement prevails. There is a want of motive for exertion. The ruins around preach a solemn lesson to ambition, and check all eagerness for fame. For intellectual improvement there can scarcely be imagined a more genial sphere. The tranquillity that reigns, calms the mind and disposes to study. The climate induces that languor of body and meditative spirit which is favorable to regular and long continued thought. But we of the north are haunted with a passion for usefulness. Outward activity seems a requisite of our life and obvious results alone satisfy our desires. Hence the restlessness we often experience even in scenes like these. The sentiment of duty is divine. It is ever prompting to exertion and reproaches the soul that lives too much to itself. The age, however, is blind to the claims of imagination. Through this we must sympathize with others. Logical men are generally selfish. We need more of the spirit of poetry, that principle which transports us from the personal and the present to the distant and the exalted. Benevolence depends more upon the culture of the imagination than moralists are aware. Poets are the greatest benefactors of mankind. They breathe around life a divine and diffusive love which is the essence of morality."

We talked at some length of the character and prospects of the Italians. Shelley's sympathies in their behalf were evidently strong. "My first impressions of the Italians," he observed, "did them no justice. I entered the country at the north, where the national peculiarities are so modified by French influence as to be scarcely distinguishable. I have seen much that is estimable among the Romans. Some of the women I have met here pleased me on account of their entire freedom from affectation. They want the depth and interest of good mental culture, but there is an ingenuousness

and childlike vivacity in their manners that is extremely winning." Shelley called my attention to the great variety of plants growing from the mouldering walls of the Coliseum. As we stood in the centre of this stupendous ruin, I related an adventure which happened there some years before, when a visitor who had climbed to the corridor to view the scene by moonlight, was attacked by robbers. This led to some conversation on the subject of fear. Shelley observed that a certain sense of peril was indispensable to the feeling of sublimity, and described very eloquently the sensations he experienced many years before, in descending the Rhine in a leaky boat, during a storm. He also told me of a narrow escape from drowning which happened, I think, in Switzerland. These and other instances were related in such a manner as to convince me that his disposition was singularly adventurous. We passed a shrine where several peasants were kneeling. He enlarged upon the devotional sentiment with much feeling. "We cannot live," said he, "without worship. I have no sympathy with the prevailing systems of religion. I wish charity was the criterion of piety, and not faith. Love to man seems to me the clearest and purest form of Christianity. It is certainly the actuating principle in the life of Jesus. We require no creed but the Beatitudes." I parted with Shelley at the foot of Trajan's column, where I left the carriage to make my final call at the post-office. He expressed a warm desire to see me again, which I ardently reciprocated. Indeed I never separated from any one with a sentiment of such veneration. There was a visible goodness in his face and manner that justified the expression I afterwards heard an Italian apply to him—*é veramente un' angelo*. It was not until long after that I became acquainted with Shelley through his works. To me they possess a peculiar and solemn interest, and my interview has served to give me more just views of his motives and tendencies than his writings alone can

supply. It appears that he was composing 'Prometheus Unbound' and 'The Cenci' at the period I met him. Five years elapsed before I returned to Italy. In the meantime Shelley had become enshrined in my imagination; and when the news of his melancholy fate reached me, I wept as if he had been the friend of years instead of the acquaintance of a day.

MODERN ITALY.

" We admire thee now
As we admire the beautiful in death.
But why despair ? Twice hast thou lived already,
Twice shone amid the nations of the earth
As the sun shines among the lesser lights of heaven."

ROBERTS.

LET it ever be remembered, in view of the present condition of Italy, how early the "fatal gift of beauty" induced those predatory incursions which have so despoiled her shores, and modified her nationality. How often have the glittering ranks of an invading host gleamed, like a meteor of ill omen, amid the mists of that mountain barrier, which nature has interposed between her favorite land and the surrounding nations ! The history of Italy, in the middle ages, is a detail of successive contests, internal and foreign, the only result of which seems to have been the settling down of the political being of the whole country into a kind of hydra-despotism—a government shared by foreign princes, ecclesiastical rulers, the inhabitants, and their representatives, of the several states. During the long twenty years of Napoleon's domination, whether enduring the horrors of famine in besieged Genoa, sacrificing to the Moloch of war upon the plains of Lombardy, or sending the flower of her army to perish amid Russian snows, she was courting martyrdom only to secure a change of masters, or minister to the ambition of the ascendant. It is perhaps impossible, for a visitor of the present

day, to realize that this land has indeed been the scene of such constant, severe, and unsuccessful warfare.

As we have retraced our way to these hallowed places of the earth, and, in these pages, lived over a rich episode of the past—*olim meminisse juvabit*;—in the solemn precincts of the church, beside the immortal statue, in the shadow of the moonlit ruin, amid the chastened light of cloister and studio, pine-grove and galleries; through scenes of humor and privation—the everlasting war with fleas and vetturinos, the moans of the beggar, and the dark eye of the monk, the auburn tresses of the English lady,—ceremonial, folly, deception, frolic, poetry, death;—these and their symbols, so grotesquely mingled, so wonderfully contrasted in that land of beauty and anguish, have been associated with the startling events of the last few months—the successful revolt of the Sicilians, the liberal reforms of Pius IX, and the downfall of the French monarchy. There is yet hope for Italy. The world at length recognizes on her crownless brow a sign of glory—a pledge of nobleness and truth!

The tone of comment on the prospects of Italy has been generally rather discouraging and too oracular to be just. A delicate and extensive subject—nothing less than the character and destiny of an entire country—is discussed with very little depth of argument or correctness of feeling. It is a little remarkable, that while nearly all travellers recognize the world's obligations to Italy, on the score of literature and art, and temper their strictures on her recent inactivity by acknowledging the past existence of genius; they seldom remember that modern civilization owes to the same land some of the most valuable elements of its growth; and that the absence of restraint would as naturally develop there commercial and mechanical as literary or artistic talent. From the republics sprung municipal order, banks, exchange, and all the machinery of commerce and finance. Even un-

der the depressing influences that now exist, we hear Mezzofanti cited as the greatest of modern linguists; Nicolini as second to no living dramatist, and Segato as the author of one of the most extraordinary of chemical discoveries—that of petrifying flesh; while the compositions of Róssini and Bellini are the most permanent sources of musical enjoyment in both hemispheres. In their divine art, at least, the soul of the nation speaks with unequalled power; and freedom, love, and self-devotion are breathed in strains too tender and energetic to warrant the belief that they will ever wholly die from a land where is ever found their most adequate musical expression.

The American authors of the hopeless views to which we have alluded might have profited by the example of English tourists in this country, and refrained from thoughtlessly merging the office of limner in that of analyst. To our minds, there is nothing more surprising in recent literature, than the assurance with which writers of travels undertake to pronounce upon national character and destiny. In science, finance, and trade, a man is soon convicted of presumption who discusses questions about which he has little or no authentic ground of judgment; but any tyro in letters or life, who visits a foreign land for a few months, is deemed a competent authority in relation to those subtle and comprehensive inquiries upon which even an intelligent native would enter with diffidence. Probably when they thought of their country—its image did not rise before them as embodied in railroad cars, steamboats and hotels, but rather under the guise of some domestic Eden, whose secluded loveliness it had been their privilege familiarly to know. The America of their affections was not represented by a brawling demagogue, but in the form of some noble youth, full of sense, good faith, and manly energy, whose traits of mind and principles of action seemed to them the legitimate offspring of free institutions and an ad-

vancing civilization. Thus, under the superficies of Italian life, behind the insignia of policy and mendicity, craft and superstition, should they recognize the gifts and graces—the universal and inalienable signatures of humanity, which the inner circles of a people's existence only disclose. Then would they perceive that instead of causes for despondency alone, the condition of Italy also gives occasion for felicitation, when viewed with reference to humanity. The wonder, the mystery, the glory, the hope of her state, lies in the fact so apparent, so grand, that notwithstanding these long epochs of oppression, these baffled national hopes, these priests and beggars, spies and traitors—the invader's sullen footstep and the official's jealous eye—Italy lives—not as a corporate political essence—but in the instinctive and characteristic life of her children. The energy, the tact, the sentiment that once made her great, whose symbols are yet in her bosom, fascinating the stranger's gaze, now in the grandeur of a temple, and anon in the smile of a Virgin, here in the grim Tuscan's verse, and there in Angelo's marble outline—still exist in the very blood of her sons. Tyranny has warped and marred her organic life, but amid all its infernal and persevering wiles, vitality has survived. To our view, this is a marvellous thing. What other nation could so bear the fiery ordeals of adversity? What less spontaneous and intense character would not have been decomposed and exterminated? That so much individuality remains, that there is a spark of national honor, is a tribute to the nobility even of the present race, which the world would cordially acknowledge in any unfortunate country but this—"whose badge is sufferance."

It is painful to hear Americans sometimes echo the hackneyed comments of other travellers, and indirectly, at least, represent the present race of Italians as responsible for their condition. We know how much virtuous energy can achieve, and are well aware that courage and perseverance

can and do overcome difficulties apparently invincible ; but there is a limit to human power, there are circumstances positively overwhelming ; and when an individual or nation becomes the innocent victim of misfortune, we deem it the part of Christian philosophy to inquire how they endure the ills with which all external struggle has so long been vain, —with what spirit they regard their adversity, and how far they preserve that urbanity of soul which tyranny is apt to blast, and that generous ardor of character which is the fountain of noble sympathies and brilliant achievement. We approach the subject of Italy in reference to her political and social relations as we would a brave soldier prostrated by wounds, a man of genius discouraged by poverty, or a lovely woman cast down by slander. There are trials that excite veneration as well as pity, and beneath which intelligent sympathy can detect redeeming agencies, where speculative indifference finds only occasion for reproach. Italy should excite in every liberal and feeling mind, a chivalric emotion. The spectacle of her degradation should chasten all egotism, and while it kindles indignation against her oppressors, quicken the eye to see and the ear to hear what of good has survived the wreck, what vivid elements of national life yet linger, and to what extent the motives, opinions and principles of individuals maintain their integrity, in the midst of so much apparent outward civic renunciation. Such especially should be the point of view for an American. To the tyrants of Italy his utterance should be a deep and indignant protest ; to the people, earnest sympathy and calm encouragement. Let us for a moment recall the simple facts of the case, previous to the recent concessions of the different rulers, and realize against what a tide of adverse influences this devoted land is now struggling. Divided into eight states, between which all the arts of despotism are ceaselessly fomenting dissensions, which varieties of dialect, climate, habits and

interests habitually create :—Naples, governed by a king without one royal quality ; Piedmont, by an acknowledged traitor ; Modena, by the most ignorant and fanatical despot of the nineteenth century ; Rome, o’ershadowed by a bigot’s sway ; Tuscany, kept quiet by the gentle encroachment of arbitrary cunning ; Parma, but lately ruled by a woman with scarcely a claim to ordinary respect ; Venice and Lombardy, in the hands of strangers ; within the entire realm the blighting enginery of superstition, excluding all influx of light from more favored regions, and eighty thousand Austrian soldiers coöperating with this spiritual despotism by means of the spy and the bayonet ; while around clustered the nations of the world, looking on either with complacency, to see how the gem of the earth, by exciting the cupidity of different governments, tends to secure that “ balance of power ” upon which their tranquillity depends ; or, at least, with a lukewarm indignation that lifts no arm to succor and breathes no word of fraternal interest ! To say nothing of France—whose equivocal bearing, in case of a successful Italian revolution, experience enables us with some certainty to anticipate, and which Guizot’s policy would have more clearly manifested, had not the revolution on the 24th of February banished him from the realm—England, the proud, the free, the noble, had joined hands with the base despots of Europe, and allowed the private seals of the unhappy patriots of Italy to be systematically violated ! Even here—in this land whose glorious and unique distinction it has been to offer an unmolested home to political exiles—even here the representatives of Austrian diplomacy have employed spies, and transmitted to their base employers every act and word they could gather from the unconscious refugees, to indicate that they still were the advocates of free principles and national honor ; thus, in many instances, cutting them off, after years of absence, from a temporary return to the scenes of their

childhood and the bosom of their families! In view of such intestine and foreign obstacles, preceded, as they have been, by ages of intense social activity and warfare, and renowned epochs of art and literature, such as try to the utmost the capacities of a soil and people, and leave a vast heritage, alike of prejudice and glory, for the present race to suffer and enjoy—let the traveller, especially from the New World, calmly inquire what the most gifted and disinterested spirits could achieve for their country. Is it not something that they still hoped and struggled? Is it not much that every year witnessed scores of exiles and martyrs, whose burning zeal, after long restraint, betrayed itself, and led them either to foreign shores, to Spielberg, or to death? Many are but slightly informed in regard to the actual spirit that prevails in Italy, and of the events of the last ten years. Revolutionary movements, never exceeded in point of bravery, self-sacrifice and enthusiasm, have again and again, at various points, given the clearest assurance that the heart of the nation is unsubdued. The particulars of these scenes have been elaborately misrepresented. A rigid censorship kept the truth from being evolved through the press; and thus the spirit of liberty seemed to die and “give no sign.” Ever and anon a paragraph announced that a certain number of political offenders were shot, or a petty rebellion in some inland town put down, or that an author’s long promised work had been prohibited. These scattered and meagre notices made little impression upon most readers; but to those cognizant of the real state of things, to those who have traced the detail of a single Liberal’s experience, they were very significant signs of the times. They whispered of extensive plans frustrated by the intervention of venality and cunning—of whole bands of youth betrayed by the hired traitor—of families desolated for ever by the banishment of fathers or the murder of sons—of dawning genius checked in its bud by the fiat of power—of

the brave career suddenly brought to an end—the lofty hope extinguished in its bloom—the manly soul thrust back upon itself, and left no resource but such as may be found in its capacity of self-possession and faith!

There lies before us, as we write, a record of one of the latest of these abortive enterprises inspired by a patriotic zeal and hallowed by martyrdom.* There seem to prevail two opinions among the Italian Liberals as to the manner of realizing their hopes. One class regards popular education as the only sure ground of success, and its promotion the only just method of procedure. They strive, by the introduction of translations of the New Testament, D'Aubigné's Reformation and other books fitted to inculcate freedom of thought, to disperse the gloom of bigotry, and prepare the way for the intelligent reception of civil freedom. Another party consider such means totally inadequate to the end. They would first liberate and then teach the people; and instance the revolutions of Greece in support of their doctrine. Not a few of the most sanguine believe that the only requisite for the consummation of a national independence is the neutrality of Europe; and that one judicious and well-combined movement, by encouraging all pure Italian hearts and inspiring the civilized world with sympathy and respect, would be the authentic germ of a progressive and lasting triumph. Without discussing the comparative merits of these theories, we will only add that the advocates of the latter have from time to time found reasons to confirm their hopes, in the state of local feeling at home and the spirit of the age abroad; and, under the influence of enthusiasm not always so irrational as interested opponents declare it, have made a demonstration which, for a limited period, in many instances

* Ricordi dei Fratelli Bandiera, editi da Giuseppe Mazzini, Parigi, 1846.

has been perfectly successful, and in others, followed by instant and uncompromising vengeance. Such was the recent fate of two intelligent, well-born and nobly-endowed brothers, Venetians by birth—Attelio and Emilio Bandiera. The elder thus describes himself in one of his letters, couched in language singularly terse and vigorous. “Sono Italiano, uomo di guerra, e non proscritto. Ho quasi trentatré anni. Sono di fisico piuttosto debole; fervido nel cuore, spessissimo freddo nelle apparenze. Studiomi quanto più posso di seguitar le massime stoiche. Credo in un Dio, in una vita futura, e nell’ umano progresso; accostumo ne’ miei pensieri di progressivamente riguardare all’ umanità, alla patria, alla famiglia ed all’ individuo; fermamente ritengo che la giustizia è la base d’ogni diritto; e quindi conchiusi, è già gran tempo, che la causa italiana non è che una dipendenza della umanitaria, e prestando omaggio a questa inconcussa verità, mi conforto intanto delle tristizie e difficoltà dei tempi colla riflessione che giovare all’ Italia è giovare all’ Umanità intera.” This brief outline of character and opinions is no unfaithful portrait of a large class of Italian youth. There is a vein of consistent determination and disciplined ardor of thought and feeling throughout Bandiera’s letters that reminds us of Plutarch’s heroes. We lack space to follow him step by step through his short but honorable career. Suffice it to say that privation, disappointment, unceasing anxiety, and even the tears of maternal affection, wholly failed to shake his devout purpose or induce a return to his allegiance after having once declared himself the foe of tyranny. He and his brother, in attempting to aid an insurrection in Calabria, to which region there is every reason to believe they were allured by the secret agents of the government, were arrested, and shot on the morning of July 25th, 1844, at Cosenza, with several of their brave companions. They died as they lived, with heroism and dignity, and their last words

were those of devoted patriotism. Owing to their position in life and the zeal of private friendship, the atrocious facts have been made public. The numerous other similar examples, proving the self-devotion of the educated Italians and the unwearying and lawless measures in operation to crush their agency, are sedulously concealed from the world. Were their history impartially written, we feel assured more hopeful auguries would cheer the friends of Italy, and lead them, like the brave and unfortunate Bandiera, to identify her cause with that of humanity itself. A singleness of purpose, such as often crowns with praise the victims of missionary zeal, has of late been often exhibited by the patriots of Italy, without eliciting a solitary word of admiration.

Northern tourists are often struck with what they call "the love of pleasure," and "the living for the sake of living," among the Italians. To this trait they are inclined to ascribe many of the evils of their condition. Some philosophy there doubtless is in this view of the subject, but there is another and more liberal aspect under which it may be considered, and one that an American, with his peculiar habits of thought, is especially liable to overlook. In the first place, then, it is comparatively rare to witness excesses in Italy. The enjoyment so visible there has often about it elements truly benignant and admirable. The impressible temperament, which quickens the avenues of sensation in southern climes, is not only the secret of much of the pleasure there afforded by mere physical life, but also of the delicate and peerless genius whose legacies delight the world. In our view, too, there is something highly consoling in the spectacle of human gratification derived from such available and natural sources. If God sends forth the breeze, and kindles the sunset fire, bids the moon trace a silver pathway on the sea, and awakens a pensive murmur amid waves and foliage, to cheer and win the heart of man ; if it is his ordination that

through the beautiful we should approach the true—that the senses form a medium for the soul to commune with life—then pleasure is not a treacherous accident, but a beneficent fact. Its auspicious influence is then only bounded by justice and self-respect, the rights of others, and the essential dignity of man. There are times and circumstances wherein only the Stoic's principles will minister to peace; but that there is an epicurism founded on the legitimate exercise of our whole being, natural and spiritual laws alike declare. We cannot but recognize the genial as a vast means of good. We believe there are minds that are chiefly and nobly active only through the honest exercise of their sympathies, and that restraint and self-denial may blight as well as guard. Accordingly we rejoice in much of the life-enjoying spirit of Italy. We have seen it accompanied by so much moderation and good feeling that it seemed often like a sincere hymn of unconscious gratitude, a reflection of the smile of Heaven. It is not altogether and universally enervating and selfish; it is frequently accompanied by a disinterested and urbane spirit, and is, after all, as a general rule, but the bright episode of a severe epic. As such, we believe it nerves for toil, and prevents the ravages of care; lends graceful buoyancy to life, and reconciles man to his destiny. We are told of a lake at Tivoli, of which it is said, that "petrifying its own borders, it has contracted its limits till it bids fair to petrify itself to death, and become a stone lake." A similar process is observable in characters which are formed mainly on ascetic principles. Let not the puritanic mind of the North, therefore, deem its own creed applicable to all the world, or quarrel with a cheerfulness whose fountains gush from the throne of Divine beneficence.

Some of the ideas which prevail in relation to Italian Art are equally untenable. Thus Titian's *Venus* and similar works are totally condemned on account of their voluptuous

character. Taste is, of course, a principle not to be objected to on arbitrary grounds ; but there are certain recognized elements of criticism which should not be set aside by any liberal or just mind. Among these one of the most obvious is the rule that the productions of literature and art should be estimated by their own law. The intent embodied in the Medicean Venus and those of Titian is totally diverse. The Greek sculptor aimed to represent woman as an ideal form, as existent in the most delicate shapings of imagination, as a "creature of the mind," and "not of clay." The Venetian painter, on the contrary, strove to transfer to canvas an image of physical loveliness, the object of passion—woman in the actual phase in which she exists to the bodily eye. Both designs were legitimately artistic, and both were realized through the magic force of genius. To contrast them, with a view to form any clear opinion of their comparative merits, is as unreasonable as to weigh Milton and Crabbe, Madame de Staël and Cobbet, or Hogarth and Martin, in the same scales.

But a more extraordinary hypothesis is, that Italians only develope in art passion and beauty, but are inadequate to express moral truth. We believe the majority of those who have seen Guido's best Cleopatras, his Archangel Michael, and his Beatrice Cenci, have discovered something of elevated thought and conscious greatness, as well as beauty and passion in their expression. If we mistake not, the Virgins of Raphael owe their universal influence to the unrivalled exhibition of these very qualities ; and we doubt if exalted feeling was ever more visibly depicted than in the features of his St. Cecilia. If moral tranquillity is not discoverable in some of Leonardo da Vinci's portraits, and Domenichino's conceptions, we know not where it can be found ; and, to say nothing of the multitude of works illustrative of the same truth by less renowned though scarcely less gifted Italians,

we are confident that the words which a Danish poet puts into the mouth of Correggio, while contemplating one of his own master-pieces, will find a general response :

It seems to me

As if in that poor picture there were still
 Something not wholly so contemptible ;
 Not color only, no, nor finishing,
 Nor play of light and shade, but something
 Of solemn and sublime.*

To the same unqualified assertion of a prejudice for a general fact, we ascribe the opinion sometimes expressed of the Italian language. Its copiousness, abundance of vowels, and frequent superlative phrases, as well as poetical origin, indicate only one side of its character. In the hands of Dante and Alfieri it becomes intensely vigorous, statuesque, and concentrated. Indeed the most remarkable of its qualities is this very susceptibility of expansion and conciseness ; of gliding from "soft, bastard Latin," to nervous terseness and emphatic brevity.

The claims of Italian women are often despatched with singular carelessness. On this subject it does not appear to be remembered that sympathy is essential to insight. Gossip is a miserable guide whereby to explore the mysteries of character ; and observation—such as the passing traveller usually enjoys in the South of Europe—displays but a tithe of the existent female beauty. It is undoubtedly a fact, that there is apparently little female beauty in Italy, nor one at all to be wondered at, when we remember that it is not the custom in Italy for the ladies to promenade the streets. They are chiefly to be seen at home, and occasionally at the corso and the opera. Their lives are infinitely more secluded than

* Oehlenschläger. Vide Longfellow's *Poetry of Europe*.

those of American females, and the possession of great attractions only renders them more so, by earlier securing them permanent objects of affection, and rendering the world less essential to their happiness. It is evident, too, that the disappointment experienced in regard to Italian beauty, arises from a peculiar conception of physical loveliness, as much as from any dearth of the beautiful. Most persons, when they use the phrase "beautiful woman," merely intend to designate a pretty face. But this is evidently a very narrow interpretation. The more legitimate idea of female beauty refers to form and expression;—the natural language of the soul finding utterance in the play of feature, and the mould and carriage of the body. In these elements there is a charm which appeals both to the senses and the heart; they are enduring, and have relation to character; whereas regularity of feature and purity of complexion may exist in a doll. The beauty of a genuine Italian consists in a rare union of delicacy of temperament with majesty of proportion. In northern countries size is generally blended with coarseness. In Italy you will see a half Amazonian form combined with a delicious voice and childlike winsomeness of manner; the soft mingled with the noble, gentleness with dignity, grace with power,—a kind of beauty which Hazlitt has somewhere nicely defined as "reposing on its own sensations." Such is the peculiar charm which has made Italian beauty so famous in song. It is one admirably fitted to delight ardent and meditative natures. Its influence upon the heart is soothing as well as inspiring, and the epithet "*mio bene*," so often used by the Tuscan bards, justly conveys its praise. It is owing to this vivacious and sensitive temperament that the face and movements of a fair Italian are such an index of the soul. Indeed, perhaps the real attraction consists in this very consciousness we are made to feel of the vicinity of a soul. Emotion betrays itself with a readiness and truth that warms

the sympathies at once. All the light and shade of thought and feeling beam from the countenance, and he who speaks—whether it be to breathe the words of genius, of wisdom, of sorrow, or of love—realizes every instant that it is not to mere intellect that he unfolds himself, but to a sympathetic being, capable not only of understanding, but of responding. This expressiveness—quick, confiding, and free—gives life and reality to form and feature. We are too pleased to analyze; we are, to use a mesmeric term, in relation with beauty, not merely spectators of it. Eye and lip, tone and gesture, smile and glance, are all beautiful, simply because they are informed with graceful and earnest meaning, as through an exquisite vase of alabaster glows the flame that is kindled within.

Northern nations but partially recognize the Italian character, and fail altogether in solving its apparent inconsistencies. They acknowledge, indeed, having witnessed instances of enduring and devoted friendship among men, such as rarely if ever came to their knowledge at home. They also give both sexes credit for that delicacy and regard for the feelings of others, so grateful and striking to the stranger from other latitudes. This amiable trait, which smooths away so many of the asperities incident to social intercourse, and increases so vastly the aggregate of minor but no less important sources of human enjoyment, is one no training can impart, and no system of manners secure. It is an urbanity born of feeling; it is a sympathy that comes not from observation but consciousness; it is the golden rule exercised not according to any abstract theory of human rights, but a refined and sensitive ideal of human emotions. "He jests at scars that never felt a wound," says the lover; the same truth may be as appropriately uttered by the friend and associate. Gentleness, and "consideration," whose coming the great poet so aptly compares to that of an angel, are usually practised

by none so habitually as those who have the greatest occasion for them. We judge of the moral needs of others by our own, and do as we would be done by, not through the intellectual perceptions, but the heart's impulses. It is the fine organization and quick emotions of the Italians that often render their companionship so genial. When we go deeper than this, and inquire into those characteristics which have made their land and history the favorite materials of the dramatist, and associated even their proper names with the memorable tales of love and remorse, with the darkest crime and the most self-devoted attachment, with all which poetry has recorded that is most terrific and affecting,—the two extremes of the awful and the tender,—we cannot but feel that an extraordinary earnestness of soul is the secret of the phenomena. The Italians, when we speak of them as a type of humanity, are the poets of the nations. They are more in earnest—not intellectually, but naturally—not from design, but temperament—in their genius, their passions, friendships, and pursuits. Hence we differ from those who declare a fresh passion alone can satisfy them. There is nothing more consistent than the affection of an Italian when once aroused: disloyalty chiefly on the part of its object can vanquish it. They are to a remarkable extent the creatures of habit in regard to matters of feeling; and relations of amity and love continue with them often from youth to age—by a kind of moral necessity. In fact, on account of the very intensity alluded to, they are thoroughly sincere in what they feel, although so often profoundly cunning in whatever is the object of calculating desire. Genuine feeling is, from its own law, frank, direct, and artless; it is only half-conscious, selfish, ill-defined, and fragmentary sentiment that develops itself otherwise. This sincerity charmed Shelley in the Roman women. It carries with it a nature such as Shakespeare has copied, and every unperverted heart loves. One

reason for its prevalence is, that the Italian female character is infinitely more distinguished by pride than vanity. The latter quality is the prolific source of deceit and the foe of enthusiasm ; while the former preserves the original fervor of the soul, and is a noble instead of a humiliating infirmity. Accordingly, there is much that is redeeming in the very genuineness of Italian feeling, especially when contrasted with the selfish rationalism or frivolous tastes of other nations. It is true its moral value must depend upon the spirit it is of, —and the same ardent glow may foster the reckless dissipation of an Aretino, or the pure benevolence of Borromeo ; kindle the murderous purpose of Fra Diavolo, or feed the gentle and devoted love of Petrarch ; yet the energy, the concentration, the motive power, is an element of character worthy of admiration ; and when directed by virtue, has created, and will ever create, the richest fruits of genius, wisdom, and love.

It is a common opinion that Italy can only be regenerated through her total decay. The age stamped upon her physical monuments is regarded as indicative of a similar political and social decrepitude. The parallel is unfortunate. In this and similar conclusions, one important fact is not sufficiently kept in view. We allude to the great truth which only long observation and affectionate study will reveal, that life in Italy, in the deepest sense of the term, is to a great extent, latent. The untoward agencies at work within and around her, drive inward, and concentrate the talent, sympathies, and reflection of the people. Exactly the reverse is true in this country. Here there is an excess of development. Almost every thought finds expression through the press ; around the most casual opinions cluster the elements of party. Men act out their lives to excess. Their views, objects and characters are continually published ; they are gregarious, communicative, inquiring ; and

generally devout conformists to public opinion. Individual privacy is rarely cultivated, and human existence has a full, undisguised and free play. No censorship, espionage, courtly influence, inveterate caste, political distrust or military dictatorship cloaks or chills the spontaneous display of character. Indeed its best elements are often dissipated through this very "unchartered freedom." The Italian, on the contrary, has been restricted in the expression of his thought and the inspiration of his enthusiasm, unless they had reference to ends merely abstract or personal. Hence, in proportion as his mind is vigorous and his feelings intense, he feels the necessity of living in himself, of seeking from outward life only the refreshment of pastime, and looking to the past, to the friends of his soul, to his own consciousness, and to God, for scope and consolation. He has lacked an arena. He has been condemned to act the part of a spectator, but how false and unjust to imagine that on this account he wants either will or ability ! No !—in other lands we are pointed to the libraries for the names of the poets ;—there, some by-way converse brings us face to face with a bard of nature, uneducated it may be save by his own fervent sentiments, and instead of reading poetry we hear it talked. In other lands we are taken to the popular assembly or the lecture-room to listen to eloquence ;—there, a peasant charms us with his rhetoric, or the song of a mechanic on his homeward way, makes us aware that the art of music may be natural. In other lands we seek communion with individuals for their acquired information ; in this, an instinctive quickness and truth of perception convinces us that mind, however unfurnished, is more attractive than memory, however rich.

Italy is, indeed, every where written over with the hieroglyphics of antiquity, yet nowhere have we so realized youth—the youth of humanity, of the individual, the real youth of warm feeling and quick sensibility and credulous imagina-

tion—the youth that speaks in the kindling eye, in the ready tone of sympathy, in childlike abandonment to the fresh and honest impulses of the heart. Nowhere has age seemed to us so young, so retentive of early feeling, so capable of entering gracefully into the pleasant episodes of life. We talk of ourselves as a young nation, and yet it may be questioned if ever life presented a more uniform aspect of precocious age than in our own country. Activity, excitement, and self-confidence, be it remembered, do not alone constitute youth; and these traits of our being are allied to an incessant care and ambition which transforms the boy almost in a day, to an anxious, plodding man, and transports the pretty child, as it were at a bound, from the nursery to womanhood—not reposing, sunny and joy-dispensing, but careful, worn, and “troubled about many things.”

All must acknowledge that there is much intellect in Italy; but this is not all; it is vivacious, graceful, effective intellect. Denied formal development, except in art or science, the genius of the people breaks forth in conversation, utters itself in the ear of friendship, finds nurture in meditation, borrows strength from the master-minds of the past—and has a real, conscious life, although to the world and the stranger its oracles are silent and its glories veiled.

In these and like considerations we trace a benign and universal law—that of compensation. Political institutions have an important bearing on human welfare, but man is essentially individual, and the paternity of God intervenes between his outward destiny and his inward life. The condition of Americans is an enviable one among the nations of the earth, but its privileges are somewhat counterbalanced, as far as the individual is concerned, by the spirit of his life being more responsible, monotonous and cold. As an offset to their political restrictions, the Italians have ever had social and individual advantages, vivid sensations, noble memories,

delicious local attachments, rare and available means of culture. Writers have done them injustice when they insist that, in general, they possess that ignoble contentment which is slavery's worst curse. We have seen too often the melancholy eyes above their cordial smile, and heard their rich voices glide from mirthful intonations to deep and pensive strains, as they spoke of their country, to readily credit such apostasy. We have known and loved too many honest and brave exiles; heard in terms too eloquent to be forgotten the whispers of hope and the mutterings of indignation; and seen too much of their patience, sadness, and fortitude, not to feel that, however belied and perverted, however thwarted and sneered at, there is indeed, among Italians, such a thing as enlightened, consistent and heroic patriotism.

And now that the rulers of Italy have, one by one, yielded to that sense of popular rights first openly recognized by the Pope, it is evident, even to the most skeptical, that a better day is near for this beautiful and unhappy land. The establishment of genuine republican institutions may not immediately ensue; but we should not attach too much importance to mere names. The great and cheering fact that the reigning princes have been obliged, by the spirit of the age, to modify their sway according to the principles of freedom, is enough. Many of the essential obstacles to progress are thus quietly removed, and we cannot doubt that henceforth the spirit of liberty will advance hand in hand with popular education; and, at the appropriate moment, organize itself in the political, as it already has in the social relations of the country.

THE END.

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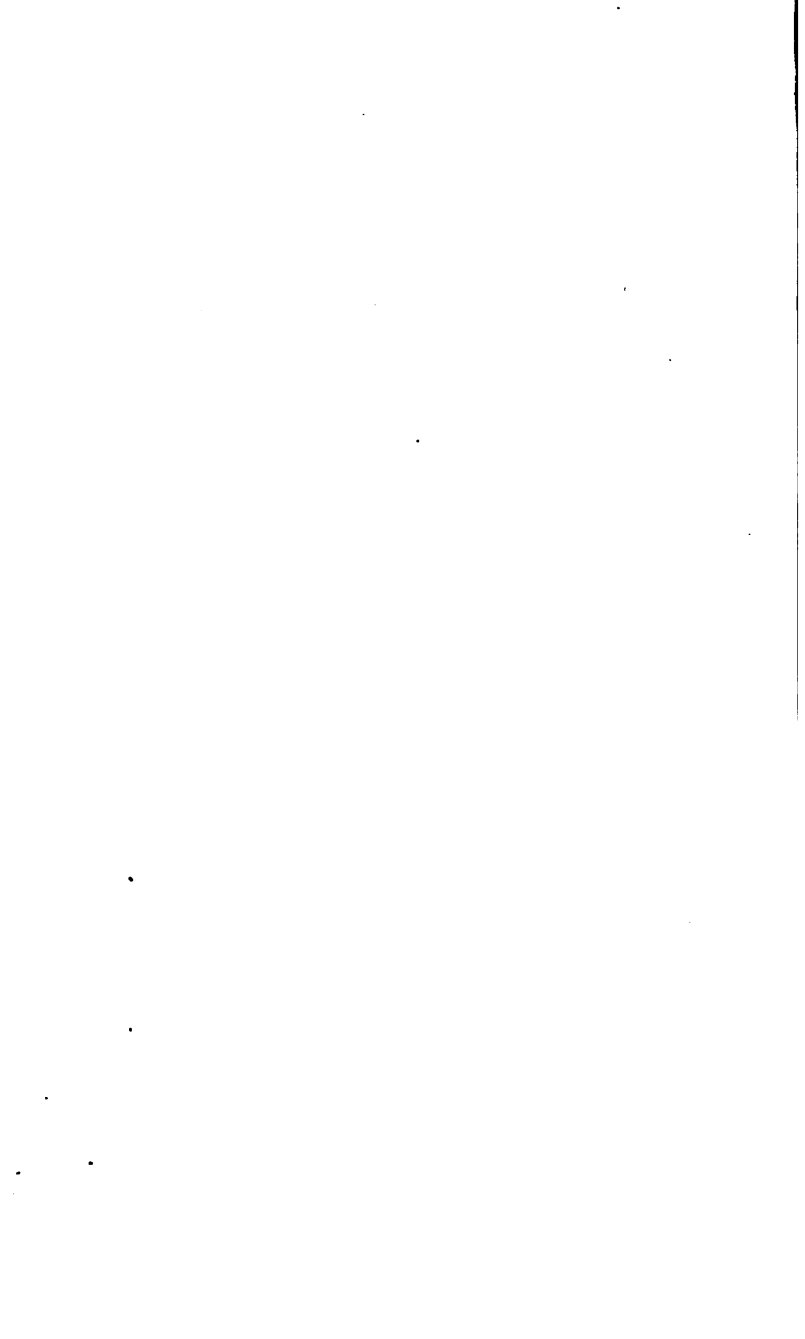
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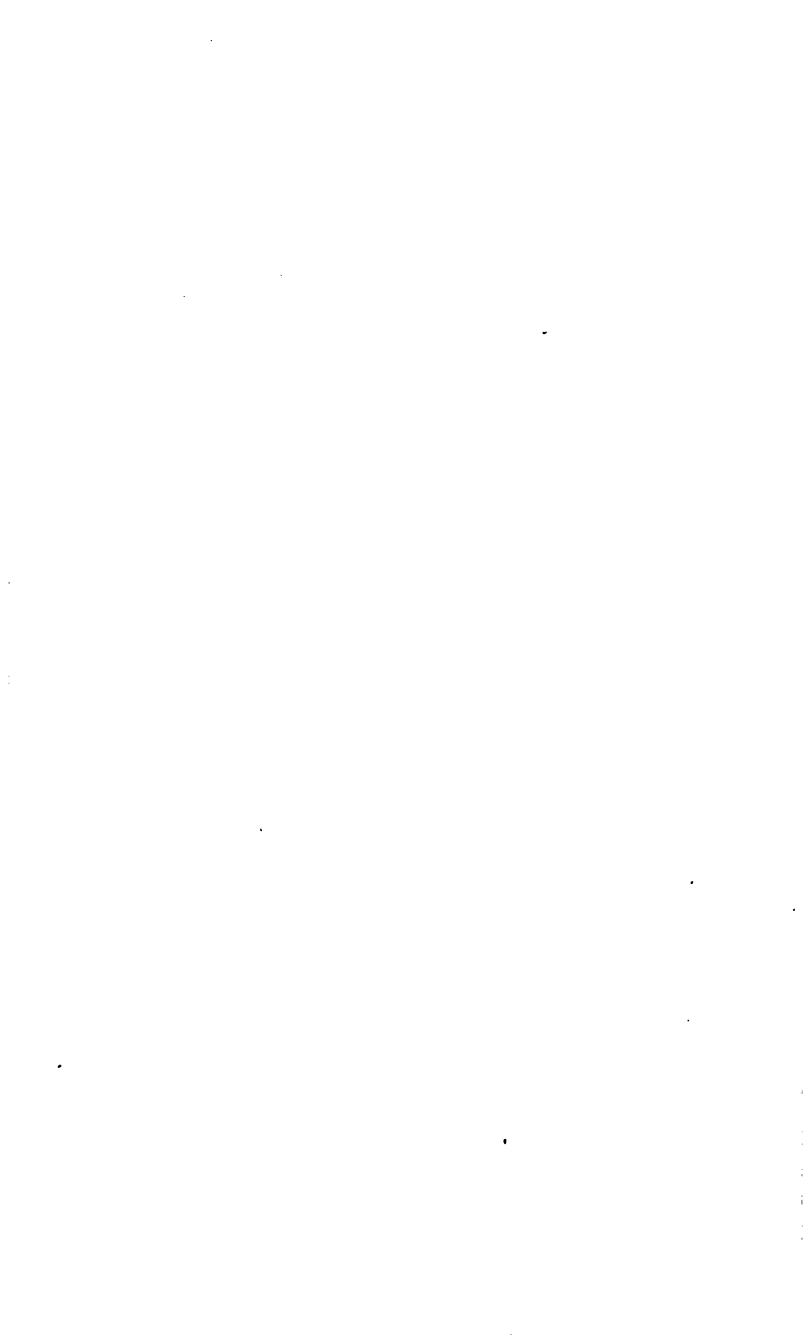
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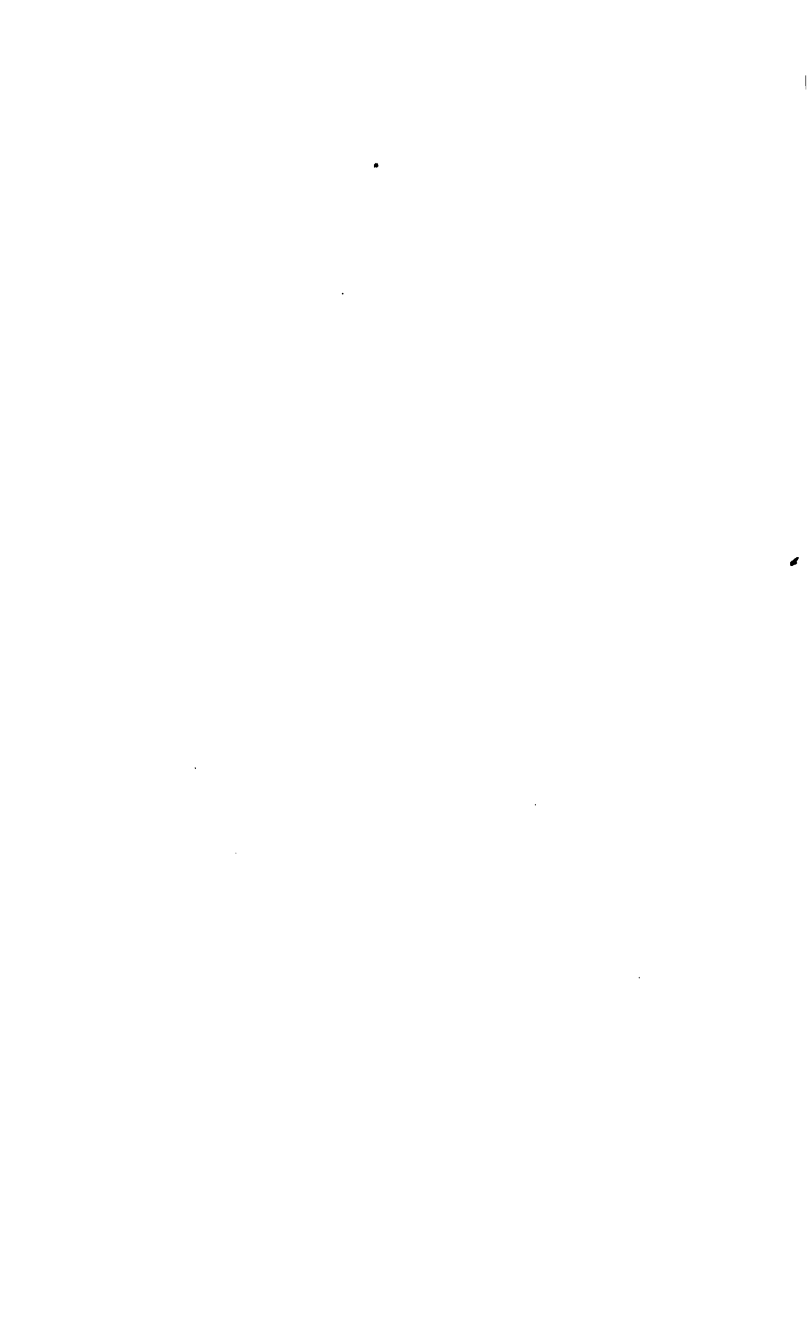
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